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Horace Walpole
Vol. 1. 826/WAL

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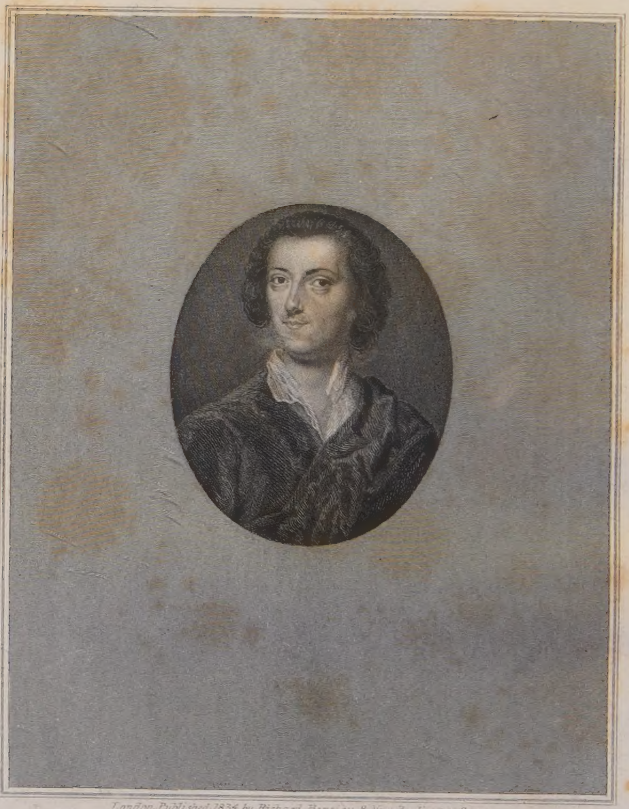

London, Published 1834 by Richard Bentley, 8 New Burlington Street.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

Ætatis suæ 28, 1745.

Engraved by Dean: from a Miniature in Enamel, painted by Zincke, & preserved in the Collection at Strawberry Hill.

LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

EARL OF ORFORD,

TO

SIR HORACE MANN,

BRITISH ENVOY AT THE COURT OF TUSCANY.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE POSSESSION OF

THE EARL OF WALDEGRAVE.

EDITED BY LORD DOVER;

WITH AN ORIGINAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THE EDITOR.

THIRD EDITION

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET;

Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.

1834.

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PREFACE.

In the Preface to the "Memoires of the last Ten Years of the Reign of George II. by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford," published in the year 1822, is the following statement.

"Among the papers found at Strawberry Hill, after the death of Lord Orford, was the following memorandum, wrapped in an envelope, on which was written, 'Not to be opened till after my will.'

"'In my library at Strawberry Hill are two wainscot chests or boxes, the larger marked with an A, the lesser with a B:—I desire, that as soon as I am dead, my executor and executrix will cord up strongly and seal the larger box, marked A, and deliver it to the Honourable Hugh Conway Seymour, to be kept by him unopened and unsealed till the eldest son of Lady Waldegrave, or whichever of her sons, being Earl of Waldegrave, shall attain the age of twenty-five years; when the said chest, with whatever it contains, shall be delivered to him for his own. And I beg that the Honourable Hugh Conway Seymour, when he shall receive the said chest, will give a promise in writing, signed by him, to Lady Waldegrave, that he or his representatives will deliver the said chest, unopened and unsealed, by my executor and executrix, to the first son of

Lady Waldegrave who shall attain the age of twenty-five years. The key of the said chest is in one of the cupboards of the green closet, within the blue breakfast-room, at Strawberry Hill; and that key, I desire, may be delivered to Laura, Lady Waldegrave, to be kept by her till her son shall receive the chest.

"'March 21st, 1790.

(Signed) 'HON. HORACE WALPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.'

"Aug. 19, 1796."

"In obedience to these directions, the box described in the preceding memorandum was corded and sealed with the seals of the Honourable Mrs. Damer and the late Lord Frederick Campbell, the executrix and executor of Lord Orford, and by them delivered to the late Lord Hugh Seymour, by whose representatives it was given up, unopened and unsealed, to the present Earl of Waldegrave, when he attained the age of twenty-five. On examining the box, it was found to contain a number of manuscript volumes and other papers, among which were the Memoires now published."

The correspondence of Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann, now first published, was also contained in the same box. It appears that Walpole, after the death of Sir Horace, became again the possessor of his own letters. He had them copied very carefully in three volumes, and annotated them with short notes, explanatory of the persons mentioned in them, with an evident view to their eventual publication.

It is from these volumes that the present publication is taken. The notes of the Author have also been printed verbatim. As, however, in the period of time which has elapsed since Walpole's death, many of the personages mentioned in the letters, whom he appears to have thought sufficiently conspicuous not to need remark, have become almost forgotten, the Editor has deemed it necessary to add, as shortly as possible, some account of them; and he has taken care, whenever he has done so, to distinguish his notes from those of the original author, by the letter D. placed at the end of them.

This correspondence is perhaps the most interesting one of Walpole's that has as yet appeared; as, in addition to his usual merit as a letter writer, and the advantage of great ease, which his extreme intimacy with Sir Horace Mann gives to his style, the letters to him are the most uninterrupted series which has thus far been offered to the public. They are also the only letters of Walpole which give an account of that very curious period when his father, Sir Robert Walpole, left office. In his letters hitherto published, there is a great gap at this epoch; probably in consequence of his other correspondents being at the time either in or near London. A single letter to Mr. Conway, dated "London, 1741"—one to Mr. West, dated "May 4th 1742,"—(none in 1743,) and one to Mr. Conway, dated "Houghton, Oct. 6th 1744," are all that appear till "May 18th 1745," when his letters to George Montagu recommence, after an interval of eight years. Whereas,

in the correspondence now published, there are no less than 117 letters during that interval.

The letters of Walpole to Sir H. Mann have also another advantage over those of the same author previously published — namely, that Sir Horace's constant absence from home, and the distance of his residence from the British Islands, made every occurrence that happened acceptable to him as news. In consequence, his correspondent relates to him everything that takes place, both in the court and in society, — whether the anecdotes are of a public or private nature, — and hence the collection of letters to him becomes a most exact chronicle of the events of the day, and elucidates very amusingly both the manners of the time, and the characters of the persons then alive. In the sketches, however, of character, which Walpole has thus left us, we must always remember that, though a very quick and accurate observer, he was a man of many prejudices; and that, above all, his hostility was unvarying and unbounded with regard to any of his contemporaries, who had been adverse to the person or administration of Sir Robert Walpole. This, though an amiable feeling, occasionally carries him too far in his invectives, and renders him unjust in his judgments.

The answers of Sir Horace Mann are also preserved at Strawberry Hill — they are very voluminous, but particularly devoid of interest, as they are written in a dry heavy style, and consist almost entirely of trifling details of forgotten Florentine society, mixed with small portions of Italian political news of the day, which are even still less

amusing than the former topic. They have, however, been found useful to refer to occasionally, in order to explain allusions in the letters of Walpole.

Sir Horace Mann was a contemporary and early friend of Horace Walpole.* He was the second son of Robert Mann, of Linton, in the county of Kent, Esq. He was appointed in 1740 Minister Plenipotentiary from England to the Court of Florence — a post he continued to occupy for the long period of forty-six years, till his death, at an advanced age, Nov. 6, 1786. In 1755 he was created a Baronet, with remainder to the issue of his brother Galfridus Mann, and in the reign of George the Third, a Knight of the Bath. It will be observed that Walpole calls his correspondent Mr. Mann, whereas the title-pages of these volumes, and all the notes which have been added by the Editor, designate him as Sir Horace Mann. This latter appellation is undoubtedly, in the greater part of the correspondence, an anachronism; as Sir Horace Mann was not made a Baronet till the year 1755; but as he is best known to the world under that designation, it was considered better to allow him the title *by courtesy*, throughout the work.

As the following letters turn much upon the

* The coincidence of remarkable names in the two families of Mann and Walpole, would lead one to imagine that there was also some connexion of relationship between them—and yet none is to be traced in the pedigree of either family. Sir Robert Walpole had two brothers named Horace and Galfridus — and Sir Horace Mann's next brother was named Galfridus Mann. If such a relationship did exist, it probably came through the Burwells, the family of Sir Robert Walpole's mother.

politics of the day, and as the ignoble and unstable governments which followed that of Sir Robert Walpole, are now somewhat forgotten, it may not be unacceptable to the reader to be furnished with a slight sketch of the political changes which took place from the year 1742 to the death of George the Second.

At the general election of 1741, immense efforts were made by the Opposition to the Walpole administration to strengthen their phalanx—great sums were spent by their leaders in elections—and an union was at length effected between the Opposition or "Patriots," headed by Pulteney, and the Tories or Jacobites, who had hitherto, though opposed to Walpole, never acted cordially with the former.

Sir Robert, upon the meeting of parliament, exerted himself with almost more than his usual vigour and talent, to resist this formidable band of opponents; but the chances were against him. The timidity of his friends, and, if we may believe Horace Walpole, the treachery of some of his colleagues, and finally the majority in the House of Commons against him, compelled him at length to resign, which he did in the beginning of February 1742. Upon this step being taken, and perhaps even before it, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, the two most influential members of Sir Robert Walpole's Cabinet, entered into communication with Mr. Pulteney and Lord Carteret, the leaders of the regular Opposition, with a view of forming a Government, to the exclusion of the Tories and Jacobites, and even of part of

Mr. Pulteney's own party. The negotiation was successful; but it was so at the expense of the popularity, reputation, and influence of Pulteney, who never recovered the disgrace of thus deserting his former associates.

In consequence of these intrigues, the King agreed to send for Lord Wilmington, and to place him at the head of the ministry. It is remarkable, that this man, who was a mere cipher, should have been again had recourse to, after his failure in making a government at the very commencement of the reign of George the Second, when his manifest incapacity, and the influence of Queen Caroline, had occasioned the retaining of his opponent Sir Robert Walpole in power. With Lord Wilmington came in Lord Harrington, as President of the Council; Lord Gower, as Privy Seal; Lord Winchilsea, as First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Carteret, as Secretary of State; the other Secretary being the Duke of Newcastle, who had been so under Walpole; Lord Hardwicke continued Chancellor; and Samuel Sandys was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Several of the creatures of Pulteney obtained minor offices; but he himself, hampered by his abandonment of many of his former friends, took no place; but only obtained a promise of an Earldom, whenever he might wish for it.

These arrangements produced, as was natural, a great schism in the different parties, which broke out at a meeting at the Fountain Tavern, on the 12th of February, where the Duke of Argyll declared himself in opposition to the new govern-

ment, upon the ground of the unjust exclusion of the Tories. The Duke of Argyll subsequently relented, and kissed hands for the Master Generalship of the Ordnance, upon the understanding that Sir John Hinde Cotton, a notorious Jacobite, was to have a place. This the King refused; upon which the Duke finally subsided into Opposition. Lord Stair had the Ordnance, and Lord Cobham was made a Field Marshal, and Commander of the Forces in England. This latter event happened at the end of the Session of 1742, when Lord Gower and Lord Bathurst, and one or two other Jacobites, were promoted. It was at this period, (July 1742,) that the King, by the advice of Sir Robert Walpole, who saw that such a step would complete the degradation of Pulteney, insisted upon his taking out the patent for his Earldom, and quitting the House of Commons, which he did, with the greatest unwillingness.

On the death of Lord Wilmington in July 1743, Mr. Pelham was made First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, (from which office Sandys was dismissed,) by the advice of Sir Robert Walpole, and instead of Lord Bath, who now found that his adversary had really turned the key upon him,* and that the door of the Cabinet was never to be unlocked to him. The ministry was at this time, besides its natural feebleness, rent by internal dissensions. For Lord Carteret, who, as Secretary of State, had accompanied the King abroad in 1743, had

* Sir Robert Walpole's expression, when he found that Pulteney had consented to be made Earl of Bath.

acquired great influence over his royal master, — and trusting to this, and to the superiority of his talents over his colleagues, his insolence to them became unbounded. The timid and time-serving Pelhams were quite ready to humble themselves before him; but Lord Carteret was not content with this. He was not content, unless he showed them, and made them feel, all the contempt he entertained for them. In addition to these difficulties, Lord Gower resigned the Privy Seal in December 1743, upon the plea that no more Tories were taken into office; but probably more from perceiving that the administration could not go on. Lord Cobham also resigned, and went again into Opposition.

Finally, in November 1744, the greater part of the Cabinet (having previously made their arrangements with the Opposition,) joined in a remonstrance to the King against Lord Carteret, and offered, if he was not dismissed, their own resignations. After some resistance, the King, again by the advice of Lord Orford, yielded. Lord Carteret and his adherents, and those of Lord Bath, were dismissed, and a mixed Government of Whigs and Tories was formed. Mr. Pelham continued First Minister; the Duke of Dorset was made President of the Council; Lord Gower again took the Privy Seal, which had been held for a few months by Lord Cholmondeley. The Duke of Bedford became First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Harrington Secretary of State; Lord Chesterfield, Lord Sandwich, George Grenville, Doddington, and Lyttel-

ton, and Sir John Hinde Cotton, Sir John Philipps, and some other Tories, had places. But though the King had dismissed Lord Carteret, now become Earl of Granville, from his councils, he had not from his confidence. He treated his new ministers with coldness and incivility, and consulted Lord Granville secretly upon all important points.

At length, in the midst of the Rebellion, in August 1746, the ministry went to the King, and gave him the option of taking Pitt into office, which he had previously refused, or receiving their resignations. After again endeavouring in vain to form an administration through the means of Lord Granville and Lord Bath, the King was obliged to consent to the demands of his ministers — and here may be said to commence the leaden rule of the Pelhams, which continued to influence the councils of this country, more or less, for so many years. Pitt took the inferior, but lucrative office of Paymaster; and from this time no material change took place, till the death of Mr. Pelham in March 1754; unless we except the admission of Lord Granville to the Cabinet in 1751, as President of the Council, an office which he contrived, with an interested prudence very unlike his former conduct, to retain during all succeeding ministries — and the getting rid of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Sandwich, of whom the Pelhams had become jealous.

The death of Pelham called into evidence the latent divisions and hatreds of public men, who had been hitherto acting in concert. Fox and

Pitt were obviously the two persons, upon one of whom the power of Pelham must eventually fall. But the intriguing Duke of Newcastle hated, and was jealous of both. He, therefore, placed Sir Thomas Robinson in the House of Commons, as Secretary of State and leader, and made Henry Bilson Legge Chancellor of the Exchequer, while he himself took the Treasury—leaving Fox* and Pitt in the subordinate situations they had hitherto held. The incapacity of Sir Thomas Robinson became, however, soon so apparent, that a change was inevitable. This was hastened by a temporary coalition between Fox and Pitt, which was occasioned, naturally enough, by the ill-treatment they had both received from the Duke of Newcastle. At length the latter reluctantly consented to admit Fox into the Cabinet, in 1755. Upon this, Pitt again broke with Fox, and went with his friends into Opposition, with the exception of Sir George Lyttelton, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer. The new Government, however, lasted but one Session of Parliament—its own dissensions, the talent of its opponents, and the dissatisfaction of the King, who had been thwarted in his German subsidiary treaties, aiding in its downfal.

The Duke of Devonshire, who had been very active in the previous political negotiations, was now commissioned, in 1756, by the King to form a Government. The Duke of Newcastle and Fox were turned out, and Pitt became Lord of the Ascendant. But the King's aversion to his new

* Fox was Secretary at War.

ministers was even greater than it had been to his old; and in February 1757, he commissioned Lord Waldegrave to endeavour to form a Government, with the assistance of Newcastle and Fox. In this undertaking he failed, very mainly through the irresolutions and jealousies of Newcastle. Thus circumstanced, the King, however unwillingly, was obliged to deliver himself up into the hands of Pitt, who now (in June 1757,) succeeded in forming that administration, which was destined to be one of the most glorious ones England has ever seen. He placed himself at the head of it, holding the situation of Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons, leaving the Duke of Newcastle at the head of the Treasury, and placing Legge again in the Exchequer. This administration lasted till the reign of the succeeding Sovereign.

D.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

ANY one who attempts to become a biographer of Horace Walpole must labour under the disadvantage of following a greater master in the art—namely, Sir Walter Scott, whose lively and agreeable account of this Author, contained in his "Lives of the Novelists," is well known and deservedly admired. As, however, the greater part of Walter Scott's pages is devoted to a very able criticism of the only work of fiction produced by Walpole, "The Castle of Otranto," it has been thought that a more general sketch of his life and writings might not prove unacceptable to the reader.

Horace Walpole was the third and youngest son of that eminent Minister, Sir Robert Walpole —the glory of the Whigs, the preserver of the throne of these realms to the present Royal Family, and under whose fostering rule and guidance the country flourished in peace for more than twenty years. The elder brothers of Horace were,

Robert Lord Walpole, so created in 1723, who succeeded his father in the Earldom of Orford in 1745, and died in 1751; and Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, whose three natural daughters were, Mrs. Keppel, wife to the Hon. Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter; the Countess of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester; and the Countess of Dysart. Sir Edward Walpole died in 1784. His sisters were, Catherine, who died of consumption at the age of nineteen; and Mary, married to George Viscount Malpas, afterwards third Earl of Cholmondeley—she died in 1732. The mother of Horace, and of his brothers and sisters here mentioned, was Catherine Shorter, daughter of John Shorter, Esq. of Bybrook, in Kent, and granddaughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London in 1688.* She died in 1737, and her youngest son, who always professed the greatest veneration for her memory, erected a monument to her in Westminster Abbey, in one of the side aisles of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Horace Walpole had also

* The occasion of the death of Sir John Shorter was a curious one. It is thus related in the "Ellis Correspondence":—

"Sir John Shorter, the present Lord Mayor, is very ill with a fall off his horse, under Newgate, as he was going to proclaim Bartholomew Fair. The City custom is, it seems, to drink always under Newgate when the Lord Mayor passes that way: and at this time the Lord Mayor's horse being somewhat skittish, started at the sight of a large glittering tankard which was reached to his Lordship."—*Letter of Aug.* 30*th*, 1688.

"On Tuesday last died the Lord Mayor, Sir John Shorter: the occasion of his distemper was his fall under Newgate, which bruised him a little, and put him into a fever."—*Letter of Sept.* 6*th*, 1688.

a half sister, the natural daughter of his father, by his mistress, Maria Skerrett, whom he afterwards married. She also was named Mary Walpole, and married Colonel Charles Churchill, the natural son of General Churchill; who was himself a natural son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Horace Walpole was born October 5th, 1717,* and educated at Eton School, and at King's College, Cambridge. Upon leaving the latter place, he set out on his travels on the Continent, in company with Gray the poet, with whom he had formed a friendship at school. They commenced their journey in March 1739, and continued abroad above two years. Almost the whole of this time was spent in Italy, and nearly a year of it was devoted to Florence; where Walpole was detained by the society of his friends, Mr. Mann, Mr. Chute, and Mr. Whithed. It was in these classic scenes, that his love of art, and taste for elegant and antiquarian literature became more developed; and that it took such complete possession of him, as to occupy the whole of his long life, diversified only by the occasional amusement

* In Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary it is said, that Horace Walpole was born in 1718; and Sir Walter Scott says he was born in 1716-17, which according to the new style would mean, that he was born in one of the three first months of the year 1717. Both these statements are, however, erroneous, as he himself fixes the day of his birth, in a letter to Mr. Conway, dated October 5th, 1764, where he says, "What signifies what happens when one is seven-and-forty, as I am to-day? They tell me 'tis my birth-day, &c."—And again, in a letter to the same correspondent, dated October 5th, 1777, he says, "I am threescore to-day."

of politics or the distractions of society. Unfortunately, the friendship of Walpole and his travelling companion could not survive two years of constant intercourse. They quarrelled and parted at Reggio, in July 1741; and afterwards pursued their way homewards by different routes.

Walpole arrived in England in September 1741, at which time his Correspondence with Sir Horace Mann commences. He had been chosen Member for Callington, in the Parliament which was elected in June of that year; and arrived in the House of Commons just in time to witness the angry discussions which preceded and accompanied the downfal of his father's administration. He plunged at once into the excitement of political partizanship, with all the ardour of youth, and all the zeal which his filial affection for his father inspired. His feelings at this period are best explained by a reference to his letters in the following collection. Public business and attendance upon the House of Commons, apart from the interest attached to peculiar questions, he seems never to have liked. He consequently took very little part either in debates or Committees. In March 1742, on a motion being made for an enquiry into the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole for the preceding ten years, he delivered his Maiden Speech; on which he was complimented by no less a judge of oratory than Pitt. This speech he has preserved in his letter to Sir Horace Mann, of March 24th, 1742.*

* Sir Walter Scott says, that Walpole on one occasion "vindicated the memory of his father with great dignity and eloquence" in the House of Commons; but as I cannot find any trace of a

He moved the Address in 1751; and in 1756 made a speech on the question of employing Swiss Regiments in the Colonies. This speech he has also himself preserved in the second volume of his "Memoires." In 1757, he was active in his endeavours to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng. Of his conduct upon this occasion he has left a detailed account in his "Memoires." This concludes all that can be collected of his public life; and at the general election of 1768,* he finally retired from Parliament.

Upon this occasion he writes thus to George Montagu:—"As my senatorial dignity is gone, I shall not put you to the expense of a cover, and I hope the advertisement will not be taxed, as I seal it to the paper. In short, I retain so much iniquity from the last infamous Parliament, that you see I would still cheat the public. The comfort I feel in sitting peaceably here, instead of being at Lynn in the high fever of a contested election, which at best would end in my being carried about that large town like a figure of a Pope at a bonfire, is very great. I do not think, when that function is over, that I shall repent my resolution. What could I see but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries, that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I

speech of this kind made by him after Sir Robert Walpole's death, I am inclined to think Sir Walter must have made a mistake, as to the time of delivery of the speech mentioned in the text.

* Sir Walter Scott is in error when he says that Walpole retired from the House of Commons in 1758, "at the active age of forty-one." This event occurred, as is here stated, in March 1768, and when Walpole was consequently in his fifty-first year.

hear oratory beyond my Lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings?"*

From this time Walpole devoted himself more than ever to his literary and antiquarian pursuits; though the interest he still, in society at least, took in politics, is obvious from the frequent reference to the subject in his letters. In the course of his life his political opinions appear to have undergone a great change. In his youth, and indeed till his old age, he was not only a strenuous Whig, but at times almost a Republican. How strong his opinions were in this sense may be gathered, both from the frequent confessions of his political faith, which occur in his letters, and from his reverence for the death-warrant of Charles the First, of which he hung up the engraving in his bed-room, and wrote upon it with his own hand the words "*Major Charta.*" The horrors of the French Revolution drove him, in the latter period of his life, into other views of politics; and he seems to have become, in theory at least, a Tory, though he probably would have indignantly repudiated the appellation, had it been applied to him.

Even during the earlier part of his career his politics had varied a good deal, (as, indeed, in a long life, whose do not?) but in his case the cause

* Letter dated, "Arlington-street, March 12th, 1768." It is but fair to mention, in opposition to the opinion respecting George Grenville, here delivered by Walpole, that of no less an authority than Burke, who says, "Mr. Grenville was a first-rate figure in this country."

of variation was a most amiable one. His devoted attachment to Marshal Conway, which led him, when that distinguished man was turned out of his command of a regiment, and of his place at Court, in 1764,* to offer, with much earnestness,

* He had also offered to share his fortune with Mr. Conway in the year 1744, (See Letter of July 20th of that year,) in order to enable Mr. Conway to marry a lady he was then in love with. He ends his very pressing entreaties by saying, "For these reasons, don't deny me what I have set my heart on — the making your fortune easy to you." Nor were these the only instances of generosity to a friend, which we find in the life of Walpole. In the year 1770, when the Abbé Terrai was administering the finances of France, (or to use the more expressive language of Voltaire, "Quand Terrai nous mangeoit,") his economical reductions occasioned the loss of a portion of her pension, amounting to three thousand livres, to Madame du Deffand. Upon this occasion Walpole wrote thus to his old blind friend, who had presented a memorial of her case to Monsieur de St. Florentin, a course of proceeding which Walpole did not approve of — "Ayez assez d'amitié pour moi pour accepter les trois mille livres de ma part. Je voudrois que la somme ne me fût pas aussi indifferente qu'elle l'est, mais je vous jure qu'elle ne retranchera rien, pas même sur mes amusemens. La prendriez vous de la main de la grandeur, et la refuseriez vous de moi? Vous me connoissez: faites ce sacrifice à mon orgueil, qui seroit enchanté de vous avoir empêchée de vous abaisser jusqu'à la sollicitation. Votre mémoire me blesse. Quoi! vous, vous, réduite à représenter vos malheurs! Accordez moi, je vous conjure, la grace que je vous demande à genoux, et jouissez de la satisfaction de vous dire, J'ai un ami qui ne permettra jamais que je me jette aux pieds des grands. Ma Petite, j'insiste. Voyez, si vous aimez mieux me faire le plaisir le plus sensible, ou de devoir une grace qui, ayant été sollicitée, arrive toujours trop tard pour contenter l'amitié. Laissez moi gouter la joie la plus pure, de vous avoir mise à votre aise, et que cette joie soit un secret profond entre nous deux."—*(Letters of the Marquise du Deffand to the Honourable Horace Walpole.)* — It was impossible to make a pecuniary offer with more earnestness or greater delicacy; and Madame du Deffand's not having found it necessary subsequently to accept it, in no degree diminishes the merit of the proffered gift.

to divide his fortune with him, caused him also to look with a favourable eye upon the government of the day, whenever Mr. Conway was employed; and to follow him implicitly in his votes in the House of Commons. Upon this subject he writes thus to Conway, who had not told him beforehand of a speech he made on the Qualification Bill, in consequence of which Walpole was absent from the House of Commons upon that occasion. "I don't suspect you of any reserve to me: I only mention it now for an occasion of telling you, that I don't like to have anybody think, that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence; but at least it would give me some to act invariably with you, and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do."* Upon another occasion he writes again in a similar strain—"My only reason for writing is, to repeat to you, that whatever you do, I shall act with you. I resent any thing done to you as to myself. My fortunes shall never be separated from yours—except that some day or other I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine."†

Upon one political point Horace Walpole appears to have entertained from the first the most just views; and even at a time when such were not sanctioned by the general opinion of the nation. From its very commencement, he objected to that disastrous contest the American War, which commenced in ignorant and presumptuous folly, was prolonged to gratify the wicked obsti-

* Letter dated "Monday, five o'clock, Feb. 1761."

† Letter dated "April 19th, 1764."

nacy of individuals, and ended, as Walpole had foretold it would, in the discomfiture of its authors, and the national disgrace and degradation, after a profuse and useless waste of blood and treasure. Nor must his sentiments upon the Slave Trade be forgotten — sentiments, which he held too, in an age when, far different from the present one, the "Assiento Treaty," and other horrors of the same kind, were deemed, not only justifiable, but praiseworthy. "We have been sitting," he writes on the 25th of February 1750, "this fortnight on the African Company. We, the British Senate, that Temple of Liberty, and bulwark of Protestant christianity, have, this fortnight, been considering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us, that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone! It chills one's blood — I would not have to say I voted for it, for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain; and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering the poor creatures for the good of their souls."*

One of the most favourite pursuits of Walpole, was the building and decoration of his Gothic villa of Strawberry Hill. It is situated at the end of the village of Twickenham, towards Teddington, on a slope, which gives it a fine view of a reach of

* Letter to Sir Horace Mann.

the Thames, and the opposite wooded hill of Richmond Park. He bought it in 1747, of Mrs. Chenevix, the proprietress of a celebrated toy-shop. He thus describes it in a letter of that year to Mr. Conway. "You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:—

> "A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
> And little finches wave their wings of gold."

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospects; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry.* Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight."†

He commenced almost immediately adding to the house, and Gothicizing it, assisted by the taste

* Catherine Hyde, the eccentric friend of Pope and Gay. She was, at this time, living in a small house in Ham Walks. Walpole addressed to her the pretty compliment contained in the following lines, upon her preservation of her beauty at an advanced age:—

> "To many a Kitty, Love his car
> Would for a day engage;
> But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
> Retains it for an age."

† Letter of June 8th, 1747.

and designs of his friend Mr. Bentley; till, in the end, the cottage of Mrs. Chenevix had increased into the castellated residence we now behold. He also filled it with collections of various sorts — books, prints, pictures, portraits, enamels, and miniatures, antiquities, and curiosities of all kinds. Among these miscellaneous hoards are to be found some fine works of art; and many things most valuable in an historical and antiquarian point of view. For these various expenses, he drew upon his annual income, which arose from three patent places conferred on him by his father, of which the designations were, Usher of the Exchequer, Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats. As early as the year 1744, these sinecures produced to him, according to his own account, nearly two thousand a-year; and somewhat later, the one place of Usher of the Exchequer rose in value to double this sum. This income, with prudent management, sufficed for the gratification of his expensive tastes of building and collecting, to which his long life was devoted.

With regard to the merits of Strawberry Hill, as a building, it is, perhaps, unfair in the present age, when the principles of Gothic architecture have been so much studied, and so often put in practice, to criticize it too severely. Walpole himself, who in the earlier part of his life seems to have had an unbounded admiration for the works of his own hands, appears in later times to have been aware of the faults in style, of which he had been guilty. For in a letter to Mr. Barrett in 1788, he says, "If Mr. Matthews was really en-

tertained" (with seeing Strawberry Hill,) "I am glad. But Mr. Wyatt has made him too correct a Goth not to have seen all the imperfections and bad execution of my attempts; for neither Mr. Bentley, nor my workmen, had *studied* the science, and I was always too desultory and impatient to consider, that I should please myself more by allowing time, than by hurrying my plans into execution before they were ripe. My house, therefore, is but a sketch for beginners; your's* is finished by a great master — and if Mr. Matthews liked mine, it was *en virtuose*, who loves the dawnings of an art, or the glimmerings of its restoration."†

In fact, the building of Strawberry Hill was "the glimmering of the restoration" of Gothic architecture, which had previously, for above a century, been so much neglected, that its very principles seemed lost. If we compare the Gothic of Strawberry Hill, with that of buildings about the same period, or a little anterior to it, we shall see how vastly superior it is to them, both in its taste and its decorations. If we look at some of the restorations of our churches of the beginning of the eighteenth century, we shall find them a most barbarous mixture of Gothic forms, and Grecian and Roman ornaments. Such are the western towers of Westminster Abbey, designed by Wren. The attempts at Gothic, by the same architect, in one or two of his City churches — Gibbs's quadrangle of All Souls Col-

* Lee, in Kent. † Letter of June 5th, 1788.

lege, Oxford—and the buildings in the same style of Kent, Batty Langley, &c. To these Strawberry is greatly superior; and it must be observed, that Walpole himself, in his progressive building, went on improving and purifying his taste. Thus the gallery and round-tower at Strawberry Hill, which were among his latest works, are incomparably the best part of the house—and in their interior decorations there is very little to be objected to, and much to be admired.

It were to be wished, indeed, that Walpole's haste to finish, to which he alludes in the letter just quoted, and perhaps also, in some degree, economy, had not made him build his castle, which, with all its faults, is a curious relic of a clever and ingenious man, with so little solidity, that it is almost already in a state of decay. Lath and plaster, and wood, appear to have been his favourite materials for construction—which made his friend Williams* say of him, towards the end of his life, "that he had outlived three sets of his own battlements." It is somewhat curious, as a proof of the inconsistency of the human mind, that having built his castle with so little view to durability, Walpole entailed the perishable possession with a degree of strictness, which would have been more fitting for a Baronial estate. And that, too, after having written a fable entitled "The Entail;" in consequence of some one having asked him whether he did not intend to entail

* George James Williams, Esq.

Strawberry Hill, and in ridicule of such a proceeding.

Whether Horace Walpole conferred a benefit upon the public, by setting the fashion of applying the Gothic style of architecture to domestic purposes, may be doubtful—so greatly has the example he gave been abused in practice since. But, at all events, he thus led the professors of architecture to study with accuracy the principles of the art, which has occasioned the restoration and preservation in such an admirable manner of so many of our finest cathedrals, colleges, and ancient Gothic and conventual buildings. This, it must be at least allowed, was the fortunate result of the *rage* for Gothic, which succeeded the building of Strawberry Hill. For a good many years after that event, every new building was *pinnacled* and *turreted* on all sides, however little its situation, its size, or its uses might seem to fit it for such ornament. Then, as fashion is never constant for any great length of time, the taste of the public rushed at once upon castles—and loop-holes, and battlements, and heavy arches, and buttresses appeared in every direction. Now the fancy of the time has turned as madly to that bastard kind of architecture, possessing, however, many beauties, which, compounded of the Gothic, Castellated, and Grecian or Roman, is called *the Elizabethan*, or, *Old English*. No villa, no country-house, no lodge in the outskirts of London, no box of a retired tradesman is now built, except in some modification of this style. The most ludicrous situations, and the most inappropriate des-

tinations do not deter any one from pointing his gables, and squaring his bay-windows, in the most approved Elizabethan manner. And this vulgarizing and lowering of the Old English architecture, by over use, is sure, sooner or later, to lose it its popularity; and to cause it to be contemned and neglected like its predecessors. All these different styles, if properly applied, have their peculiar merits. In old English country-houses, which have formerly been conventual buildings, the Gothic style may be, with great propriety, introduced. On the height of Belvoir, or in similar situations, nothing could be devised so appropriate as the castellated — and in additions to, or renovations of old manor-houses, the Elizabethan may be, with equal advantage, adopted. It is the injudicious application of all three, which has been, and is sure to be, the occasion of their fall in public favour.

The next pursuit of Walpole, to which it now becomes desirable to advert, are his literary labours; and the various publications, with which, at different periods of his life, he favoured the world. His first effort appears to have been a copy of verses, written at Cambridge. His poetry is generally not of a very high order—lively, and with happy turns and expressions; but injured frequently by a sort of quaintness, and a somewhat inharmonious rhythm. Its merits, however, exactly fitted it for the purpose, which it was for the most part intended for; namely, as what are called, *vers de société*. Among the best of his verses may be mentioned those "On the neglected

Column in the Place of St. Mark, at Florence," which contains some fine lines. His "Twickenham Register," and the "Three Vernons."

In 1752, he published his "Ædes Walpolianæ," or description of the family seat of Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, where his father had built a palace, and had made a fine collection of pictures, which were sold by his grandson George, third Earl of Orford, to the Empress Catherine of Russia. This work, which is in fact a mere catalogue of pictures, first showed the peculiar talent of Horace Walpole for enlivening, by anecdote and lightness of style, a dry subject. This was afterwards still more exemplified in his "Anecdotes of Painting in England," of which the different volumes were published in 1761, 1763, and 1771—and in the "Catalogue of Engravers," published in 1763. These works were compiled from the papers of Vertue the engraver; but Walpole, from the stores of his own historical knowledge, from his taste in the fine arts, and his happy manner of sketching characters, rendered them peculiarly his own. But his masterpiece in this line, was his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," originally published in 1758. It is very true, as Walter Scott observes, that "it would be difficult, by any process or principle of subdivision, to select a list of so many plebeian authors, containing so very few whose genius was worthy of commemoration."* But this very circumstance renders the merit of

* Lives of the Novelists, Paris Edition, Vol. II.

Walpole the greater, in having, out of such materials, composed a work, which must be read with amusement and interest, as long as liveliness of diction and felicity in anecdote are considered ingredients of amusement in literature.

In 1757, Walpole established a private printing-press at Strawberry Hill, and the first work he printed at it was the Odes of Gray, with Bentley's prints and vignettes. Among the handsomest and most valuable volumes which subsequently issued from this press, in addition to Walpole's own Anecdotes of Painting, and his description of Strawberry Hill, must be mentioned the quarto Lucan, with the notes of Grotius and Bentley; the life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury by himself, Hentzner's Travels, and Lord Whitworth's account of Russia. Of all these he printed a very limited number. It does not, however, appear, as stated in the Biographical Dictionary,* that he reserved all the copies as presents; on the contrary it would seem, that in most instances he sold a certain portion of the copies to the booksellers, probably with a view of defraying the expenses of his printing establishment. As, however, the supply in the book-market of the Strawberry Hill editions was very small, they generally sold for high prices, and a great interest was created respecting them.

In 1764, Walpole published one of the most remarkable of his works, "The Castle of Otranto;" and in 1768 his still more remarkable production

* Biographical Dictionary by Chalmers, Article "Walpole."

"The Mysterious Mother."* In speaking of the latter effort of his genius, (for it undoubtedly deserves that appellation,) an admirable judge of literary excellence has made the following remarks:—"It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman, and secondly, because he was a gentleman: but to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and of 'The Castle of Otranto,' he is the *Ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the 'Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance, and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may."†

In speaking of the "Castle of Otranto," it may be remarked as a singular coincidence in the life of Walpole, that as he had been the first person to lead the modern public to seek for their architecture in the Gothic style and age, so he also opened the great magazine of the tales of Gothic times to their literature. "The Castle of Otranto is remarkable," observes an eminent critic, "not only for the wild interest of its story, but as the first modern attempt to found a tale of amusing fiction upon the basis of the ancient romances of chivalry." "This romance," he continues, "has been justly considered not only as the original and model of a peculiar species of composition, attempted and successfully executed by a

* The "Mysterious Mother" was printed in that year; but was never published till after the death of Walpole.

† Lord Byron, Preface to "Marino Faliero."

man of great genius, but as one of the standard works of our lighter literature."*

The account which Walpole himself gives of the circumstances which led to the composition of "The Castle of Otranto," of his fancy of the portrait of Lord Deputy Falkland, in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, walking out of its frame; and of his dream of a gigantic hand in armour on the banister of a great staircase, are well-known. Perhaps it may be objected to him, that he makes too frequent use of supernatural machinery in his romance; but at the time it was written, this portion of his work was peculiarly acceptable to the public. We have since, from the labours of the immense tribe of his followers and imitators of different degrees of merit, "supped so full of horrors," that we are become more fastidious upon these points; and even, perhaps, unfairly so, as at the present moment the style of supernatural romances in general is rather fallen again into neglect and disfavour. "If," concludes Walter Scott, in his criticism on this work, (and the sentiments expressed by him are so fair and just, that it is impossible to forbear quoting them,) "Horace Walpole, who led the way in this new species of literary composition, has been surpassed by some of his followers in diffuse brilliancy of composition, and perhaps in the art of detaining the mind of the reader in a state of feverish and anxious suspense, through a protracted and complicated narrative, more will yet remain with him than the single merit of origi-

* Lives of the Novelists, by Sir Walter Scott, Paris Edit. Vol. II.

nality and invention. The applause due to chastity of style—to a happy combination of supernatural agency with human interest—to a tone of feudal manners and language, sustained by characters strongly-marked and well-discriminated,—and to unity of action, producing scenes alternately of interest and grandeur;—the applause, in fine, which cannot be denied to him who can excite the passions of fear and pity, must be awarded to the author of the Castle of Otranto."*

"The Mysterious Mother" is a production of higher talent and more powerful genius than any other which we owe to the pen of Horace Walpole; though from the nature of its subject, and the sternness of its character, it is never likely to compete in popularity with many of his other writings. The story is too horrible almost for tragedy. It is, as Walpole himself observes, "more truly horrid even than that of Œdipus." He took it from a history which had been told him, and which he thus relates: "I had heard, when very young, that a gentlewoman under uncommon agonies of mind, had waited on Archbishop Tillotson, and besought his counsel. Many years before, a damsel that served her, had acquainted her that she was importuned by the gentlewoman's son to grant him a private meeting. The mother ordered the maiden to make the assignation, when she said, she would discover herself, and reprimand him for his criminal passion: but being hurried away by a much more criminal passion herself, she kept the assignation

* Lives of the Novelists.

without discovering herself. The fruit of this horrid artifice was a daughter, whom the gentlewoman caused to be educated very privately in the country: but proving very lovely, and being accidentally met by her father-brother, who had never had the slightest suspicion of the truth, he had fallen in love with and actually married her. The wretched, guilty mother, learning what had happened, and distracted with the consequence of her crime, had now resorted to the Archbishop, to know in what manner she should act. The prelate charged her never to let her son or daughter know what had passed, as they were innocent of any criminal intention. For herself, he bade her almost despair."* Afterwards, Walpole found out, that a similar story existed in the Tales of the Queen of Navarre, and also in Bishop Hall's works. In this tragedy the dreadful interest is well sustained throughout, the march of the blank verse is grand and imposing, and some of the scenes are worked up with a vigour and a pathos, which render it one of the most powerful dramatic efforts of which our language can boast.

The next publication of Walpole, was his "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third," one of the most ingenious historical and antiquarian dissertations which has ever issued from the press. He has collected his facts with so much industry, and draws his arguments and inferences from them with so much ability, that if he has not convinced the public

* Postscript to the "Mysterious Mother."

of the entire innocence of Richard, he has at all events diminished the number of his crimes, and has thrown a doubt over his whole history, as well as over the credibility of his accusers, which is generally favourable to his reputation. This work occasioned a great sensation in the literary world, and produced several replies, from F. Guydickens, Esq. Dean Milles, and the Rev. Mr. Masters, and others. These works, however, are now gathered to "the dull of ancient days;" while the book they were intended to expose and annihilate, remains an instructive and an amusing volume; and, to say the least of it, a most creditable monument of its author's ingenuity.

The remainder of the works of Walpole, published or printed in his life-time, consist of minor, or as he calls them, "Fugitive Pieces." Of these the most remarkable are his papers in "The World," and other periodicals.—"A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher, in London," on the politics of the day.—The "Essay on Modern Gardening."—The pamphlet called "A Counter Address," on the dismissal of Marshal Conway from his command of a regiment. The fanciful, but lively "Hieroglyphic Tales."—And the "Reminiscences," or Recollections of Court and Political Anecdotes; which last he wrote for the amusement of the Miss Berrys. All of these are marked with those peculiarities, and those graces of style, which belonged to him; and may still be read, however various their subjects, with interest and instruction. The Reminiscences are peculiarly curious—and may, perhaps, be stated to be, both in manner and matter, the very perfection of

anecdote writing. We may, indeed, say with respect to Walpole, what can be advanced of but few such voluminous authors, that it is impossible to open any part of his works, without deriving entertainment from them—so much do the charms and liveliness of his manner of writing influence all the subjects he treats of.

Since the death of Walpole, a portion of his political memoirs, comprising the history of the last ten years of the reign of George the Second, has been published; and has made a very remarkable addition to the historical information of that period. At the same time, it must be allowed, that this work has not entirely fulfilled the expectation which the public had formed of it. Though full of curious and interesting details, it can hardly be said to form a very interesting whole; while in no other of the publications of the author do his prejudices and aversions appear in so strong and unreasonable a light. His satire also, and we might even call it by the stronger name of abuse, is too general, and thereby loses its effect. Many of the characters are probably not too severely drawn; but some evidently are, and this circumstance shakes our faith in the rest. We must, however, remember, that the age he describes was one of peculiar corruption; and when the virtue and character of public men were, perhaps, at a lower ebb than at any other period since the days of Charles the Second. The admirable graphic style of Walpole, in describing particular scenes and moments, shines forth in many parts of the memoirs—and this, joined to his having been an actor in many of the circum-

stances he relates, and a near spectator of all, must ever render his book one of extreme value to the politician and the historian.

But the posthumous works of Walpole, upon which his lasting fame with posterity will probably rest, are his "incomparable letters."* Of these a considerable portion was published in the quarto edition of his works in 1798. Since which period a quarto volume, containing his letters to George Montagu, Esq. and the Rev. William Cole; and another, containing those to Lord Hertford and the Rev. Henry Zouch, have been given to the world; and the present publication of his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann completes the series, which extends from the year 1735 to the commencement of 1797, within six weeks of his death — a period of no less than fifty-seven years.

A friend of Mr. Walpole's has observed, that "his Epistolary talents have shown our language to be capable of all the grace and all the charms of the French of Madame de Sevigné;"† and the remark is a true one, for he is undoubtedly the author, who first proved the aptitude of our language for that light and gay epistolary style, which was before supposed peculiarly to belong to our Gallic neighbours. There may be letters of a higher order in our literature than those of Walpole.—Gray's letters, and perhaps Cowper's, may be taken as instances of this; but where shall we find such an union of taste, humour, and

* Lord Byron.

† "Social Life in England and France." By Miss Berry.

almost dramatic power of description and narrative, as in the correspondence of Walpole? Where such happy touches upon the manners and characters of the time? Where can we find such graphic scenes, as the funeral of George the Second, as the party to Vauxhall with Lady Harrington, as the ball at Miss Chudleigh's, in the letters already published: or as some of the House of Commons' debates, and many of the anecdotes of society, in those now offered to the world? Walpole's style in letter-writing is occasionally quaint, and sometimes a little laboured; but for the most part he has contrived to throw into it a great appearance of ease, as if he wrote rapidly and without premeditation. This, however, was by no means the case, as he took great pains with his letters, and even collected, and wrote down beforehand, anecdotes, with a view to their subsequent insertion. Some of these stores have been discovered among the papers at Strawberry Hill.

The account of the letters of Walpole leads naturally to some mention of his friends, to whom they were addressed. These were, Gray, the poet; Marshal Conway; his elder brother, Lord Hertford; George Montagu, Esq.; the Rev. William Cole; Lord Strafford; Richard Bentley, Esq.; John Chute, Esq.; Sir Horace Mann; Lady Hervey; and in after-life, Mrs. Hannah More; Mrs. Damer, and the two Miss Berrys. His correspondence with the three latter ladies has never been published; but his regard for them, and intimacy with them, are known to

have been very great. Towards Mrs. Damer, the only child of the friend of his heart, Marshal Conway, he had an hereditary feeling of affection; and to her he bequeathed Strawberry Hill. To the Miss Berrys he left, in conjunction with their father, the greater part of his papers, and the care of collecting and publishing his works, a task which they performed with great care and judgment. To these friends must be added the name of Richard West, Esq. a young man of great promise, (only son of Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by the daughter of Bishop Burnet,) who died in 1742, at the premature age of twenty-six.

Gray had been a school friend of Walpole. As has been before mentioned, they travelled together, and quarrelled during the journey. Walter Scott suggests as a reason for their differences, "that the youthful vivacity, and perhaps aristocratic assumption, of Walpole, did not agree with the somewhat formal opinions and habits of the professed man of letters."* This conjecture may very possibly be the correct one; but we have no clue to guide us with certainty to the causes of their rupture. In after-life they were reconciled, though the intimacy of early friendship never appears to have been restored between them. Scott says of Walpole, "that his temper was precarious"†—and we may, perhaps, affirm the same of Gray. At all events, they were per-

* Lives of the Novelists. † Ibid.

sons of such different characters, that their not agreeing could not be surprising. What could be more opposite than "the self-sequestered, melancholy Gray," and the eager, volatile Walpole, of whom Lady Townshend said, when some one talked of his good spirits, "Oh, Mr. Walpole is spirits of hartshorn." When Mason was writing the life of Gray, Walpole bade him throw the whole blame of the quarrel upon him. This might be merely magnanimity, as Gray was then dead; what makes one most inclined to think it was the truth, is the fact, that Gray was not the only intimate friend of Walpole with whom he quarrelled. He did so with Bentley, for which the eccentric conduct of that man of talent might perhaps account. But what shall we say to his quarrel with the good-humoured, laughing George Montagu, with whom, for the last years of the life of the latter, he held no intercourse? It is true, that in a letter to Mr. Cole, Walpole lays the blame upon Montagu, and says, "he was become such an humourist;" but it must be remembered, that we do not know Montagu's version of the story; and that undoubtedly three quarrels with three intimate friends, rather support the charge, brought by Scott against Walpole, of his having "a precarious temper."

The friendship, however, which does honour both to the head and heart of Horace Walpole, was that which he bore to Marshal Conway: a man, who, according to all the accounts of him, that have come down to us, was so truly worthy

of inspiring such a degree of affection. Burke's panegyric* upon his public character and conduct is well-known; while the Editor of Lord Orford's Works thus most justly eulogizes his private life. "It is only those, who have had the opportunity of penetrating into the most secret motives of his public conduct, and the inmost recesses of his private life, that can do real justice to the unsullied purity of his character—who saw and knew him in the evening of his days, retired from the honourable activity of a soldier and a statesman, to the calm enjoyments of private life, happy in the resources of his own mind, and in the cultivation of useful science, in the bosom of domestic peace—unenriched by pensions or places, undistinguished by titles or ribands, unsophisticated by public life, and unwearied by retirement." The offer of Walpole to share his fortune with Conway, when the latter was dismissed from his places, an offer so creditable to both parties, has been already mentioned; and if we wish to have a just idea of the esteem, in which Marshal Conway was held by his contemporaries, it is only necessary to mention, that upon the same occasion, similar offers were pressed upon him by his brother Lord Hertford, and by the Duke of Devonshire, without any concert between them.

The rest of Walpole's friends and correspondents it is hardly necessary to dwell upon: they are many of them already well known to the public from various causes. It may, however, be per-

* Speech on American Taxation, April 19, 1774.

mitted to observe, that they were, for the most part, persons distinguished either by their taste in the fine arts, their love of antiquities, their literary attainments, or their conversational talents. To the friends already mentioned, but with whom Walpole did not habitually correspond, must be added, Mason the poet, George Selwyn, Richard second Lord Edgecumbe, George James Williams, Esq. Lady Suffolk, and Mrs. Clive the actress.

With the Marquise du Deffand, the old blind, but clever leader of French society, he became acquainted at Paris late in her life. — Her devotion for him appears to have been very great, and is sometimes expressed in her letters with a warmth and a tenderness, which Walpole, who was most sensitive of ridicule, thought so absurd in a person of her years and infirmities, that he frequently reproves her very harshly for it; so much so, as to give him an appearance of a want of kindly feeling towards her, which his general conduct to her, and the regrets he expressed on her death, do not warrant us in accusing him of.

In concluding the literary part of the character of Walpole, it is natural to allude to the transactions which took place between him and the unfortunate Chatterton; a text upon which so much of calumny and misrepresentation have been embroidered. The periodicals of the day, and the tribe of those "who daily scribble for their daily bread," and for whom Walpole had, perhaps unwisely, frequently expressed his contempt, attacked him bitterly for his inhumanity to genius, and

even accused him as the author of the subsequent misfortunes and untimely death of that misguided son of genius; nay, even the author of "The Pursuits of Literature," who wrote many years after the transaction had taken place, and who ought to have known better, gave in to the prevailing topic of abuse.* It therefore becomes necessary to state shortly what really took place upon this occasion: a task which is rendered easier, by the clear view of the transaction, taken both by Walter Scott in his "Lives of the Novelists," and by Chalmers in his "Biographical Dictionary," which is also fully borne out by the narrative drawn up by Walpole himself, and accompanied by the correspondence.

It appears then, that in March 1769, Walpole received a letter from Chatterton, enclosing a few specimens of the pretended poems of Rowley, and announcing his discovery of a series of ancient painters at Bristol. To this communication Walpole, naturally enough, returned a very civil answer. Shortly afterwards, doubts arose in his mind as to the authenticity of the poems; these were confirmed by the opinions of some friends,

* See "Pursuits of Literature," second Dialogue:—

"The Boy, whom once patrician pens adorn'd,
First meanly flatter'd, then as meanly scorn'd."

Which lines are stated in a note to allude to Walpole.—See also, first Dialogue, where Chatterton is called, "That varlet bright." The note to which passage is, "I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd, says *Falstaff*, in Henry IV. Part I. act 2. Mr. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford, did not, however, seem to think it necessary that this *varlet* Chatterton should *chew at all.* See the Starvation Act, dated at Strawberry Hill."

to whom he showed them; and he then wrote an expression of these doubts to Chatterton. This appears to have excited the anger of Chatterton, who, after one or two short notes, wrote Walpole a very impertinent one, in which he redemanded his manuscripts. This last letter Walpole had intended to have answered with some sharpness; but did not do so. — He only returned the specimens on the fourth of August 1769; and this concluded the intercourse between them; and, as Walpole observes, "I never saw him then, before, or since." Subsequently to this transaction, Chatterton acquired other patrons more credulous than Walpole, and proceeded with his forgeries. In April 1770 he came to London, and committed suicide in August of that year; a fate, which befell him, it is to be feared, more in consequence of his own dissolute and profligate habits, than from any want of patronage. However this may be, Walpole clearly had nothing to say to it.

In addition to the accusation of crushing, instead of fostering his genius, Walpole has also been charged with cruelty in not assisting him with money. Upon this, he very truly says himself, "Chatterton was neither indigent nor distressed at the time of his correspondence with me. He was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my assistance were, disgust to his profession, inclination to poetry, and communication of some suspicious MSS. His distress was the consequence of quitting his master, and coming to London, and of his other extravagancies. He had depended on the impulse of the

talents he felt for making impression, and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already said, that I should have been blameable to his mother and society, if I had seduced an apprentice from his master to marry him to the nine Muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the age."* Such and so unimportant was the transaction with Chatterton, which brought so much obloquy on Walpole, and seems really to have given him at different times great annoyance.

There remains but little more to relate in the life of Walpole. His old age glided on peacefully, and, with the exception of his severe sufferings from the gout, apparently contentedly, in the pursuit of his favourite studies and employments. In the year 1791, he succeeded his unhappy nephew, George third Earl of Orford, who had at different periods of his life been insane, in the family estate and the Earldom. The accession of this latter dignity seems rather to have annoyed him than otherwise. He never took his seat in the House of Lords, and his unwillingness to adopt his title was shown in his endeavours to avoid making use of it in his signature. He not unfrequently signed himself, "The Uncle of the late Earl of Orford."†

He retained his faculties to the last, but his limbs became helpless from his frequent attacks of gout. As he himself expresses it,

* Letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Chatterton. Works of Lord Orford, vol. iv.

† The Duke of Bedford has a letter of Walpole's with this signature.

"Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
Though unkind to my limbs, has yet left me my reason."*

As a friend of his, who only knew him in the last years of his life, speaks of "his conversation as, as singularly brilliant as it was original,"† we may conclude his liveliness never deserted him; that his talent for letter-writing did not, we have a proof in a letter written only six weeks before his death, in which, with all his accustomed grace of manner, he entreats a Lady of his acquaintance not to show "the idle notes" of "her ancient servant."—Lord Orford died in the eightieth year of his age, at his house in Berkeley-square, on the 2nd of March 1797, and was buried with his family in the church at Houghton; and with him concluded the male line of the descendants of Sir Robert Walpole. D.

* "Epitaphium vivi auctoris"—1792.
† "Social Life in England and France."

ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE AUTHOR.

The following Collection of Letters, written very carelessly by a young man, had been preserved by the person to whom they were addressed. The Author, some years after the date of the first, borrowed them, on account of some anecdotes interspersed. On the perusal, among many trifling relations and stories, which were only of consequence or amusing to the two persons concerned in the correspondence, he found some facts, characters, and news, which, though below the dignity of history, might prove entertaining to many other people: and knowing how much pleasure, not only himself, but many other persons have often found in a series of private and familiar letters, he thought it worth his while to preserve these, as they contain something of the customs, fashions, politics, diversions, and private history of several years; which, if worthy of any existence, can be properly transmitted to posterity only in this manner.

The reader will find a few pieces of intelligence which did not prove true; but which are retained

here as the Author heard and related them, lest correction should spoil the simple air of the Narrative.* When the letters were written, they were never intended for public inspection; and now they are far from being thought correct, or more authentic than the general turn of epistolatory correspondence admits. The Author would sooner have burnt them, than have taken the trouble to correct such errant trifles, which are here presented to the Reader, with scarce any variation or omissions, but what private friendships and private history, or the great haste with which the letters were written, made indispensably necessary, as will plainly appear, not only by the unavoidable chasms, where the originals were worn out or torn away, but by many idle relations and injudicious remarks and prejudices of a young man; for which the only excuse the Author can pretend to make, is, that as some future reader may possibly be as young as he was when he first wrote, he hopes they may be amused with what graver people (if into such hands they should fall,) will very justly despise. Whoever has patience to peruse the series, will find, perhaps, that as the Author grew older, some of his faults became less striking.

* They are marked in the notes.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

SIR HORACE MANN.

LETTER I.

Calais, and Friday, and here I have been these two days, 1741.

Is the wind laid? Shall I never get aboard? I came here on Wednesday night, but found a tempest that has never ceased since. At Boulogne I left Lord Shrewsbury and his mother, and brothers and sisters, waiting too: Bulstrode* passes his winter at the Court of Boulogne, and then is to travel with two young Shrewsburys. I was overtaken by Amorevoli and Monticelli,† who are here with me and the Viscontina, and Barberina, and Abbate Vanneschi ‡ — what a coxcomb! I would have talked to him about the opera, but he preferred politics. I have wearied Amorevoli with questions about you. If he was not just come from you, and could talk to me about you,

* Tutor to the young Earl of Shrewsbury.

† Italian singers.

‡ An Italian Abbé, who directed and wrote the Operas, under the protection of Lord Middlesex.

I should hate him; for, to flatter me, he told me that I talked Italian better than you. He did not know how little I think it a compliment to have anything preferred to you — besides, you know the consistence of my Italian! They are all frightened out of their senses about going on the sea, and are not a little afraid of the English. They went aboard the William and Mary yacht yesterday, which waits here for Lady Cardigan from Spa. The Captain clapped the door, and swore in broad English, that the Viscontina should not stir till she gave him a song, he did not care whether it was a catch or a moving ballad — but she would not submit. I wonder he did! When she came home and told me, I begged her not to judge of all the English from this specimen — but, by the way, she will find many sea-captains, that grow on dry land.

Sittinburn, Sept. 13, O. S.

Saturday morning, or yesterday, we did set out, and after a good passage of four hours and a half, landed at Dover. I begin to count my comforts, for I find their contraries thicken on my apprehension. I have, at least, done for a while with post-chaises. My trunks were a little opened at Calais, and they would have stopped my medals, but with much ado and much three louis's they let them pass. At Dover I found the benefit of the *motions** having miscarried last year, for they respected Sir Robert's son even in the person of

* The motion in both Houses of Parliament 1740, for removing Sir Robert Walpole from the King's councils.

his trunks. I came over in a yacht with East India captains' widows, a Catholic girl, coming from a convent to be married, with an Irish priest to guard her, who says he studied *medicines* for two years, and after that *he studied learning* for two years more. I have not brought over a word of French or Italian for common use; I have so taken pains to avoid affectation in this point, that I have failed only now and then in a *chi è là* to the servants, who, I can scarce persuade myself yet, are English. The country-town, (and you will believe me, who, you know, am not prejudiced) delights me: the populousness, the ease, the gaiety, and well-dressed everybody amaze me. Canterbury, which, on my setting out, I thought deplorable, is a paradise to Modena, Reggio, Parma, &c. I had before discovered that there was nowhere but in England the distinction of *middling people;* I perceive now, that there is peculiar to us *middling houses:* how snug they are! I write to-night because I have time; to-morrow I get to London just as the post goes. Sir Robert is at Houghton.

Good night till another post. You are quite well, I trust, but tell me so always. My loves to the Chutes* and all the &c.a's.

Oh! a story of Mr. Pope and the Prince: — "Mr. Pope, you don't love princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings,

* John Chute and Francis Whithed, Esqrs. two great friends of Mr. W.'s, whom he had left at Florence, where he had been himself thirteen months, in the house of Mr. Mann, his relation and particular friend.

then!" "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown." Was it possible to make a better answer to such simple questions?

Adieu! my dearest child!

Yours, ten thousand times over.

P.S. Patapan* does not seem to regret his own country.

LETTER II.

[The beginning of this letter is lost.]

* * * I had written and sealed my letter, but have since received another from you, dated Sept. 24. I read Sir Robert your account of Corsica; he seems to like hearing any account sent this way — indeed, they seem to have more superficial relations in general than I could have believed! You will oblige me, too, with any farther account of Bianca Colonna† — it is romantic, her history!

I am infinitely obliged to Mr. Chute for his kindness to me, and still more for his friendship to you. You cannot think how happy I am to hear that you are to keep him longer. You do not mention his having received my letter from Paris: I directed it to him, recommended to you. I would not have him think me capable of neglecting to answer his letter, which obliged me so much. I will deliver Amorevoli his letter the first time I see him.

* Mr. W.'s dog.

† A kind of Joan of Arc, who headed the Corsican rebels against the Genoese.

Lord Islay* dined here; I mentioned Stosch's† Maltese cats: Lord Islay begged I would write to Florence to have the largest male and female that can be got. If you will speak to Stosch, you will oblige me: they may come by sea.

You cannot imagine my amazement at your not being invited to Riccardi's ball; do tell me, when you know, what can be the meaning of it; it could not be inadvertence—nay, that were as bad!

Adieu! my dear child, once more!

LETTER III.

Downing Street, Oct. 8, 1741, O. S.

I HAVE been very near sealing this letter with black wax; Sir Robert came from Richmond, on Sunday night, extremely ill, and on Monday was in great danger. It was an ague and looseness, but they have stopped the latter, and converted the other into a fever, which they are curing with the bark. He came out of his chamber to-day for the first time, and is quite out of danger. One of the newspapers says, Sir R. W. is so *bad* that there are no *hopes* of him.

* Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, and, on his brother's death, Duke of Argyll.

† Baron Stosch, a Prussian virtuoso, and spy for the Court of England on the Pretender. He had been driven from Rome, though it was suspected that he was a spy on both sides: he was a man of a most infamous character in every respect.

The Pomfrets* are arrived; I went this morning to visit my lord, but did not find him. Lady Sophia is ill, and my Earl† still at Paris, not coming.

There is no news, nor a soul in town. One talks of nothing but distempers, like Sir Robert's. My Lady Townshend‡ was reckoning up the other day the several things that have cured them; such a doctor so many, such a medicine so many; but of all, the greatest number have found relief from the sudden deaths of their husbands.

The opera begins the day after the King's birthday: the singers are not permitted to sing till on the stage, so no one has heard them, nor have I seen Amorevoli to give him the letter. The opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players; but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be so easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility: in short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers from the Bear Garden,§ to plead

* Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and Henrietta Louisa, his consort, and their two eldest daughters, Sophia and Charlotte, had been in Italy at the same time with Mr. W.: the Earl had been Master of the Horse to Queen Caroline, and the Countess, Lady of the Bedchamber.

† Henry, Earl of Lincoln, was at that time in love with Lady Sophia Fermor.

‡ Ethelreda Harrison, wife of Charles Lord Viscount Townshend, but parted from him.

§ Boxers.

their defence. I have had a long visit this morning from *Don Benjamin*:* he is one of the best kind of agreeable men I ever saw—quite fat and easy with universal knowledge: he is in the greatest esteem at my Court.

I am going to trouble you with some commissions. Miss Rich,† who is the finest singer, except your sister,‡ in the world, has begged me to get her some music, particularly "the office of the Virgin of the Seven Sorrows," by Pergolesi, the "Serva Padrona, il Pastor se torna Aprile," and "Semplicetta Pastorella." If you can send these easily, you will much oblige me. Do, too, let me know by your brother, what you have already laid out for me, that I may pay him.

I was mentioning to Sir Robert some pictures in Italy, which I wished him to buy; two particularly, if they can be got, would make him delight in you beyond measure. They are a Madonna and Child, by Dominichino, in the palace Zambeccari, at Bologna, or *Caliambec*,§ as they call it; Mr. Chute knows the picture. The other is by Correggio, in a convent at Parma, and reckoned the second best of that hand in the world. There are the Madonna and Child, St. Catherine, St. Matthew, and other figures: it is a most known picture, and has been engraved by

* Benjamin Keene, Ambassador at Madrid.

† Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Rich, since married to Sir G. Lyttelton.

‡ Mary, daughter of R. Mann, Esq. since married to Mr. Foote.

§ A corrupted pronunciation of the Bolognese.

Augustin Carracci. If you can employ anybody privately to inquire about these pictures, be so good to let me know: Sir R. would not scruple almost any price, for he has of neither hand: the convent is poor: the Zambeccari collection is to be sold, though, when I inquired after this picture, they would not set a price.

Lord Euston is to be married to Lady Dorothy Boyle* to-morrow, after so many delays.

I have received your long letter, and Mr. Chute's too, which I will answer next post. I wish I had the least politics to tell you; but all is silent. The Opposition say not a syllable, because they don't know what the Court will think of public affairs; and they will not take their part till they are sure of contradicting. The Court will not be very ready to declare themselves, as their present situation is every way disagreeable. All they say, is to throw the blame entirely on the obstinacy of the Austrian Court, who would never stir or soften for themselves, while they thought any one obliged to defend them. All I know of news is, that Poland is leaning towards the acquisition side, like her neighbours, and proposes to get a lock of the Golden Fleece too. Is this any

* This unfortunate marriage is alluded to several times in the course of the subsequent letters. George, Earl of Euston, was the eldest son of Charles, second Duke of Grafton. He married, in 1741, Lady Dorothy Boyle, eldest daughter and co-heir of Richard, third and last Earl of Burlington. She died in 1742, from the effects, as it is supposed, of his brutal treatment of her. The details of his cruelty towards her are almost too revolting to be believed. In Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's poems are some pretty lines on her death, beginning, "Behold one moment Dorothea's fate."—D.

part of Gregory's* negotiation? I delight in his Scappata — "Scappata, no; egli solamente ha preso la posta." My service to Seriston; he is charming.

How excessively obliging to go to Madame Grifoni's† festino! but believe me, I shall be angry, if, for my sake, you do things that are out of your character: don't you know that I am infinitely fonder of that than of her?

I read your story of the Sposa Panciatici at table, to the great entertainment of the company, and Prince Craon's epitaph, which Lord Cholmley‡ says he has heard before, and does not think it is the Prince's own; no more do I, it is too good: but make my compliments of thanks to him; he shall have his buckles the first opportunity I find of sending them.

Say a thousand things for me to dear Mr. Chute, till I can say them next post for myself; till then, adieu. Yours, ever.

LETTER IV.

London, Oct. 13, 1741.

[The greatest part of this letter is wanting.]

* * * The Town will come to town, and then one shall know something. Sir Robert is quite recovered.

* Gregorio Agdollo, an Asiatic, from being a prisoner at Leghorn, raised himself to be employed to the Great Duke by the King of Poland.

† Elisabetta Capponi, wife of Signor Grifoni, a great beauty.

‡ George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, had married Mary Walpole, only legitimate daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.—D.

Lady Pomfret I saw last night: Lady Sophia has been ill with a cold; her head is to be dressed French, and her body English, for which I am sorry; her figure is so fine in a robe: she is full as sorry as I am. Their trunks are not arrived yet, so they have not made their appearance. My Lady told me, a little out of humour, that Uguccioni wrote her word, that you said her things could not be sent away yet: I understood from you, that very wisely, you would have nothing to do about them, so made no answer.

The Parliament meets the fifteenth of November. * * * * Amorevoli has been with me two hours this evening; he is in panics about the first night, which is the next after the birthday.

I have taken a master, not to forget my Italian — don't it look like returning to Florence? — sometime or other. Good night.

Your's ever and ever, my dear child.

LETTER V.

London, Oct. 19. 1741, O. S.

[Great part wanting.]

I WRITE to you up to the head and ears in dirt, straw, and unpacking. I have been opening all my cases from the Custom-House the whole morning; and — are not you glad? — every individual safe and undamaged. I am fitting up an apartment in Downing Street * * * * was called in the morning, and was asleep as soon

as his head touched the pillow, for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains, now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he, who at dinner always forgot he was Minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together. Judge if this is the Sir Robert you knew.

The politics of the age are entirely suspended, nothing is mentioned; but this bottling them up, will make them fly out with the greater violence the moment the Parliament meets; till

* * * * *

a word to you about this affair.

I am sorry to hear the Venetian journey of the Suares family; it does not look as if the Teresina was to marry Pandolfini; do you know, I have set my heart upon that match.

You are very good to the Pucci, to give her that advice, though I don't suppose she will follow it. The Bolognese scheme * * *

In return for Amorevoli's letter, he has given me two. I fancy it will be troublesome to you; so put his wife into some other method of correspondence with him.

Do you love puns? A pretty man of the age came into the playhouse the other night, booted and spurred: says he, "I am come to see Orpheus"—"And Euridice—*You rid I see*," replied another gentleman. * * * * †

† The omissions in these letters marked with stars, occur in the original MS.—D.

LETTER VI.

London, Oct. 22, 1741, O. S.

YOUR brother has been with me this morning, and we have talked over your whole affair. He thinks it will be impossible to find any servant of the capacities you require, that will live with you under twenty, if not thirty, pounds a-year, especially as he is not to have your clothes: then the expense of the journey to Florence, and of back again, in case you should not like him, will be considerable. He is for your taking one from Leghorn; but I, who know a little more of Leghorn than he does, should be apprehensive of any person from thence being in the interest of Goldsworthy,* or too attached to the merchants: in short, I mean, he would be liable to prove a spy upon you. We have agreed that I shall endeavour to find out a proper man, if such a one will go to you for twenty pounds a-year, and then you shall hear from me. I am very sensible that Palombo† is not fit for you, and shall be extremely diligent in equipping you with such a one as you want. You know how much I wish to be of any service to you, even in trifles.

I have been much diverted privately, for it is a secret that not a hundred persons know yet, and is not to be spoken of. Do but think on a duel

* Consul at Leghorn, who was endeavouring to supplant Mr. Mann.

† An Italian, Secretary to Mr. Mann.

between Winnington* and Augustus Townshend :† the latter a pert boy, captain of an Indiaman ; the former declared Cicisbeo to my Lady Townshend. The quarrel was something that Augustus had said of them ; for since she was parted from her husband, she has broke with all his family. Winnington challenged ; they walked in to Hyde Park last Sunday morning, scratched one another's fingers, tumbled into two ditches — that is, Augustus did — kissed and walked home together. The other night, at Mrs. Boothby's———

Well, I did believe I should never find time to write to you again ; I was interrupted in my letter last post, and could not finish it ; to-day I came home from the King's levee, where I kissed his hand, without going to the drawing-room, on purpose to finish my letter, and the moment I sat down, they let somebody in. That somebody is gone, and I go on. — At Mrs. Boothby's, Lady Townshend was coquetting with Lord Baltimore:‡ he told her, if she meant anything with him, he was not for her purpose ; if only to make any one jealous, he would throw away an hour with her with all his heart.

The whole town is to be to-morrow night at Sir

* Thomas Winnington, cofferer, and afterwards Paymaster of the Forces.

† The Hon. Augustus Townshend was second son of the Minister, Lord Townshend, by his second wife, the sister of Sir Robert Walpole. He was consequently half-brother to Charles, the third Viscount, husband to Ethelreda, Lady Townshend.—D.

‡ Charles Calvert, sixth Lord Baltimore, in Ireland. He was at this time Member of Parliament for the borough of St. Germains, and a Lord of the Admiralty.—D.

Thomas Robinson's* ball, which he gives to a little girl of the Duke of Richmond's. There are already two hundred invited, from miss in bib and apron, to my Lord Chancellor† in bib and mace. You shall hear about it next post.

I wrote you word that Lord Euston is married: in a week more I believe I shall write you word that he is divorced. He is brutal enough; and has forbid Lady Burlington‡ his house, and that in very ungentle terms. The whole family is in confusion; the Duke of Grafton half dead, and Lord Burlington half mad. The latter has challenged Lord Euston, who accepted the challenge, but they were prevented. There are different stories: some say that the duel would have been no breach of sanguinity; others, that there is a contract of marriage come out in another place, which has had more consanguinity than ceremony in it — in short, one cannot go into a room but you hear something of it. Do not you pity the poor girl? of the softest temper, vast beauty, birth and fortune, to be so sacrificed!

The letters from the West Indies are not the most agreeable. You have heard of the fine river and little town which Vernon took, and named, the former *Augusta*, the latter *Cumberland*. Since

* Sir Thomas Robinson, of Rokeby Park, in Yorkshire, commonly called "Long Sir Thomas," on account of his stature, and in order to distinguish him from the diplomatist, Sir Thomas Robinson, afterwards created Lord Grantham.—D.

† Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke.—D.

‡ Lady Dorothy Savile, eldest daughter and co-heiress of William second Marquis of Halifax, the mother of the unhappy Lady Euston.—D.

that, they have found out, that it is impracticable to take St. Jago by sea; on which Admiral Vernon and Ogle insisted that Wentworth, with the land forces, should march to it by land; which he, by advice of all the land-officers, has refused; for their march would have been of eighty miles, through a mountainous, unknown country, full of defiles, where not two men could march abreast; and they have but four thousand five hundred men, and twenty-four horses. Quires of paper from both sides are come over to the Council, who are to determine from hence what is to be done. They have taken a Spanish man-of-war and a register ship, going to Spain, immensely valuable.

The Parliament does not meet till the first of December, which relieves me into a little happiness, and gives me a little time to settle myself. I have unpacked all my things, and have not had the least thing suffer. I am now only in a fright about my birthday clothes, which I bespoke at Paris: Friday is the day, and this is Monday, without any news of them!

I have been two or three times at the play, very unwillingly, for nothing was ever so bad as the actors, except the company. There is much in vogue a Mrs. Woffington,* a bad actress, but she has life.

Lord Hartington† dines here: it is said (and from his father's partiality to another person's

* Margaret Woffington, the celebrated beauty.—D.

† William, Marquis of Hartington, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire. He married Lady Charlotte Boyle, second daughter of Richard, third Earl of Burlington.—D.

father, I don't think it impossible) that he is to marry a certain Miss :* Lord Fitzwilliam is supposed another candidate.

Here is a new thing, which has been much about town, and liked ; your brother Gal.† gave me the copy of it :

LES COURS DE L'EUROPE.

L'Allemagne craint tout ;
L'Autriche risque tout ;
La Baviere espère tout ;
La Prusse entreprend tout ;
La Mayence vend tout ;
Le Portugal regarde tout ;
L' Angleterre veut faire tout ;
L'Espagne embrouille tout ;
La Savoye se défie de tout ;
Le Mercure se mêle de tout ;
La France achete tout ;
Les Jesuites se trouvent par tout ;
Rome bénit tout ;
Si Dieu ne pourvoye à tout,
Le Diable emportera tout.

Good night, my dear child : you never say a word of your own health ; are not you quite recovered ? a thousand services to Mr. Chute and Mr. Whithed, and to all my friends : do they begin to forget me ? I don't them.

Yours, ever.

* Miss Mary Walpole, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by his second wife, Maria Skerrett, but born before their marriage. When her father was made an Earl, she had the rank of an Earl's daughter given to her.—D.

† Galfridus Mann.

LETTER VII.

London, Nov. 2, 1741.

You shall not hear a word but of balls and public places: this one week has seen Sir T. Robinson's ball, my Lord Mayor's, the birthday, and the Opera. There were an hundred and ninety-seven persons at Sir Thomas's, and yet was it so well conducted, that nobody felt a crowd. He had taken off all his doors, and so separated the old and the young, that neither were inconvenienced with the other. The ball began at eight, each man danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. There were four-and-twenty couple, divided into twelve and twelve; each set danced two dances, and then retired into another room, while the other set took their two; and so alternately. Except Lady Ancram,* no married woman danced; so you see, in England, we do not foot it till five-and-fifty. The beauties were the Duke of Richmond's two daughters† and their mother, still handsomer than they: the Duke‡ sat by his wife all night, kissing her hand: how this must sound in the ears of Florentine

* Lady Caroline D'Arcy, daughter of Robert third earl of Holdernesse, and wife of William Henry fourth Marquis of Lothian, at this time, during his father's life-time, called Earl of Ancram.—D.

† Lady Caroline and Lady Emily Lenox, since married to H. Fox, Esq. and the Earl of Kildare.

‡ Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and Lady Sarah Cadogan, his Duchess, eldest daughter of William Earl Cadogan.—D.

Cicisbè's, cock or hen! Then there was Lady Euston, Lady Caroline Fitzroy,* Lady Lucy Manners,† Lady Camilla Bennet,‡ and Lady Sophia,§ handsomer than all, but a little out of humour at the scarcity of minuets; however, as usual, she danced more than anybody; and, as usual too, took out what men she liked or thought the best dancers. *Mem.* Lord Holderness‖ is a little, what Lord Lincoln¶ will be to-morrow; for he is expected. There was Churchill's daughter,** who is prettyish, and dances well; and the Parsons†† family from Paris, who are admired too; but indeed it is *à force des muscles.* Two other pretty women were Mrs. Colebroke (did you know the he-Colebroke in Italy?) and a Lady Schaub, a foreigner, who, as Sir Luke says, *would* have him. Sir R. was afraid of the heat, and did not go. The supper was served at twelve; a large table of hot for the lady-dancers; their partners and other tables stood round. We danced (for I country-

* Eldest daughter to Charles Duke of Grafton, since married to Lord Petersham.

† Sister to John, Duke of Rutland, since married to the Duke of Montrose.

‡ Only daughter of Charles, second Earl of Tankerville. She married, first, Gilbert Fane Fleming, Esq. and secondly, Mr. Wake, of Bath.—D.

§ Lady Sophia Fermor.

‖ Robert D'Arcy, fourth and last Earl of Holdernesse.—D.

¶ Lord Lincoln was at this time an admirer of Lady Sophia Fermor.—D.

** Harriet, natural daughter of Gen. Churchill, since married to Sir Everard Fawkener.

†† The son and daughters of Alderman Parsons, a Jacobite brewer, who lived much in France, and had, somehow or other, been taken notice of by the king.

danced) till four, then had tea and coffee, and came home. — *Finis Balli.*

* * * Friday was the birthday; it was vastly full, the ball immoderately so, for there came all the second edition of my Lord Mayor's, but not much finery: Lord Fitzwilliam* and myself were far the most superb. I did not get mine till nine that morning.

The Opera will not tell so well as the two other shows, for they were obliged to omit the part of Amorevoli, who has a fever. The audience was excessive, without the least disturbance, and almost as little applause; I cannot conceive why, for Monticelli * * * be able to sing to-morrow.

At court I met the Shadwells;† Mademoiselle Misse Molli, &c. I love them, for they asked vastly after you, and kindly. Do you know, I have had a mind to visit Pucci, the Florentine Minister, but he is so black, and looks so like a murderer in a play, that I have never brought it about yet? I know none of the foreign ministers, but Ossorio‡ a little; he is still vastly in fashion, though extremely altered. Scandal, who, I believe, is not mistaken, lays a Miss Macartney to his charge; she is a companion to the Duchess of

* William, third Earl Fitzwilliam, in Ireland. Created an English Peer in 1742; and subsequently an English Earl.—D.

† Sir John Shadwell, a physician, his wife and daughters, the youngest of whom was pretty, and by the foreigners generally called *Mademoiselle Misse Molli*, had been in Italy, when Mr. W. was there.

‡ The Chevalier Ossorio, Minister from the King of Sardinia.

Richmond, as Madame Goldsworthy was; but Ossorio will rather be Wachtendonck* than Goldsworthy: what a lamentable story is that of the hundred sequins per month! I have mentioned Mr. Jackson, as you desired, to Sir R., who says, he has a very good opinion of him. In case of any change at Leghorn, you will let me know. He will not lose his patron, Lord Hervey,† so soon as I imagined; he begins to recover.

I believe the Euston embroil is adjusted; I was with Lady Caroline Fitzroy on Friday evening; there were her brother and the bride, and quite bridal together, quite honey-moonish.

I forgot to tell you that the Prince was not at the Opera; I believe it has been settled that he should go thither on Tuesdays, and Majesty on Saturdays, that they may not meet.

The Neutrality‡ begins to break out, and threatens to be an *excise* or *convention.* The newspapers are full of it, and the press teems. It has already produced three pieces: *The Groans of Germany*, which I will send you by the first opportunity; *Bedlam, a poem on his Majesty's happy escape from his German dominions, and all the wisdom of his conduct there.* The title of this is all that is remarkable in it. The third piece is a

* General Wachtendonck, Commander of the Great Duke's troops at Leghorn, was Cicisbeo to the Consul's wife there.

† John Lord Hervey, Lord Privy Seal, and eldest son of John first Earl of Bristol. He was a man of considerable celebrity in his day; but is now principally known from his unfortunate rivalry with Pope, for the good graces of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He died August 5, 1743.—D.

‡ The Neutrality for the Electorate of Hanover.

ballad, which, not for the goodness, but for the excessive abuse of it, I shall transcribe:

THE LATE GALLANT EXPLOITS OF A FAMOUS BALANCING CAPTAIN.

A NEW SONG. TO THE TUNE OF THE KING AND THE MILLER.

Mene tekel. The handwriting on the wall.

I.

I'll tell you a story as strange as 'tis new,
Which all, who're concern'd, will allow to be true,
Of a Balancing Captain, well-known hereabouts,
Return'd home, God save him! a mere King of Clouts.

II.

This Captain he takes, in a *gold*-balast'd ship,
Each summer to *Terra damnosa* a trip,
For which he begs, borrows, scrapes all he can get,
And runs his poor *Owners* most vilely in debt.

III.

The last time he set out for this blessed place,
He met them, and told them a most piteous case,
Of a Sister of his, who, though bred up at court,
Was ready to perish for want of support.

IV.

This *Hun-gry* Sister, he then did pretend,
Would be to his *Owners* a notable friend,
If they would at that critical juncture supply her—
They did—but alas! all the Fat 's in the fire!

V.

This our Captain no sooner had finger'd the *cole*,
But he hies him aboard with his good Madam Vole—
Where, like a true tinker, he managed this metal,
And while he stopp'd one hole, made ten in the kettle.

VI.

His *Sister*, whom he to his *Owners* had sworn,
To see duly settled before his return,
He gulls with bad messages sent to and fro,
Whilst he underhand claps up a *peace* with her foe.

VII.

He then turns this Sister adrift, and declares
Her most mortal foes were her Father's right heirs—
"G—d z—ds!" cries the world, "such a step was ne'er
taken!"
"O, ho!" says Nol Bluff, "I have sav'd my own bacon."

VIII.

"Let France damn the Germans, and undam the Dutch,
"And Spain on Old England pish ever so much,
"Let Russia bang Sweden, or Sweden bang that,
"I care not, by *Robert!* one *kick of my hat.*

IX.

"So I by myself can noun substantive sound,
"Impose on my Owners, and save my own land;
"You call me masculine, feminine, neuter or block,
"Be what will the gender, Sirs, hic, hæc, or hoc.

X.

"Or should my chous'd Owners begin to look sour,
"I'll trust to *Mate Bob* to exert his old power,
"*Regit animos dictis,* or *nummis,* with ease,
"So, spite of your growling, I'll act as I please."

XI.

Yet worse in this treacherous contract, 'tis said,
Such terms are agreed to, such promises made,
That his Owners must soon feeble beggars become—
"Hold!" cries the Crown office, "'twere scandal—so,
mum!"

XII.

This secret, however, must out on the day
When he meets his poor Owners to ask for more pay;
And I fear when they come to adjust the account,
A zero for balance will prove their amount.*

. One or two of the stanzas are tolerable; some, especially the ninth, most nonsensically bad. How-

* This song is a satire upon George II. "The balancing Captain," and upon that vacillating and doubtful conduct, which his fears for the electorate of Hanover made him pursue, whenever Germany was the seat of war. His *Sister,* whom he is accused of deserting, was Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary.—D.

ever, this is a specimen of what we shall have amply commented upon in Parliament.

I have already found out a person who, I believe, will please you in Palombo's place: I am to see your brother about it to-morrow morning, and next post you shall hear more particularly.

I am quite in concern for the poor Princess,* and her conjugal and amorous distresses: I really pity them; were they in England, we should have all the old prudes dealing out judgments on her, and mumbling toothless ditties, to the tune of *Pride will have a fall.* I am buying some fans and trifles for her, *si mignons!* Good night.

Yours, ever.

LETTER VIII.

Downing Street, Nov. 5, 1741, O. S.

I JUST mentioned to you in my letter on Monday, that I had found such a person as you wanted; I have since seen your brother, who is so satisfied with him, that he was for sending him directly away to you, without staying six weeks for an answer from you; but I chose to have your consent. He is the son of a tradesman in the city,

* The Prince de Craon, and the Princess his wife, who had been favourite mistress to Leopold, the last Duke of Lorrain, resided at this time at Florence, where the Prince was head of the Council of Regency; but they were extremely ill-treated and mortified by the Count de Richcourt, a low Lorrainer, who, being a creature of the Great Duke's favourite Minister, had the chief ascendant and power there.

so not yet a fine gentleman. He is between fifteen and sixteen, but very tall of his age: he was disappointed in not going to a merchant at Genoa, as was intended; but was so far provided for it, as to have learned Italian three months: he speaks French very well, writes a good hand, and casts accounts; so, you see, there will not be much trouble in forming him to your purpose. He will go to you for twenty pounds a-year and his lodging. If you like this, write me word by the first post, and he shall set out directly.

We hear to-day that the Toulon Squadron is arrived at Barcelona; I don't like it of all things, for it has a look towards Tuscany. If it is suffered to go thither quietly, it will be no small addition to the present discontents.

Here is another letter, which I am entreated to send to you, from poor Amorevoli; he has a continued fever, though not a high one. Yesterday, Monticelli was taken ill, so there will be no opera on Saturday; nor was on Tuesday. Monticelli is infinitely admired; next to Farinelli. The Viscontina is admired more than liked. The music displeases everybody, and the dances. I am quite uneasy about the opera, for Mr. Conway is one of the Directors, and I fear they will lose considerably, which he cannot afford. There are eight; Lord Middlesex,* Lord Holderness, Mr.

* Charles Sackville, Earl of Middlesex, and subsequently second Duke of Dorset, eldest son of Lionel first Duke of Dorset. He was made a Lord of the Treasury in 1743, and Master of the Horse to Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1747.—D.

Frederick,* Lord Conway,† Mr. Conway,‡ Mr. Damer,§ Lord Brook,‖ and Mr. Brand.¶ The five last are directed by the three first; they by the first, and he by the Abbé Vanneschi, who will make a pretty sum. I will give you some instances; not to mention the improbability of eight young thoughtless men of fashion understanding economy: it is usual to give the poet fifty guineas for composing the books — Vanneschi and Rolli are allowed three hundred. Three hundred more Vanneschi had for his journey to Italy to pick up dancers and performers, which was always as well transacted by bankers there. He has additionally brought over an Italian tailor — because there are none here! They have already given this *Taylorini* four hundred pounds, and he has already taken a house of thirty pounds a-year. Monticelli and the Visconti are to have a thousand guineas apiece; Amorevoli eight hundred and fifty: this at

* John Frederick, Esq. afterwards Sir John Frederick, Bart. by the death of his cousin, Sir Thomas. He was a Commissioner of Customs, and Member of Parliament for West Looe. —D.

† Francis Seymour Conway, first Earl and Marquis of Hertford, Ambassador at Paris, Lord Chamberlain of the Household, &c —D.

‡ Henry Seymour Conway, afterwards Secretary of State, and a Field Marshal in the Army.—D.

§ Joseph Damer, Esq. created in 1753 Baron Milton, in Ireland, and by George III. an English Peer, by the same title, and eventually Earl of Dorchester.—D.

‖ Francis Greville, eighth Lord Brooke; created in 1746 Earl Brooke, and in 1759 Earl of Warwick.—D.

¶ Mr. Brand, of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire, one of the original Members of the Society of Dilettanti.—D.

the rate of the great singers, is not so extravagant; but to the Muscovita (though the second woman never had above four hundred,) they give six; that is for secret services.* By this you may judge of their frugality! I am quite uneasy for poor Harry, who will thus be to pay for Lord Middlesex's pleasures! Good night! I have not time now to write more.

Yours, ever.

LETTER IX.

Downing-Street, Nov. 12, 1741.

NOTHING is equal to my uneasiness about you. I hear or think of nothing but Spanish embarkations for Tuscany: before you receive this, perhaps, they will be at Leghorn. Then, your brother tells me you have received none of my letters. He knows I have never failed writing once a week, if not twice. We have had no letters from you this post. I shall not have the least respite from my anxiety, till I hear about you, and what you design to do. It is impossible but the Great Duke must lose Tuscany; and I suppose it is as certain, (I speak on probabilities, for, upon honour, I know nothing of the matter,) that as soon as there is a peace, we shall acknowledge Don Philip, and then you may return to Florence again. In the mean while I will ask Sir R. if it is possible to get your appointments continued, while you stay in readiness at Bologna, Rome,

* She was kept by Lord Middlesex.

Lucca, or where you choose. I talk at random; but as I think so much of you, I am trying to find out something that may be of service to you. I write in infinite hurry, and am called away, so scarce know what I say. Lord Conway and his family are this instant come to town, and have sent for me.

It is Admiral Vernon's birthday,* and the city-shops are full of favours, the streets of marrow-bones and cleavers, and the night will be full of mobbing, bonfires, and lights.

The opera does not succeed; Amorevoli has not sung yet; here is a letter to his wife: mind, while he is ill, he sends none to the Chiaretta! The dances are infamous and ordinary. Lord Chesterfield was told that the Viscontina said she was but four-and-twenty: he answered, "I suppose she means four-and-twenty stone!"

There is a mad parson goes about; he called to a sentinel the other day in the Park; "Did you ever see the Leviathan?" "No." "Well, he is as like Sir R. W. as ever two devils were like one another."

Never was such unwholesome weather! I have a great cold, and have not been well this fortnight: even immortal Majesty has had a looseness.

* Admiral Vernon was now in the height of his popularity, in consequence of his successful attack upon Porto Bello, in November 1739, and the great gallantry he had shown upon that occasion. His determined and violent opposition, as a Member of Parliament, to the measures of the government, assisted in rendering him the idol of the mob, which he continued for many years.—D.

The Duke of Ancaster* and Lord James Cavendish† are dead. This is all the news I know: I would I had time to write more; but I know you will excuse me now. If I wrote more, it would be still about the Italian expedition, I am so disturbed about it.

Yours, ever.

LETTER X.

Downing-Street, Nov. 23, 1741.

YOUR letter has comforted me much, if it can be called comfort to have one's uncertainty fluctuate to the better side. You make me hope that the Spaniards design on Lombardy; my passion for Tuscany, and anxiety for you, make me eager to believe it; but alas! while I am in the belief of this, they may be in the act of conquest in Florence, and poor you retiring politically! How delightful is Mr. Chute for cleaving unto you like Ruth! *Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge!* As to the merchants at Leghorn and their concerns, Sir R. thinks you are mistaken, and that if the Spaniards come thither, they will by no means be safe. I own I write to you under a great dilemma; I flatter myself, all is well with you; but if not,

* Robert Bertie, first Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven, Great Chamberlain of England, and Chief Justice in Eyre, North of Trent.—D.

† The second son of William, second Duke of Devonshire.—D.

now disagreeable to have one's letters fall into strange hands.—I write, however.

A brother of mine,* Edward by name, has lately had a call to matrimony: the virgin's name was Howe.† He had agreed to take her with no fortune, she him with his four children. The father of him, to get rid of his importunities, at last acquiesced. The very moment he had obtained this consent, he repented; and, instead of flying on the wings of love to notify it, he went to his fair one, owned his father had mollified, but hoped she would be so good as to excuse him.

You cannot imagine what an entertaining fourth act of the opera we had the other night. Lord Vane‡ in the middle of the pit making love to my Lady. The Duke of Newcastle has lately given him threescore thousand pounds, to consent to cut off the entail of the Newcastle estate. The fool immediately wrote to his wife, to beg she would return to him from Lord Berkeley; that he had got so much money, and now they might live *comfortably:* but she will not live *comfortably:* she is

* Second son of Sir R. W. He was Clerk of the Pells, and afterwards Knight of the Bath.

† Eldest sister of the Lord Viscount Howe. She was soon after this married to a relation of her own name.

‡ William, second Viscount Vane, in Ireland. His "Lady" was the too-celebrated Lady Vane, first married to Lord William Hamilton, and secondly to Lord Vane; who has given her own extraordinary and disreputable adventures to the world, in Smollett's Novel of "Peregrine Pickle," under the title of "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." She is also immortalized in different ways, by Johnson, in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," and by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in one of his odes.—D.

at Lord Berkeley's house, whither go divers after her. Lady Townshend told me an admirable history; it is of *our friend* Lady Pomfret. Somebody that belonged to the Prince of Wales said, they were going to *Court;* it was objected that they ought to say, going to Carlton House; that the only *Court* is where the King resides. Lady P. with her paltry air of significant learning and absurdity, said, "Oh Lord! is there no *Court* in England, but the King's? sure, there are many more! There is the *Court* of Chancery, the *Court* of Exchequer, the *Court* of King's Bench, &c." Don't you love her? Lord Lincoln does her daughter: he is come over, and met her the other night: he turned pale, spoke to her several times in the evening, but not long, and sighed to me at going away. He came over all alive; and not only his uncle-Duke, but even Majesty is fallen in love with him. He talked to the King at his levee, without being spoken to. That was always thought high treason; but I don't know how the gruff gentleman liked it; and then he had been told that Lord Lincoln designed to have made the campaign, if we had gone to war; in short, he says, *Lord Lincoln* is the handsomest man in England.*

I believe I told you that Vernon's birthday passed quietly; but it was not designed to be pacific; for at twelve at night, eight gentlemen, dressed like sailors and masked, went round Co-

* Henry Clinton, ninth Earl of Lincoln, succeeded as Duke of Newcastle, in 1768, on the death of his uncle, the Minister.—D.

vent Garden with a drum, beating up for a volunteer mob; but it did not take: and they retired to a great supper, that was prepared for them at the Bedford Head, and ordered by Whitehead,* the author of *Manners*. It has been written into the country that Sir R. has had two fits of an apoplexy, and cannot live till Christmas; but I think he is recovered to be as well as ever. To-morrow se'nnight is the *Day!*† It is critical. You shall hear faithfully.

The opera takes; Monticelli pleases almost equal to Farinelli: Amorevoli is much liked; but the poor, fine Viscontina, scarce at all. I carry the two former to-night to my Lady Townshend's.

Lord Coventry‡ has had his son thrown out by the party: he went to Carlton House; the Prince

* Paul Whitehead, a satirical poet of bad character, was the son of a tailor, who lived in Castle-yard, Holborn. He wrote several abusive poems, now forgotten, entitled "The State Dunces," "Manners," "The Gymnasiad," &c. In "Manners," having attacked some members of the House of Lords, that assembly summoned Dodsley, the publisher, before them, (Whitehead having absconded,) and subsequently imprisoned him. In politics, Whitehead was a follower of Bubb Doddington; in private life he was the friend and companion of the profligate Sir Francis Dashwood, Wilkes, Churchill, &c. and, like them, was a member of the "Hell-fire Club," which held its orgies at Mednam Abbey, in Bucks. The estimation in which he was held even by his friends, may be judged of by the lines, in which Churchill has "damned him to everlasting fame."

> "May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
> Be born a Whitehead, and baptized a Paul."

Paul Whitehead died Dec. 30, 1774.—D.

+ The day the Parliament was to meet.

‡ William, fifth Earl of Coventry, died 1751.—D.

asked him about the election: "Sir," said he, "the Tories have betrayed me, as they will you, the first time you have occasion for them."

The merchants have petitioned the King for more guardships. My Lord President* referred them to the Admiralty; but they bluntly refused to go, and said they would have redress from the King himself.

I am called down to dinner, and cannot write more now. I will thank dear Mr. Chute and the Grifona next post. I hope she and you liked your things.

Good night, my dearest child! Your brother and I sit upon your affairs every morning.

Yours, ever.

LETTER XI.

Nov. 26.

I DON'T write you a very long letter, because you will see the inclosed to Mr. Chute. I forgot to thank you, last post, for the songs, and your design on the Maltese cats.

It is terrible to be in this uncertainty about you! We have not had the least news about the Spaniards, more than what you told us, of a few vessels being seen off Leghorn. I send about the post, and ask Sir R. a thousand times a-day.

I beg to know if you have never heard anything

* Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, a man of moderate abilities, but who had filled many great offices: he died in 1743, when his titles extinguished.—D.

from Parker about my statue :* it was to have been finished last June. What is the meaning he does not mention it? If it is done, I beg it may not stir from Rome, till there is no more danger of Spaniards.

If you get out of your hurry, I will trouble you with a new commission: I find I cannot live without Stosch's† intaglio of the Gladiator, with the Vase, upon a granite. You know I offered him fifty pounds: I think, rather than not have it, I would give a hundred. What will he do, if the Spaniards should come to Florence? Should he be driven to straits, perhaps he would part with his Meleager too. You see I am as eager about baubles, as if I were going to Louis, at the Palazzo Vecchio! You can't think what a closet I have fitted up: such a mixture of French gaiety and Roman virtù! you would be in love with it: I have not rested till it was finished: I long to have you see it. Now I am angry that I did not buy the Hermaphrodite; the man would have sold it for twenty-five sequins; do buy it for me; it was a friend of Bianchi. Can you forgive me? I write all this upon the hope and presumption that the Spaniards go to Lombardy. Good night.

Yours, ever.

* A copy of the Livia Mattei, which Mr. W. designed for a tomb of his mother: it was erected in Henry VII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, in 1754.

† He gave it afterwards to Lord Duncannon, for procuring him the arrears of his pension.

LETTER XII.

Downing-Street, Dec. 3, 1741, O. S.

HERE I have two letters from you to answer. You cannot conceive my joy on the prospect of the Spaniards going to Lombardy: all advices seem to confirm it. There is no telling you what I have felt, and shall feel, till I am certain you are secure. You ask me about Admiral Haddock; you must not wonder that I have told you nothing of him: they know nothing of him here. He had discretionary powers to act as he should judge proper from his notices. He has been keeping in the Spanish fleet at Cales.* Sir R. says, if he had let that go out, to prevent the embarkation, the Tories would have complained, and said he had favoured the Spanish trade, under pretence of hindering an expedition which was never designed. It was strongly reported last week, that Haddock had shot himself — a satire on his having been neutral, as they call it.

The Parliament met the day before yesterday, and there were four hundred and eighty-seven members present. They did no business, only proceeded to choose a Speaker, which was unanimously, Mr. Onslow, moved for by Mr. Pelham,†

* Cadiz.

† The Right Hon. Henry Pelham, so long, in conjunction with his brother the Duke of Newcastle, one of the principal rulers of this country. He was a man of some ability, and a tolerable speaker. The vacillations, the absurdity, the foolish jealousy, of the Duke, greatly injured the stability and respect-

and seconded by Mr. Clutterbuck. But the Opposition, to flatter his pretence to popularity and impartiality, call him their own Speaker. They intend to oppose Mr. Earle's being Chairman of the Committee, and to set up a Dr. Lee, a civilian. To-morrow the King makes his speech. Well, I won't keep you any longer in suspense. The Court will have a majority of forty—a vast number for the outset: a good majority, like a good sum of money, soon makes itself bigger. The first great point will be the Westminster election; another, Mr. Pultney's* election at Heydon: Mr. Chute's brother is one of the petitioners. It will be an ugly affair for the Court, for Pultney has asked votes of the Courtiers, and said Sir R. was indifferent about it: but he is warmer than I almost ever saw him; and declared to Churchill,† of whom Pultney claims a promise, that he must take Walpole or Pultney. The Sackville family were engaged too, by means of George Berkeley, brother to Lady Betty Germayn,‡ whose influence

ability of Mr. Pelham's administration. Mr. Pelham was born in 1696, and died in 1754.—D.

* William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, whose character and history are too well-known, to require to be here enlarged upon.—D.

† General Charles Churchill, Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

‡ Lady Betty Berkeley, married to the notorious adventurer and gambler, Sir John Germain, who had previously married the divorced Duchess of Norfolk, (Lady Mary Mordaunt,) by whose bequest he became possessed of the estate of Drayton, in Northamptonshire, which he left on his own death to Lady Betty, his second wife. Lady Betty left it to Lord George Sackville, third son of Lionel, first Duke of Dorset. Sir John Germain

with the Dorset I suppose you know; but the King was so hot with his Grace about his sons, that I believe they will not venture to follow their inclinations * * to vote† for Pultney, though he has expressed great concern about it to Sir R.

So much for politics! for I suppose you know that Prague is taken by storm, in a night's time. I forgot to tell you that Commodore Lestock, with twelve ships, has been waiting for a wind this fortnight, to join Haddock.

I write to you in defiance of a violent headache, which I got last night at another of Sir T. Robinson's balls. There were six hundred invited, and I believe above two hundred there. Lord Lincoln, out of prudence, danced with Lady Caroline Fitzroy, and Mr. Conway with Lady Sophia; the two couple were just mismatched, as every body soon perceived, by the attentions of each man to the woman he did *not* dance with, and the emulation of either lady: it was an admirable scene. The ball broke up at three; but Lincoln, Lord Holderness, Lord Robert Sutton,‡ young Churchill,§ and a dozen more, grew jolly, stayed till seven in the morning, and drank thirty-two bottles.

was so ignorant, that he is said to have left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.—D.

† Sic, in the manuscript.—D.

‡ Second son of John, third Duke of Rutland. He took the name of Sutton, on inheriting the estate of his maternal grandfather, Robert Sutton, Lord Lexington.—D.

§ Natural son of General Charles Churchill, afterwards married to Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.—D.

I will take great care to send the knee-buckles and pocket-book; I have got them, and Madame Pucci's silks, and only wait to hear that Tuscany is quiet, and then I will convey them by the first ship. I would write to them to-night, but have not time now: old Cibber* plays to-night, and all the world will be there.

Here is another letter from Amorevoli, who is out of his wits at not hearing from his wife.

Adieu! my dearest child. How happy shall I be when I know you are in peace.

Yours, ever.

LETTER XIII.

Somerset House, (for I write to you wherever I find myself,) Dec. 10, 1741.

I HAVE got no letter from you yet, the post should have brought it yesterday. The Gazette says that the Cardinal† has declared that they will suffer no expedition against Tuscany. I wish he had told me so! if they preserve this guarantee, personally, I can forgive their breaking the rest. But I long for your letter; every letter now from each of us is material. You will be almost as impatient to hear of the Parliament, as I of Florence. The Lords on Friday went upon the King's speech; Lord Chesterfield made a very fine speech against the Address, all levelled at the

* Colley Cibber, the celebrated dramatic author and actor. He had left the stage in 1730; but still occasionally acted, in spite of his age, for he was now 70.—D.

† Cardinal Fleury, First Minister of France.

House of Hanover. Lord Cholmley, they say, answered him well. Lord Halifax* spoke very ill, and was answered by little Lord Raymond,† who always will answer him. Your friend Lord Sandwich‡ affronted his Grace of Grafton § extremely, who was ill, and sat out of his place, by calling him to order; it was indecent in such a boy to a man of his age and rank: the blood of Fitzroy will not easily pardon it. The Court had a majority of forty-one, with some converts.

On Tuesday we had the Speech; there were great differences among the party; the Jacobites, with Shippen‖ and Lord Noel Somerset¶ at their head, were for a division, Pultney and the Pa-

* George Montague Dunk, second Earl of Halifax, of the last creation. Under the reign of George III. he became Secretary of State, and was so unfortunate in that capacity as to be the opponent of Wilkes, on the subject of *General Warrants*, by which he is now principally remembered.—D.

† Robert, second Lord Raymond, only son of the Chief Justice of that name and title.—D.

‡ John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, passed through a long life of office, and left behind him an indifferent character, both in public and private life. He was, however, a man of some ability.—D.

§ Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, and grandson of Charles II. was a person of considerable weight and influence at the Court of George II. where he long held the post of Chamberlain of the Household.—D.

‖ "Honest Will Shippen," as he was called, or "Downright Shippen," as Pope terms him, was a zealous Jacobite Member of Parliament, possessed of considerable talents, and a vehement opposer of Sir Robert Walpole's government. He, however, did justice to that able Minister, for he was accustomed to say, "Robin and I are honest men; but as for those fellows in long perriwigs" (meaning the Tories of the day,) "they only want to

(¶ See Page 39.)

triots against one; the ill-success in the House of Lords had frightened them: we had no division, but a very warm battle between Sir R. and Pultney. The latter made a fine speech, very personal, on the State of Affairs. Sir R. with as much health, as much spirits, as much force and command as ever, answered him for an hour; said, "He had long been taxed with all our misfortunes; but did he raise the war in Germany? or advise the war with Spain? did he kill the late Emperor or King of Prussia? did he council this King? or was he first Minister to the King of Poland? did he kindle the war betwixt Muscovy and Sweden?" For our troubles at home, he said, "all the grievances of this nation were owing to the Patriots." They laughed much at this; but does he want proofs of it? He said, "They talked much of an equilibrium in this Parliament, and of what they designed against him; if it was so, the sooner he knew it, the better; and therefore if any man would move for a day to examine the state of the Nation, he would second it." Mr. Pultney did move for it; Sir R. did second it, and it is fixed for the Twenty-first of January. Sir R. repeated some words of Lord Chesterfield's, in the House of Lords, that this was *a time for truth, for plain truth, for English truth,* and

get into office themselves." He was the author of a satirical poem, entitled, "Faction Displayed," which possesses considerable merit.—D.

¶ Lord Charles Noel Somerset, second son of Henry, second Duke of Beaufort. He succeeded to the family honours in 1746, when his elder brother, Henry, the third Duke, died without children.—D.

hinted at the reception* his Lordship had met in France. After these speeches of such consequence, and from such men, Mr. Lyttelton† got up to justify, or rather to flatter Lord Chesterfield, though everybody then had forgot that he had been mentioned. Danvers,‡ who is a rough, rude beast, but now and then mouths out some humour, said, "that Mr. P. and Sir R. were like two old bawds, debauching young members."

That day was a day of triumph, but yesterday (Wednesday) the streamers of victory did not fly so gallantly. It was the day of receiving petitions: Mr. Pultney presented an immense piece of parchment, which he said he could but just lift; it was the Westminster petition, and is to be heard next Tuesday, when we shall all have our brains knocked out by the mob; so if you don't hear from me next post, you will conclude my head was a little out of order. After this we went upon a Cornish petition, presented by Sir William Yonge,§ which drew on a debate and a division, when lo! we were but 222 to 215 — how do you like a majority of seven? The Opposition triumphs highly, and with reason; one or two such

* Lord Chesterfield had been sent by the party in the preceding September to France, to request the Duke of Ormond (at Avignon,) to obtain the Pretender's order to the Jacobites, to vote against Sir R. W. upon any question whatever; many of them having either voted for him, or retired, on the famous motion the last year for removing him from the King's councils.

† George Lyttelton, afterwards created Lord Lyttelton.—D.

‡ Joseph Danvers, afterwards made a Knight.

§ The Right Hon. Sir William Yonge, Bart. He was at this time Secretary at War.—D.

victories, as Pyrrhus, the member for Macedon, said, will be the ruin of us. I look upon it now, that the question is, Downing Street or the Tower; will you come and see a body, if one should happen to lodge at the latter? There are a thousand pretty things to amuse you; the lions, the armoury, the crown, and the axe that beheaded Anna Bullen. I design to make interest for the room where the two princes were smothered; in long winter evenings, when one wants company, (for I don't suppose that many people will frequent me then,) one may sit and scribble verses against Crouchback'd Richard, and dirges on the sweet babes. If I die there, and have my body thrown into a wood, I am too old to be buried by robin redbreasts, am not I?

Bootle, the Prince's Chancellor, made a most long and stupid speech; afterwards, Sir R. called to him, "Brother Bootle, take care you don't get my old name." "What's that?" "Blunderer."

You can't conceive how I was pleased with the vast and deserved applause that Mr. Chute's* brother, the lawyer, got: I never heard a clearer or finer speech. When I went home, "Dear Sir," said I to Sir R. "I hope Mr. Chute will carry his election for Heydon; he would be a great loss to you." He replied, "We will not lose him."

* Francis Chute, an eminent lawyer, second brother of Antony Chute, of the Vine, in Hampshire, had, in concert with Luke Robinson, another lawyer, disputed Mr. Pultney's borough of Heydon with him at the general election, and been returned; but on a petition, and the removal of Sir R. W., they were voted out of their seats, and Mr. Chute died soon after.

I, who meddle with nothing, especially elections, and go to no committees, interest myself extremely for Mr. Chute.

Old Marlborough* is dying — but who can tell! last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; her physicians said, "She must be blistered or she will die." She called out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die." If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will.†

Adieu! my dear child: I have but room to say,

Yours, ever.

LETTER XIV.

Wednesday night, eleven o'clock, Dec. 16, 1741.
Remember this day.

Nous voilà de la Minorité! entens-tu çela? he! My dear child, since you will have these ugly words explained, they just mean that we are metamorphosed into the minority. This was the night of choosing a chairman of the committee of elections. Gyles Earle‡ (as in the two last parliaments) was named by the Court; Dr. Lee,§ a civilian, by the Opposition, a man of a fair charac-

* Sarah, Duchess Dowager of Marlborough.

† Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, did not die till the year 1744.—D.

‡ Gyles Earle, one of the Lords of the Treasury.

§ George Lee, brother to the Lord Chief Justice; he was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty on the following change, which post he resigned on the disgrace of his patron Lord Granville. He was afterwards designed by the Prince of Wales for his first Minister, and immediately on the Prince's

ter. Earle was formerly a dependent on the Duke of Argyle,* is of remarkable covetousness and wit, which he has dealt out largely against the Scotch and the Patriots. It was a day of much expectation, and both sides had raked together all probabilities: I except near twenty, who are in town, but stay to vote on a second question, when the majority may be decided to either party. Have you not read of such in story? Men, who would not care to find themselves on the weaker side, contrary to their intent. In short, the determined sick were dragged out of their beds: zeal came in a great coat. There were two vast dinners at two taverns, for either party; at six we met in the house. Sir William Yonge, seconded by my uncle Horace,† moved for Mr. Earle: Sir Paul Methuen‡ and Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne§ proposed Dr. Lee—and carried him, by a majority of four: 242 against 238—the greatest number, I believe, that ever *lost* a question. You have no idea of their huzza! unless you can con-

death, was appointed Treasurer to the Princess Dowager, and soon after made Dean of the Arches, a Knight, and Privy Counsellor.

* John, the great Duke of Argyll and Greenwich.—D.

† Horace Walpole, younger brother of Sir Robert, created in his old age Lord Walpole, of Wolterton. He was commonly called "Old Horace," to distinguish him from his nephew, the writer of these letters.—D.

‡ The son of John Methuen, Esq. the diplomatist, and author of the celebrated Methuen treaty with Portugal. Sir Paul was a Knight of the Bath, and died in 1757.—D.

§ Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. the third baronet of the family, was long one of the leaders of the Jacobite party in the House of Commons.—D.

ceive how people must triumph after defeats twenty years together. We had one vote shut out, by coming a moment too late; one that quitted us, for having been ill-used by the Duke of Newcastle but yesterday — for which, in all probability, he will use him well to-morrow — I mean, for quitting us. Sir Thomas Lowther,* Lord Hartington's† uncle was fetched down by him, and voted against us. Young Ross,‡ son to a commissioner of the customs, and saved from the dishonour of not liking to go to the West-Indies when it was his turn, by Sir R.'s giving him a lieutenancy, voted against us; and Tom Hervey,§ who is always with us, but is quite mad; and being asked why he left us, replied, "Jesus knows my thoughts; one day I blaspheme, and pray the next." So, you see what accidents were against us, or we had carried our point. They cry, Sir R. miscalculated; how should he calculate, when there are men like Ross, and fifty others he could name! It was not very pleasant to be stared in the face, to see how one bore it — you can guess at my bearing it, who interest myself so little about anything. I have had a taste of what I am to meet from all sorts of people. The moment

* Sir Thomas Lowther, Bart. of Holker, in Lancashire, had married Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, second daughter of the second Duke of Devonshire.—D.

† Afterwards the fourth Duke of Devonshire.—D.

‡ Charles Ross, killed in Flanders at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745.

§ Thomas Hervey, second son of the Earl of Bristol, and surveyor of the royal gardens. He was at this time writing his famous letter to Sir T. Hanmer.

we had lost the question, I went from the heat of the house into the Speaker's chamber, and there were some fifteen others of us — an under door-keeper thought a question was new put when it was not, and, without giving us notice, clapped the door to. I asked him how he dared lock us out without calling us; he replied insolently, "It was his duty, and he would do it again:" one of the party went to him, commended him, and told him he should be punished if he acted otherwise. Sir R. is in great spirits, and still sanguine. I have so little experience, that I shall not be amazed at whatever scenes follow. My dear child, we have triumphed twenty years; is it strange that fortune should at last forsake us! or ought we not always to expect it, especially in this kingdom! They talk loudly of the year forty-one, and promise themselves all the confusions that began a hundred years ago from the same date. I hope they prognosticate wrong, but should it be so, I can be happy in other places. One reflection I shall have very sweet, though very melancholy; that if our family is to be the sacrifice that shall first pamper discord, at least *the one*,* *the part* of it that interested all my concerns, and must have suffered from our ruin, is safe, secure, and above the rage of confusion: nothing in this world can touch her peace now!

To-morrow and Friday we go upon the Westminster election — you will not wonder, shall you,

* His mother, Catherine Lady Walpole, who died August 20, 1737.

if you hear next post that we have lost that too? Good night.

Yours, ever.

LETTER XV.

Thursday, 6 o'clock.

You will hardly divine where I am writing to you — in the Speaker's chamber. The House is examining witnesses on the Westminster election, which will not be determined to-day; I am not in haste it should, for I believe we shall lose it. A great fat fellow, a constable, on their side, has just deposed, that Lord Sundon* and the high constable took him by the collar at the election, and threw him down stairs. Do you know the figure of Lord Sundon? if you do, only think of that little old creature throwing any man down stairs!

As I was coming down this morning, your brother brought me a long letter from you, in answer to mine of the 12th of November. You try to make me mistrust the designs of Spain against Tuscany, but I will hope yet: hopes are all I have for anything now!

As to the young man, I will see his mother the first minute I can; and by next post, hope to give you a definitive answer, whether he will submit to be a servant or not: in every other respect, I am sure he will please you.

* William Clayton, Lord Sundon in Ireland, so created in 1735. His wife was a favourite of Queen Caroline, to whom she was Mistress of the Robes.—D.

Your friend, Mr. Fane,* would not come for us last night, nor will vote till after the Westminster election: he is brought into parliament by the Duke of Bedford,† and is unwilling to disoblige him in this. We flattered ourselves with better success, for last Friday, after sitting till two in the morning, we carried a Cornish election in four divisions — the first by a majority of six, then of twelve, then of fourteen, and lastly by thirty-six. You can't imagine the zeal of the young men on both sides: Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Hartington, and my friend Coke‡ on ours, are warm as possible; Lord Quarendon§ and Sir Francis Dashwood‖ are as violent on theirs: the former speaks often and well. But I am talking to you of nothing but Parliament; why really all one's ideas are stuffed with it, and you yourself will not dislike to hear things so material. The Opposition, who invent every method of killing Sir R., intend to make us sit on Saturdays; but how mean and dirty is it, how scandalous! when they cannot ruin him by the least plausible means, to murder him by denying him¶ air and exercise.

* Charles Fane, only son of Lord Viscount Fane, whom he succeeded, had been Minister at Florence.

† John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford.—D.

‡ Edward, Lord Viscount Coke, only son of the Earl of Leicester. He died in 1753.

§ George Henry Lee, Lord Viscount Quarendon, eldest son of the Earl of Litchfield, whom he succeeded in that title.

‖ Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart. afterwards Lord Ledespencer. Under the administration of Lord Bute, he was, for a short time, Chancellor of the Exchequer.—D.

¶ Sir R. Walpole always went every Saturday to Newpark, Richmond, to hunt.

There was a strange affair happened on Saturday; it was strange, yet very English. One Nourse, an old gamester, said, in the coffee-house, that Mr. Shuttleworth, a member, only pretended to be ill. This was told to Lord Windsor,* his friend, who quarrelled with Nourse, and the latter challenged him. My Lord replied, he would not fight him, he was too old. The other replied, he was not too old to fight with pistols. Lord Windsor still refused: Nourse, in a rage, went home and cut his own throat. This was one of the odd ways in which men are made.

I have scarce seen Lady Pomfret lately, but I am sure Lord Lincoln is not going to marry her daughter. I am not surprised at her sister being shy of receiving civilities from you — that was English too!

Say a great deal for me to the Chutes. How I envy your snug suppers! I never have such suppers! Trust me, if we fall, all the grandeur, the envied grandeur of our house, will not cost me a sigh: it has given me no pleasure while we have it, and will give me no pain when I part with it. My liberty, my ease, and choice of my own friends and company, will sufficiently counterbalance the crowds of Downing-street. I am so sick of it all, that if we are victorious or not, I propose leaving England in the spring. Adieu!

Yours, ever and ever.

* Herbert Windsor Hickman, second Viscount Windsor in Ireland, and Baron Montjoy, of the Isle of Wight.—D.

LETTER XVI.

Christmas eve, 1741.

My dearest child, if I had not heard regularly from you, what a shock it would have given me! The other night, at the opera, Mr. Worseley, with his peevish face, half-smiling through ill-nature, told me (only mind!) by way of news, *that he heard Mr. Mann was dead at Florence!* How kind! To entertain one with the chit-chat of the town, a man comes and tells one, that one's dearest friend is dead! I am sure he would have lost his speech, if he had had anything pleasurable to tell. If ever there is a metempsychosis, his soul will pass into a vulture, and prey upon carcases after a battle, and then go and bode at the windows of their relations. But I will say no more of him: I will punish him sufficiently, if sufficiently there be, by telling him you are perfectly well: you are, are you not? Send me a certificate signed by Dr. Cocchi,* and I will choke him with it: another's health must be venomous to him.

Sir Francis Dashwood too, as you know all ill-natured people hear all ill news, told me he heard you was ill: I vowed you was grown as strong as the Farnese Hercules. *Then* he desires you will send him four of the Volterra urns, of the chimneypiece size; send them with any of my things; do, or he will think I neglected it because he is

* Antonio Cocchi, a learned physician and author, at Florence; a particular friend of Mr. Mann.

our enemy; and I would not be peevish, not to be like them. He is one of the most inveterate; they list under Sandys,* a parcel of them with no more brains than their General; but being malicious, they pass for ingenious, as in these countries fogs are reckoned warm weather. Did you ever hear what Earle† said of Sandys? "that he never laughed but once, and that was when his best friend broke his thigh."

Last Thursday I wrote you word of our losing the Chairman of the Committee. This winter is to be all ups and downs. The next day (Friday,) we had a most complete victory. Mr. Pultney moved for all papers and letters, &c. between the King and the Queen of Hungary and their Ministers. Sir R. agreed to give them all the papers relative to those transactions, only desiring to except the letters written by the two Sovereigns themselves. They divided, and we carried it, 237 against 227. They moved to have those relating to France, Prussia, and Holland. Sir R. begged they would defer asking for those of Prussia till the end of January, at which time a negotiation would be at an end with that King, which now he might break off, if he knew it was to be made public. Mr. Pultney persisted; but his obstinacy, which might be so prejudicial to the public, revolted even his own partisans, and seven of them spoke

* Samuel Sandys, a Republican, raised on the fall of Sir R. W. to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, then degraded to a Peer and Cofferer, and soon afterwards laid aside.

† Gyles Earle, a Lord of the Treasury; a man of great humour.

against him. We carried that question by twenty-four; and another by twenty-one, against sitting on the next day (Saturday.) Monday and Tuesday we went on the Westminster election. Murray* spoke divinely; he was their Counsel. Loyd† answered him extremely well: but on summing up the evidence on both sides, and in his reply, Murray was—in short, beyond what was ever heard at the bar. That day (Tuesday,) we went on the merits of the cause, and at ten at night divided, and lost it. They had 220; we 216, so the election was declared void. You see *four* is a fortunate number to them. We had forty-one more members in town, who would not, or could not come down. The time is a touchstone for wavering consciences. All the arts, money, promises, threats, all the arts of the former year, 41, are applied; and self-interest, in the shape of Scotch members—nay, and of English ones, operates to the aid of their party, and to the defeat of ours. Lord Doneraile,‡ a young Irishman, brought in by the Court, was petitioned against, though his competitor had had but one vote. This young man spoke as well as ever any one spoke in his own defence; insisted on the petition being heard,

* William Murray, brother of Lord Stormont, and of Lord Dunbar, the Pretender's first Minister. He is known by his eloquence and the friendship of Mr. Pope. He was soon afterwards promoted to be Solicitor-General. (Afterwards the celebrated Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Earl of Mansfield.—D.)

† Sir Richard Loyd, advanced in 1754 to be Solicitor-General. in the room of Mr. Murray, appointed Attorney-General.

‡ Arthur St. Leger Lord Doneraile, died in 1750, being Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales.

and concluded with declaring *that his* cause was his *Defence, and Impartiality must be his support.* Do you know, that after this, he went and engaged, if they would withdraw the petition, to vote with them in the Westminster affair! His friends reproached him so strongly with his meanness, that he was shocked, and went to Mr. Pultney to get off: Mr. P. told him, he had given him his honour, and he would not release him, though Lord Doneraile declared it was against his conscience: but he voted with them, and lost us the next question which they put (for censuring the High Bailiff) by his single vote; for in that the numbers were 217 against 215: the alteration of his vote would have made it even; and then the Speaker, I suppose, would have chosen the merciful side, and decided for us. After this, Mr. Pultney, with an affected humanity, agreed to commit the High Bailiff *only* to the Serjeant at Arms. Then, by a majority of six, they voted that the soldiers, who had been sent for, after the poll was closed, to save Lord Sundon's* life, had come in a military and illegal manner, and influenced the election. In short, they determined, as Mr. Murray had dictated to them, that no civil magistrate, on any pretence whatsoever, though he may not be able to suppress even a riot by the assistance of the militia and constables, may call in the aid of the army. Is not this doing the work

* Lord Sundon and Sir Charles Wager had been the Court candidates for Westminster at the late election, against Admiral Vernon and Charles Edwin, Esq.—D.

of the Jacobites? have they any other view than to render the riot act useless? and then they may rise for the Pretender whenever they please. Then they moved to punish Justice Blackerby, for calling in the soldiers; and when it was desired that he might be heard in his own defence, they said he had already confessed his crime. Do but think on it! without being accused, without knowing, or being told it was a crime, a man gives evidence in another cause, not his own, and then they call it his own accusation of himself, and would condemn him for it. You see what justice we may expect, if they actually get the majority. But this was too strong a pill for one of their own leaders to swallow: Sir John Barnard* did propose and persuade them to give him a day to be heard. In short, we sat till half an hour after four in the morning; the longest day that ever was known. I say nothing of myself, for I could but just speak when I came away, but Sir Robert was as well as ever, and spoke with as much spirit as ever, at four o'clock: this way, they will not kill him; I will not answer for any other. As he came out, Whitehead,† the author of *Manners*, and agent, with one Carey, a surgeon, for the Opposition, said, "D—n him, how well he looks!" Immediately after their success, Lord Gage‡ went

* A great London merchant, and one of the Members for the City. His reputation for integrity and ability gave him much weight in the House of Commons.—D.

† Paul Whitehead, an infamous but not despicable poet.

‡ Thomas Lord Viscount Gage, had been a Roman Catholic, and was Master of the Household to the Prince.

forth, and begged there might be no mobbing; but last night we had bonfires all over the town; and I suppose shall have notable mobbing at the new election; though I do not believe there will be any opposition to their Mr. Edwin and Lord Perceval.* Thank God! we are now adjourned for three weeks. I shall go to Swallowfield† for a few days: so for one week you will miss hearing from me. We have escaped the Prince's‡ affair hitherto, but we shall have it after the holidays. All depends upon the practices of both sides in securing or getting new votes during this recess. Sir Robert is very sanguine: I hope, for his sake and his honour, and for the Nation's peace, that he will get the better; but the moment he has the majority secure, I shall be very earnest with him to resign. He has a constitution to last some years, and enjoy some repose; and for my own part (and both my brothers agree with me in it,) we wish most heartily to see an end of his

* John Perceval, second Earl of Egmont, in Ireland, created in 1762 Lord Lovel and Holland in the Peerage of Great Britain. He became, in 1747, a Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and in the early part of the reign of George III. held successively the offices of Postmaster-General and First Lord of the Admiralty. He was a man of some ability, and a frequent and fluent speaker, and was the author of a celebrated party pamphlet of the day, entitled "Faction Detected." His excessive love of ancestry led him, in conjunction with his father, and assisted by Anderson the Genealogist, to print two thick octavo volumes respecting his family, entitled "History of the House of Ivery;" a most remarkable monument of human vanity.—D.

† Swallowfield, in Berkshire, the seat of John Dodd, Esq.

‡ A scheme for obtaining a larger allowance for the Prince of Wales.

ministry. If I can judge of them by myself, those who want to be in our situation, do not wish to see it brought about, more than we do. It is fatiguing to bear so much envy and ill-will *undeservedly*.—Otium Divos rogo; but adieu, politics, for three weeks!

The Duchess of Buckingham,* who is more mad with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam, came the other night to the Opera, *en Princesse*, literally in robes, red velvet and ermine. I must tell you a story of her: last week she sent for Cori,† to pay him for her Opera ticket; he was not at home, but went in an hour afterwards. She said, "Did he treat her like a tradeswoman? She would teach him respect to women of her birth; said he was in league with Mr. Sheffield,‡ to abuse her, and bade him come the next morning at nine." He came, and she made him wait till eight at night, only sending him an omlet and a bottle of wine, and said, "As it was Friday, and he a Catholic, she supposed he did not eat meat." At last she received him in all the forms of a Princess giving audience to an Ambassador. "Now," she said, "she had punished him."

In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality; you will scarce guess how Lord Brook§

* Catherine, Duchess Dowager of Buckingham, natural daughter of King James II. (Supposed to be *really* the daughter of Colonel Graham, a man of gallantry of the time, and a lover of her mother, Lady Dorchester.—D.)

† Angelo Maria Cori, prompter to the Opera.

‡ Mr. Sheffield, natural son of the late Duke of Bucks, with whom she was at law.

§ Francis, Baron, and afterwards created Earl Brooke.

shows his: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other, and the third time does not vote at all, and so on, regularly.

My sister is up to the elbows in joy and flowers that she has received from you this morning, and begs I will thank you for her.

You know, or have heard, of Mrs. Nugent, Newsham's mother; she went the other morning to Lord Chesterfield to beg "he would encourage Mr. Nugent* to speak in the house, for that really he was so bashful, she was afraid his abilities would be lost to the world." I don't know who *has* encouraged him, but so it is, that this modest Irish converted Catholic does talk a prodigious deal of nonsense in behalf of English liberty.

Lord Gage† is another; no man would trust him in a wager, unless he stakes, and yet he is trusted by a whole borough with their privileges and liberties! He told Mr. Winnington the other day that he would bring his son into parliament, that he would not influence him, but leave him entirely to himself. "D—— it," said Winnington, "so you have all his life-time!"

Your brother says you accuse him of not writing to you, and that his reasons are he has not

* Robert Nugent, a poet, a patriot, an author, a Lord of the Treasury, (and finally an Irish Peer by the titles of Lord Clare and Earl Nugent. He seems to have passed his long life in seeking lucrative places, and courting rich widows, in both of which pursuits he was eminently successful.—D.)

† Lord Gage was one of those persons to whom the privileges of Parliament were of extreme consequence, as their own *liberties* were inseparable from them.

time, and next, that I tell you all that can be said. So I do, I think: tell me when I begin to tire you, or if I am too circumstantial; but I don't believe you will think so, for I remember how we used to want such a correspondent when I was with you.

I have spoke about the young man, who is well content to live with you as a servant out of livery. I am to settle the affair finally with his father on Monday, and then he shall set out as soon as possible. I will send the things for Prince Craon, &c. by him. I will write to Madame Grifoni the moment I hear she is returned from the country.

The Princess of Hesse* is brought to bed of a son. We are going into mourning for the Queen of Sweden;† she had always been apprehensive of the small-pox, which has been very fatal in her family.

You have heard, I suppose, of the new revolutions‡ in Muscovy. The letters from Holland today say, that they have put to death the young Czar and his mother, and his father too; which, if true,§ is going very far, for he was of a sovereign house in another country, no subject of Russia, and after the death of his wife and son, could

* Mary, fourth daughter of King George II.

† Ulrica, Queen of Sweden, sister of Charles XII.

‡ This relates to the revolution, by which the young Czar John was deposed, and the Princess Elizabeth raised to the throne.

§ This was not true. The Princess Anne of Mecklenburgh died in prison at Riga, a few years afterwards. Her son, the young Czar, and her husband, Prince Antony, of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, were confined for many years.

have no pretence or interest to raise more commotions there.

We have got a new opera, not so good as the former; and we have got the famous Bettina to dance, but she is a most indifferent performer. The house is excessively full every Saturday, never on Tuesday: here, you know, we make everything a fashion.

I am happy that my fears for Tuscany vanish every letter. There! there is a letter of twelve sides! I am forced to page it, it is so long, and I have not time to read it over and look for the mistakes.

Yours, ever.

LETTER XVII.

London, Dec. 29, 1741.

I WRITE to you two days before the post goes out, because to-morrow I am to go out of town; but I would answer your letter by way of Holland, to tell you how much you have obliged both Sir Robert and me about the Dominichin;* and to beg you to thank Mr. Chute and Mr. Whithed — but I cannot leave it to you.

"My dear Mr. Chute, was ever anything so kind! I crossed the Giogo† with Mr. Coke,‡

* A celebrated picture of a Madonna and Child, by Dominichino, in the Palace Zambeccari, at Bologna, now in the collection of the Earl of Orford, at Houghton, in Norfolk. (Since sent to Russia with the rest of the collection.—D.)

† The Giogo is the highest part of the Apennine between Florence and Bologna.

‡ Son of Lord Lovel, since Earl of Leicester.

but it was in August, and I thought it then the greatest compliment that ever was paid to mortal; and I went with him too! but you to go only for a picture, and in the month of December! What can I say to you? You *do* more to oblige your friend, than I can find terms to thank you for. If I was to tell it here, it would be believed as little as the rape of poor Tory* by a wolf. I can only say that I know the Giogo, its snows and its inns, and consequently know the extent of the obligation that I have to you and Mr. Whithed."

Now I return to you, my dear child: I am really so much obliged to you and to them, that I know not what to say. I read Pennee's letter to Sir R., who was much pleased with his discretion; he will be quite a favourite of mine. And now we are longing for the picture: you know, of old, my impatience.

Your young secretary-servant is looking out for a ship, and will set out in the first that goes: I envy him.

The Court has been trying, but can get nobody to stand for Westminster. You know Mr. Doddington† has lost himself extremely by his new turn, after so often changing sides; he is grown very fat and lethargic: my brother Ned says, *he is grown of less consequence, but more weight.*

One hears of nothing but follies said by the

* A black spaniel of Mr. Walpole's was seized by a wolf on the Alps, as it was running at the head of the chaise horses, at noonday.

† George Bubb Doddington had lately resigned his post of one of the Lords of the Treasury, and gone again into Opposition.

Opposition, who grow mad on having the least prospect. Lady Carteret,* who, you know, did not want any new fuel to her absurdity, says, *they talk every day of making her Lord first Minister, but he is not so easily persuaded as they think for.* Good night.

Yours, ever.

LETTER XVIII.

London, Jan. 7, 1741-2, O. S.

I MUST answer for your brother a paragraph that he showed me in one of your letters: *Mr. W.'s letters are full of wit; don't they adore him in England?* Not at all—and I don't wonder at them; for if I have any wit in my letters, which I do not at all take for granted, it is ten to one that I have none out of my letters. A thousand people can write, that cannot talk; and besides, you know, (or I conclude so, from the little one hears stirring,) that numbers of the English have wit, who don't care to produce it. Then, as to adoring; you now see only my letters, and you may be sure I take care not to write you word of any of my bad qualities, which other people must see in the gross; and that may be a great hindrance to their adoration. Oh! there are a thousand other reasons I could give you, why I am not the least in fashion. I came over in an ill season: it is a million to one that nobody thinks a declining old

* Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Worseley, and first wife of John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl of Granville.

Minister's son has wit. At any time, men in opposition have always most; but now, it would be absurd for a Courtier to have even common sense. There is not a Mr. Sturt, or a Mr. Stewart, whose names begin but with the first letters of Stanhope,* that has not a better chance than I, for being liked. I can assure you, even those of the same party would be fools, not to pretend to think me one. Sir Robert has showed no partiality for me; and do you think they would commend where he does not? even supposing they had no envy, which, by the way, I am far from saying they have not. Then, my dear child, I am the coolest man of my party, and if I am ever warm, it is by contagion; and where violence passes for parts, what will indifference be called? But how could you think of such a question? I don't want money, consequently no old women pay me or my wit; I have a very flimsy constitution, consequently the young women won't taste my wit, and it is a long while before wit makes its own way in the world; especially, as I never prove it, by assuring people that I have it by me. Indeed, if I were disposed to brag, I could quote two or three half-pay officers, and an old aunt or two, who laugh prodigiously at every thing I say; but till they are allowed judges, I will not brag of such authorities.

If you have a mind to know who is *adored* and *has wit;* there is old Churchill† has as much God—n-ye wit as ever — except that he has lost two teeth. There are half a dozen Scotchmen who

* The name of Lord Chesterfield.

† General Charles Churchill. (Whose character has been so

vote against the Court, and are cried up by the Opposition for wit, to keep them steady. They are forced to cry up their parts, for it would be too barefaced to commend their honesty. Then Mr. Nugent has had a great deal of wit till within this week; but he is so busy and so witty, that even his own party grow tired of him. His plump wife, who talks of nothing else, says he entertained her all the way on the road with repeating his speeches.

I did not go into the country last week, as I intended, the weather was so bad; but I shall go on

inimitably sketched, at about the same period when this letter was written, by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his poem of "Isabella, or The Morning."

"The General, one of those brave old commanders,
"Who serv'd through all our glorious wars in Flanders.
"Frank and good-natur'd, of an honest heart,
"Loving to act the steady friendly part;
"None led through youth a gayer life than he,
"Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee;
"But with old age, its vices come along,
"And in narration he 's extremely long;
"Exact in circumstance and nice in dates,
"He each minute particular relates.
"If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
"He gives you its whole history for your pains,
"And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting,
"As long in telling as it was in fighting!
"His old desire to please is still express'd,
"His hat 's well cock'd, his perriwig 's well dress'd.
"He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
"And in the boxes with the beaux appears.
"His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
"Still he looks cheerful, still soft things he says,
"And still remembering that he once was young,
"He strains his crippled knees, and struts along."—D.)

Sunday for three or four days, and perhaps shall not be able to write to you that week.

You are in an agitation, I suppose, about politics: both sides are trafficking deeply for votes during the holidays. It is allowed, I think, that we shall have a majority of twenty-six: Sir R. says more; but now, upon a pinch, he brags like any bridegroom.

The Westminster election passed without any disturbance, in favour of Lord Perceive-all* and Mr. Perceive-nothing, as my uncle calls them. Lord Chesterfield was vaunting to Lord Lovel,† that they should have carried it, if they had set up two broomsticks. "So I see," replied Lovel. "But it seems we have not done with it yet: if we get the majority, this will be declared a void election too, for my Lord Chancellor‡ has found out, that the person who made the return, had no right to make it: it was the High-Bailiff's Clerk, the High-Bailiff himself being in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. It makes a great noise, and they talk of making subscriptions for a petition.

Lord Stafford§ is come over. He told me some good stories of the Primate.‖

* Vide an account of the Election of Lord Perceval and one Edwin, in that Lord's History of the House of Ivery.

† Thomas Coke, created Lord Lovel, in 1728, and Earl of Leicester, in 1744: died in 1759, when his titles became extinct. —D.

‡ Philip Yorke, Lord, and afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, for twenty years Lord Chancellor of England.—D.

§ William Matthias Howard, Earl of Stafford. He died in 1751.

‖ The Primate of Lorrain, eldest son of Prince Craon, was famous for his wit and vices of all kinds.

Last night I had a good deal of company to hear Monticelli and Amorevoli, particularly the three beauty-Fitzroys, Lady Euston, Lady Conway, and Lady Caroline.* Sir R. liked the singers extremely: he had not heard them before. I forgot to tell you all our beauties: there was Miss Hervey,† my Lord's daughter, a fine, black girl, but as masculine as her father should be; and Jenny Conway,‡ handsomer still, though changed with illness, than even the Fitzroys. I made the music for my Lord Hervey, who is too ill to go to operas; yet, with a coffin-face, is as full of his little dirty politics as ever. He *will not* be well enough to go to the House till the majority is certain somewhere, but lives shut up with my Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pultney—a triumvirate, who hate one another more than anybody they could proscribe, had they the power. I dropped in at my Lord Hervey's, the other night, knowing my lady had company: it was soon after our defeats. My Lord, who has always professed particularly to me, turned his back on me, and retired for an hour into a whisper with young Hammond,§ at the end of the room.

* Lady Dorothy Boyle, eldest daughter of Lord Burlington: Isabella, wife of Francis Lord Conway, and Caroline, afterwards married to Lord Petersham, were the daughter-in-law and daughters of Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain.

† Lepel, eldest daughter of John Lord Hervey, afterwards married to Mr. Phipps.

‡ Jane, only daughter of Francis, the first Lord Conway, by his second wife, Mrs. Bodens. (She died unmarried, May 5, 1749. —D.)

§ Author of some Love Elegies, and a favourite of Lord Chesterfield. He died this year.

Not being at all amazed at one, whose heart I knew so well, I stayed on, to see more of this behaviour; indeed, to use myself to it. At last he came up to me, and begged this music, which I gave him, and would often again, to see how many times I shall be ill and well with him within this month. Yesterday came news that his brother, Captain W. Hervey, has taken a Caracca ship, worth full two hundred thousand pounds. He was afterwards separated from it by a storm, for two or three days, and was afraid of losing it, having but five-and-twenty men to thirty-six Spaniards; but he has brought it home safe. I forgot to tell you, that upon losing the first question, Lord Hervey kept away for a week; on our carrying the next great one, he wrote to Sir Robert, how much he desired to see him, "*not upon any business, but Lord Hervey longs to see Sir Robert Walpole.*"

Lady Sundon* is dead, and Lady M—— disappointed: she, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness, ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the Queen.† She had great power with her, though the Queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, "To be sure she is dead very rich!" she

* —— Dives, wife of William Clayton, Lord Sundon; woman of the bedchamber, and mistress of the robes to Queen Caroline.

† Queen Caroline, died November 1737.—D.

replied, with some warmth, "she never took money." When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R. "No," said he, "but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the Horse to the Queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value." One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the Duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley,* "How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?"—"Madam," said Lady Mary, "How would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?" Sir R. told me, that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together: he bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom, but the King and Queen.—Another day. Friday morning.

I was forced to leave off last night, as I found it would be impossible to send away this letter finished in any time. It will be enormously long, but I have prepared you for it. When I consider the beginning of my letter, it looks as if I were entirely of your opinion about the agreeableness of them. I believe you will never commend them again, when you see how they increase upon your hands. I have seen letters of two or three sheets, written from merchants at Bengal and Canton to their wives: but then they contain the history of a

* The celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, eldest daughter of Evelyn, first Duke of Kingston, and wife of Wortley Montagu, Esq.—D.

twelvemonth: I grow voluminous from week to week. I can plead in excuse nothing but the true reason; you desired it; and I remember how I used to wish for such letters, when I was in Italy. My Lady Pomfret carries this humanity still farther, and because people were civil to her in Italy, she makes it a rule to visit all strangers in general. She has been to visit a Spanish Count* and his wife, though she cannot open her lips in their language. They fled from Spain, he and his brother having offended the Queen,† by their attachments to the Prince of Asturias; his brother ventured back, to bring off this woman, who was engaged to him. Lord Harrington‡ has procured them a pension of six hundred a-year. They live chiefly with Lord Carteret and his daughter,§ who speak Spanish. But to proceed from where I left off last night, like the Princess Dinarzade in the Arabian Nights, for you will want to know what happened *one day*. Sir Robert was at dinner with Lady Sundon, who hated the Bishop of London, as much as she loved the Church. "Well," said she to Sir R. "how does your Pope do?"—"Madam," replied he, "he is my Pope, and shall

* Marquis de Sabernego: he returned to Spain after the death of Philip V.

† The Princess of Parma, second wife of Philip V. King of Spain, and consequently step-mother to the Prince of Asturias, son of that King, by his first wife, a Princess of Savoy.—D.

‡ William Stanhope, created Lord Harrington in 1729, and Earl of the same in 1741. He held various high offices, and was at the time this letter was written, Secretary of State.—D.

§ Frances, youngest daughter of Lord Carteret, afterwards married to the Marquis of Tweedale.

be my Pope; everybody has some Pope or other; don't you know that you are one? They call you Pope Joan." She flew into a passion, and desired he would not fix any names on her; that they were not so easily got rid of.

We had a little ball the other night at Mrs. Boothby's, and by dancing, did not perceive an earthquake, which frightened all the undancing part of the town.

We had a civility from his Royal Highness,* who sent for Monticelli the night he was engaged here, but on hearing it, said he would send for him some other night. If I did not live so near St. James's, I would find out some politics in this—should not one?

Sir William Stanhope† has had a hint from the same Highness, that his company is not quite agreeable: whenever he met anybody at Carlton House whom he did not know, he said, "Your humble servant, Mr. or Mrs. Hamilton."

I have this morning sent aboard the St. Quintin a box for you, with your Secretary—not in it.

Old Weston of Exeter is dead. Dr. Clarke, the Dean, Dr. Willes, the decipherer, and Dr. Gilbert of Llandaff, are candidates to succeed him.‡ Sir R. is for Willes, who, he says, knows so many

* Frederic Prince of Wales.—D.

† Brother to Lord Chesterfield. This *bon mot* was occasioned by the numbers of Hamiltons which Lady Archibald Hamilton, the Prince's mistress, had placed at that Court.

‡ Nicholas Clagget, Bishop of St. David's, succeeded on Weston's death to the See of Exeter.—D.

secrets, that he might insist upon being Archbishop.

My dear Mr. Chute! how concerned I am that he took all that trouble to no purpose. I will not write to him this post, for as you show him my letters, this here will sufficiently employ any one's patience—but I have done. I long to hear that the Dominichin is safe. Good night!

Yours, ever.

LETTER XIX.

Friday, Jan. 22, 1742.

Don't wonder that I missed writing to you yesterday, my constant day: you will pity me when you hear that I was shut up in the House of Commons till one in the morning. I came away more dead than alive, and was forced to leave Sir R. at supper with my brothers: he was all alive and in spirits. He says he is younger than me, and indeed I think so, in spite of his forty years more. My head aches to-night, but we rose early; and if I don't write to-night, when shall I find a moment to spare? Now you want to know what we did last night; stay, I will tell you presently in its place: it was well, and of infinite consequence—so far I tell you now.

Our recess finished last Monday, and never at school did I enjoy holidays so much—but, *les voilà finis jusqu'au printems!* Tuesday (for you see I write you an absolute journal) we sat on a Scotch election, a double return; their man was

Hume Campbell,* Lord Marchmont's brother, lately made solicitor to the Prince, for being as troublesome, as violent, and almost as able as his brother. They made a great point of it, and gained so many of our votes, that at ten at night we were forced to give it up without dividing. Sandys, who loves persecution, *even unto the death*, moved to punish the sheriff; and as we dared not divide, they ordered him into custody, where by this time, I suppose, Sandys has eaten him.

On Wednesday Sir Robert Godschall, the Lord Mayor, presented the Merchants' petition, signed by three hundred of them and drawn up by Leonidas Glover.† This is to be heard next Wednesday. This gold-chain came into parliament, cried up for his parts, but proves so dull, one would think he chewed opium. Earle says, "I have heard an oyster speak as well twenty times."

Well, now I come to *yesterday:* we met, not expecting much business. Five of our members

* Hume Campbell was twin brother of Hugh, third Earl of Marchmont. They were sons of Alexander, the second Earl, who had quarrelled with Sir Robert Walpole at the time of the Excise scheme in 1733. Sir Robert, in consequence, prevented him from being re-elected one of the sixteen representative Scotch peers in 1734; in requital for which, the old Earl's two sons became the bitterest opponents of the Minister. They were both men of considerable talents; extremely similar in their characters and dispositions, and so much so in their outward appearance, that it was very difficult to know them apart.—D.

† Glover, a merchant, author of Leonidas, a poem; Boadicea, a tragedy, &c.

were gone to the York election, and the three Lord Beauclercs* to their mother's funeral at Windsor, for that old beauty St. Albans† is dead at last. On this they depended for getting the majority, and towards three o'clock, when we thought of breaking up, poured in their most violent questions: one was a motion for leave to bring in the place-bill, to limit the number of placemen in the House. This was not opposed, because, out of decency, it is generally suffered to pass the Commons, and is thrown out by the Lords; only Colonel Cholmondeley‡ desired to know if they designed to limit the number of those that have promises of places, as well as of those that have places now. I must tell you that we are a very Conclave; they buy votes with reversions of places on the change of the Ministry. Lord Gage was giving an account in Tom's coffee-house of the intended alterations; that Mr. Pultney is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Chesterfield and Carteret, Secretaries of State. Somebody asked who was to be paymaster? Numps Edwin, who stood by, replied, "*We* have not thought so low as that yet." Lord Gage harangues every day at Tom's, and has read there a very false account of

* Lord Vere, Lord Henry, and Lord Sidney Beauclerc, sons of the Duchess Dowager of St. Albans, who is painted among the beauties at Hampton-Court.

† Lady Diana Vere, daughter, and at length sole heir, of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. She married, in 1694, Charles, first Duke of St. Albans, natural son of Charles II. by Nell Gwin. She died Jan. 15, 1742.—D.

‡ Colonel James Cholmondeley, only brother of the Earl.

the King's* message to the Prince. The Court, to show their contempt of Gage, have given their copy to be read by Swinny.† This is the authentic copy, which they have made the Bishop write from the message which he carried, and as he and Lord Cholmondeley agree it was given.

On this Thursday, of which I was telling you, at three o'clock, Mr. Pultney rose up, and moved for a Secret Committee of twenty-one. This Inquisition, this Council of ten, was to sit and examine whatever persons and papers they should please, and to meet when and where they pleased. He protested much on this not being intended against *any person*, but merely to give the King advice, and on this foot they fought it till ten at night, when Lord Perceval blundered out what they had been cloaking with so much art, and declared that he should vote for it as a Committee of Accusation. Sir Robert immediately rose, and protested that he should not have spoken, but for what he had heard last: but that now, he must take it to himself. He pourtrayed the malice of the Opposition, who, for twenty years, had not been able to touch him, and were now reduced to this infamous shift. He defied them to accuse him, and only desired that if they should, it might be in an open and fair manner: desired no favour,

* During the holidays, Sir R. W. had prevailed on the King to send to the Prince of Wales, to offer to pay his debts and double his allowance. This negociation was entrusted to Lord Cholmondeley on the King's, and to Secker, Bishop of Oxford, on the Prince's side; but came to nothing.

† Owen Mac Swinny, a buffoon; formerly director of the playhouse.

but to be acquainted with his accusation. He spoke of Mr. Doddington, who had called his administration infamous, as of a person of great self-mortification, who, for sixteen years, had condescended to bear part of the odium. For Mr. Pultney, who had just spoken a second time, Sir R. said, he had begun the debate with great calmness, but give him his due, he had made amends for it in the end. In short, never was innocence so triumphant!

There were several glorious speeches on both sides: Mr. Pultney's two, W. Pitt's* and G. Grenville's,† Sir Robert's, Sir W. Yonge's, Harry Fox's,‡ Mr. Chute's, and the Attorney-General's.§ My friend Coke, for the first time, spoke vastly well, and mentioned how great Sir Robert's character is abroad. Sir Francis Dashwood replied, that he had found quite the reverse from Mr. Coke, and that foreigners always spoke with contempt of the Chevalier de Walpole. This was going too far, and he was called to order, but got off well enough, by saying, that he knew it was contrary to rule to name any member, but that he only mentioned it as spoken by an impertinent Frenchman.

But of all speeches, none ever was so full of wit as Mr. Pultney's last. He said, "I have heard this Committee represented as a most dreadful spectre; it has been likened to all terrible things;

* Afterward the great Lord Chatham.—D.

† First Minister in the early part of the reign of George III. —D.

‡ Afterwards the first Lord Holland.—D.

§ Sir Dudley Ryder.—D.

it has been likened to the King; to the inquisition; it will be a committee of safety; it is a committee of danger; I don't know what it is to be! One gentleman, I think, called it *a cloud!* (this was the Attorney) *a cloud!* I remember Hamlet takes Lord Polonius by the hand and shows him *a cloud*, and then asks him if he does not think it is like a whale." Well, in short, at eleven at night we divided, and threw out this famous Committee by 253 to 250, the greatest number that ever was in the house, and the greatest number that ever *lost* a question.

It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides! Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him for his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager * gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away, but they concealed it from the father, that he might not absent himself. However, as we have our good-natured men too on our side, one of his own countrymen went and told him of it in the house. The old man, who looked like Lazarus at his resuscitation, bore it with great resolution, and said, he knew *why* he was told of it, but when he thought his country in danger, he would not go

* Admiral Sir Charles Wager. He had been knighted by Queen Anne, for his gallantry in taking and destroying some rich Spanish galleons. He was at this time first Lord of the Admiralty. He died in 1743.—D.

away. As he is so near death, that it is indifferent to him whether he died two thousand years ago or to-morrow, it is unlucky for him not to have lived when such insensibility would have been a Roman virtue.

There are no arts, no menaces which the Opposition do not practise. They have threatened one gentleman to have a reversion cut off from his son, unless he will vote with them. To Totness there came a letter to the Mayor from the Prince, and signed by two of his Lords, to recommend a candidate in opposition to the Solicitor-General. The mayor sent the letter to Sir Robert. They have turned the Scotch to the best account. There is a young Oswald,* who had engaged to Sir R., but has voted against us. Sir R. sent a friend to reproach him: the moment the gentleman, who had engaged for him, came into the room, Oswald said, "You had like to have led me into a fine error! did you not tell me that Sir R. would have the majority?"

When the debate was over, Mr. Pultney owned that he had never heard so fine a debate on our side; and said to Sir Robert, "Well, nobody can do what you can!" "Yes," replied Sir R., "Yonge did better." Mr. P. answered, "It was fine, but not of that weight with what you said." They all allow it; and now their plan is to persuade Sir Robert to retire with honour. All that evening there was a report about the town, that he and my uncle were to be sent to the Tower, and

* James Oswald, afterwards one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations.

people hired windows in the city to see them pass by — but for this time I believe we shall not exhibit so historical a parade.

The night of the Committee, my brother Walpole* had got two or three invalids at his house, designing to carry them into the house through his door, as they were too ill to go round by Westminster Hall: the Patriots, who have rather more contrivances than their predecessors of Grecian and Roman memory, had taken the precaution of stopping the keyhole with sand. How Livy's eloquence would have been hampered, if there had been backdoors and keyholes to the Temple of Concord!

A few days ago there were lists of the officers at Port Mahon, laid before the House of Lords: unfortunately, it appeared that two-thirds of the regiment had been absent. The Duke of Argyll† said, "Such a list was a libel on the Government;" and of all men, the Duke of Newcastle was the man who rose up and agreed with him: remember what I told you once before of his union with Carteret. We have carried the York election by a majority of 956.

The other night the Bishop of Canterbury‡ was with Sir Robert, and on going away, said, "Sir,

* Robert Lord Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was Auditor of the Exchequer, and his house joined to the House of Commons, to which he had a door; but it was soon afterwards locked up, by an order of the House.

† John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich.—D.

‡ John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, translated, in 1737, from the see of Oxford; died in 1747.—D.

I have been lately reading Thuanus; he mentions a minister, who having long been persecuted by his enemies, at length vanquished them: the reason he gives, *quia se non deseruit*."

Sir Thomas Robinson is at last named to the government of Barbadoes; he has long prevented its being asked for, by declaring that he had the promise of it. Luckily for him, Lord Lincoln liked his house, and procured him this government on condition of hiring it.

I have mentioned Lord Perceval's speeches; he has a set who have a rostrum at his house, and harangue there. A gentleman who came thither one evening was refused, but insisting that he was engaged to come, "Oh, Sir," said the Porter, "what are you one of those who play at members of Parliament?"

I must tell you something, though Mr. Chute will see my letter. Sir Robert brought home yesterday to dinner, a fat comely gentleman, who came up to me, and said, he believed I knew his brother abroad. I asked his name; he replied, "He is with Mr. Whithed." I thought he said, "it is Whithed." After I had talked to him of Mr. Whithed, I said, "There is a very sensible man with Mr. Whithed, one Mr. Chute." "Sir," said he, "my name is Chute." "My dear Mr. Chute, now I know both your brothers. You will forgive my mistake."

With what little conscience I begin a third sheet! but it shall be but half a one. I have received your vast packet of music by the messenger,

for which I thank you a thousand times; and the political sonnet, which is far from bad. Who translated it? I like the translation.

I am obliged to you about the Gladiator, &c.: the temptation of having them at all is great, but too enormous. If I could have the Gladiator for about an hundred pounds, I would give it.

I inclose one of the bills of lading of the things that I sent you by your secretary: he sets out to-morrow. By Oswald's* folly, to whom I entrusted the putting them on board, they are consigned to Goldsworthy,† but pray take care that he does not open them. The captain mortifies me by proposing to stay three weeks at Genoa. I have sent away to-night a small additional box of steel wares, which I received but to-day from Woodstock. As they are better than the first, you will choose out some of them for Prince Craon, and give away the rest as you please.

We have a new Opera by Pescetti, but a very bad one; however, all the town runs after it, for it ends with a charming dance. They have flung open the stage to a great length, and made a perfect view of Venice, with the Rialto, and numbers of Gondolas that row about full of masks, who land and dance. You would like it.

Well, I have done. Excuse me if I don't take the trouble to read it all over again, for it is immense, as you will find. Good night!

* George Oswald, steward to Sir R. W.

† Mr. Goldsworthy, Consul at Leghorn, had married Sir Charles Wager's niece, and was endeavouring to supplant Mr. Mann at Florence.

LETTER XX.

London, Feb. 4, 1741-2.

I AM miserable that I have not more time to write to you, especially as you will want to know so much of what I have to tell you; but for a week or fortnight I shall be so hurried, that I shall scarce know what I say. I sit here writing to you, and receiving all the town, who flock to this house; Sir Robert has already had three levees this morning, and the rooms still overflowing — they overflow up to me. You will think this the prelude to some victory! On the contrary, when you receive this, there will be no longer a Sir Robert Walpole: you must know him for the future by the title of Earl of Orford. That other envied name expires next week with his Ministry!

Preparatory to this change, I should tell you that last week we heard in the House of Commons the Chippenham election, when Jack Frederick and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hume, on our side, petitioned against Sir Edmund Thomas and Mr. Baynton Rolt. Both sides made it the decisive question — but our people were not all equally true; and upon the previous question we had but 235 against 236, so lost it by one. From that time my brothers, my uncle, I and some of his particular friends persuaded Sir R. to resign. He was undetermined till Sunday night. Tuesday we were to finish the election, when we lost it by

16; upon which Sir Robert declared to some particular persons in the house his resolution to retire, and had that morning sent the Prince of Wales notice of it. It is understood from the heads of the party, that nothing more is to be pursued against him. Yesterday (Wednesday) the King adjourned both Houses for a fortnight, for time to settle things. Next week Sir Robert resigns and goes into the House of Lords. The only change yet fixed, is, that Lord Wilmington* is to be at the head of the Treasury — but numberless other alterations and confusions must follow. The Prince will be reconciled, and the Whig-patriots will come in. There were a few bonfires last night, but they are very unfashionable, for never was fallen Minister so followed. When he kissed the King's hand to take his first leave, the King fell on his neck, wept and kissed him, and begged to see him frequently. He will continue in town, and assist the Ministry in the Lords. Mr. Pelham has declared that he will accept nothing that was Sir Robert's; and this moment the Duke of Richmond has been here from Court to tell Sir R. that he had resigned the mastership of the horse, having received it from him, unasked, and that he would not keep it beyond his Ministry. This is the greater honour, as it was so unexpected, and as he had no personal friendship with the Duke.

For myself, I am quite happy to be free from all the fatigue, envy, and uncertainty of our late

* Sir Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, Knight of the Garter, and at this time Lord President of the Council.

situation. I go everywhere; indeed, to have the stare over, and to use myself to neglect, but I meet nothing but civilities. Here have been Lord Hartington, Coke, and poor Fitzwilliam,* and others crying; here has been Lord Deskford† and numbers to wish me joy; in short, it is a most extraordinary and various scene.

There are three people whom I pity much; the King, Lord Wilmington, and my own sister; the first, for the affront, to be forced to part with his Minister, and to be forced to forgive his son; the second, as he is too old, and (even when he was young,) unfit for the burthen; and the poor girl,‡ who must be *created* an Earl's daughter, as her birth would deprive her of the rank. She must kiss hands, and bear the flirts of impertinent real quality.

I am invited to dinner to-day by Lord Strafford,§ Argyll's son-in-law. You see we shall grow the fashion.

My dear child, these are the most material points: I am sensible how much you must want

* William, Baron, and afterwards Earl Fitzwilliam; a young lord, much attached to Sir R. W.

† James Ogilvy, Lord Deskford, succeeded his father in 1764, as sixth Earl of Findlater, and third Earl of Seafield. He held some inconsiderable offices in Scotland, and died himself in 1770.—D.

‡ Maria, natural daughter to Sir R. W. by Maria Skerret, his mistress, whom he afterwards married. She had a patent to take place as an Earl's daughter.

§ William Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford, of the second creation. He married Lady Anne Campbell, second daughter of John Duke of Argyll.—D.

particulars; but you must be sensible, too, that just yet, I have not time.

Don't be uneasy; your brother Ned has been here to wish me joy: your brother Gal. has been here and cried: your tender nature will at first make you like the latter; but afterwards you will rejoice with your elder and me. Adieu!

Yours, ever, and the same.

LETTER XXI.

Feb. 9, 1741-2.

You will have had my letter that told you of the great change. The scene is not quite so pleasant as it was, nor the tranquillity arrived that we expected. All is in confusion: no overtures from the Prince, who, it must seem, proposes to be King. His party have persuaded him not to make up, but on much greater conditions than he first demanded; in short, notwithstanding his professions to the Bishop,* he is to insist on the impeachment of Sir R., saying now, that his terms not being accepted at first, he is not bound to stick to them. He is pushed on to this violence by Argyll, Chesterfield, Cobham,† Sir John Hind

* Secker, Bishop of Oxford.

† Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham, so created in 1718, with remainder to the issue male of his sister, Hester Grenville. He had served in Flanders, under the Duke of Marlborough, and was, upon the overthrow of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, promoted to the military rank of Field-Marshal. He is now best remembered as the friend of Pope, and the creator of the Gardens of Stowe.—D.

Cotton,* and Lord Marchmont. The first says, "What impudence it is in Sir R. to be driving about the streets!" and all cry out, that he is still Minister behind the curtain. They will none of them come into the ministry, till several are displaced; but have summoned a great meeting of the Faction for Friday, at the Fountain Tavern, to consult measures against Sir R., and to-morrow the Common Council meet, to draw up instructions for their Members. They have sent into Scotland, and into the counties, for the same purpose. Carteret and Pultney† pretend to be against this violence, but own that if their party insist upon it, they cannot desert them. The cry against Sir R. has been greater this week than ever; first, against a grant of four thousand pounds a-year, which the King gave him on his resignation, but which, to quiet them, he has given up.‡ Then, upon making his daughter a lady; their wives and daughters declare against giving her place. He

* Sir John Hinde Cotton, Bart. of Landwade, in Cambridgeshire; long a Member of Parliament, and one of the leaders of the Jacobite party. He died in 1752, and Horace Walpole, in his Memoirs, in noticing this event, says, "Died Sir John Cotton, the last Jacobite of any sensible activity."—D.

† Lord Carteret and Mr. Pultney had really betrayed their party; and so injudiciously, that they lost their old friends, and gained no new.

‡ Sir R., at the persuasion of his brother, Mr. Selwyn, and others, desisted from pursuing this grant. Three years afterwards, when the clamour was at an end, and his affairs extremely involved, he sued for it; which Mr. Pelham, his friend, and élève, was brought with the worst grace in the world to ask, and his old obliged master the King, prevailed upon, with as ill grace, to grant.

and she both kissed hands yesterday, and on Friday go to Richmond for a week. He seems quite secure in his innocence — but what protection is that, against the power and malice of party! Indeed, his friends seem as firm as ever, and frequent him as much; but they are not now the strongest. As to an impeachment, I think they will not be so mad as to proceed to it; it is too solemn and too public to be attempted, without proof of crimes, of which he certainly is not guilty. For a bill of pains and penalties, they may if they will, I believe, pass it through the Commons, but will scarce get the assent of the King and Lords. In a week more I shall be able to write with less uncertainty.

I hate sending you false news, as that was, of the Duke of Richmond's resignation. It arose from his being two hours below with Sir R., and from some very warm discourse of his in the House of Lords, against the present violences; but went no farther. Zeal magnified this, as she came up stairs to me, and I wrote to you before I had seen Sir Robert.

At a time when we ought to be most united, we are in the greatest confusion; such is the virtue of the patriots, though they have obtained what they professed alone to seek. They will not stir one step in Foreign affairs, though Sir R. has offered to unite with them, with all his friends, for the common cause. It will now be seen, whether he or they are most patriot. You see I call him *Sir Robert* still! after one has known him by that

name for these *threescore years*, it is difficult to accustom one's mouth to another title.

In the midst of all this, we are diverting ourselves as cordially as if Righteousness and Peace had just been kissing one another. Balls, operas, and masquerades! The Duchess of Norfolk* makes a grand masquing next week; and to-morrow there is one at the Opera-house.

Here is a Saxe-Gothic Prince, brother to her Royal Highness:† he sent her word from Dover that he was driven in there, in his way to Italy. The man of the inn, whom he consulted about lodgings in town, recommended him to one of very ill-fame, in Suffolk-Street. He has got a neutrality for himself, and goes to both Courts.

Churchill‡ asked Pultney the other day, "Well, Mr. Pultney, will you break me, too?" "No, Charles," replied he, "you break fast enough of yourself!" Don't you think it hurt him more than the other breaking would? Good night!

Yours, ever.

Thursday, Feb. 11, 1741-2.

P.S. I had finished my letter, and unwillingly resolved to send you all that bad news, rather than leave you ignorant of our doings; but I have the pleasure of mending your prospect a little. Yesterday the Common Council met and resolved upon instructions to their Members, which,

* Mary, daughter of Edward Blount, Esq. and wife of Edward, ninth Duke of Norfolk.—D.

† The Princess of Wales.—D.

‡ General Charles Churchill.—D.

except one not very descriptive paragraph, contains nothing personal against our new Earl; and ends with resolutions *to stand* by *our present Constitution.* Mind what followed! One of them proposed to insert *the King and Royal Family* before the words *our present Constitution;* but, on a division, it was rejected by three to one.

But to-day, for good news! Sir Robert has resigned: Lord Wilmington is first Lord of the Treasury, and Sandys has accepted the Seals as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with Gibbon* and Sir John Rushout,† joined to him as other Lords of the Treasury. Waller was to have been the other, but has formally refused. So, Lord Sundon, Earle, Treby,‡ and Clutterbuck,§ are the first discarded, unless the latter saves himself by Waller's refusal. Lord Harrington, who is created an Earl, is made President of the Council, and Lord Carteret has consented to be Secretary of State in his room — but mind; not one of them has promised to be against the prosecution of Sir Robert, though I don't believe now that it will go on. You see, Pultney is not come in, except in his friend, Sir John Rushout; but is to hold the

* Philip Gibbons, Esq.—D.

† Sir John Rushout, the fourth Baronet of the family, had particularly distinguished himself as an opponent of Sir R. Walpole's Excise Scheme. He was made Treasurer of the Navy, in 1743, and died in 1775, at the advanced age of ninety-one. His son was created Lord Northwick, in 1797.—D.

‡ George Treby, Esq.—D.

§ Thomas Clutterbuck, Esq. He left the Treasury in February 1742, and was made Treasurer of the Navy.—D.

balance between Liberty and Prerogative — at least, in this, he acts with honour. They say, Sir John Hind Cotton and the Jacobites will be left out; unless they bring in Dr. Lee and Sir John Barnard, to the Admiralty, as they propose — for I do not think it is decided what are their principles. Sir Charles Wager has resigned this morning: he says, "We shall not die, but be all changed!" though he says, a parson lately reading this text in an old Bible, where the *c* was rubbed out, read it, *not die but be all hanged.*

To-morrow our Earl goes to Richmond Park, *en retiré*, comes on Thursday to take his seat in the Lords, and returns thither again. Sandys is very angry at his taking the title of Orford, which belonged to his wife's* great uncle. You know a step of that nature cost the great Lord Strafford† his head, at the prosecution of a less bloody-minded man than Sandys.

I remain in town, and have not taken at all to withdrawing, which I hear has given offence, as well as my gay face in public; but as I had so little joy in the grandeur, I am determined to take as little part in the disgrace. I am looking about for a new house.

I have received two vast packets from you to-day, I believe from the bottom of the sea, for they

* Lady Sandys was daughter of Lady Tipping, niece of Russel Earl of Orford.

† Sir Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford, took the title of Raby from a castle of that name, which belonged to Sir Henry Vane, who, from that time, became his mortal foe.

have been so washed, that I could scarce read them. I could read the terrible history of the earthquakes at Leghorn: how infinitely good you was to poor Mrs. Goldsworthy! how could you think I should not approve such vast humanity? but you are all humanity and forgiveness. I am only concerned that they will be present when you receive all these disagreeable accounts of your friends. Their support* is removed as well as yours. I only fear the interest of the Richmonds† with the Duke of Newcastle; but I will try to put you well with Lord Lincoln. We must write circumspectly, for our letters now are no longer safe.

I shall see Amorevoli to-night, to give him the letter. Ah! Monticelli and the Visconti are to sing to-night at a great assembly, at Lady Conway's. I have not time to write more; so, good night, my dearest child! be in good spirits.

Yours, most faithfully.

P. S. We have at last got Crebillon's "Sofa:" Lord Chesterfield received three hundred, and gave them to be sold at White's. It is admirable! except the beginning of the first volume, and the last story, it is equal to anything he has written. How he has painted the most refined Nature in Mazulhim! the most retired Nature in Mocles! the Man of Fashion that sets himself above natural sensations, and the Man of Sense and Devotion, that would skirmish himself from their influence,

* Sir Charles Wager.

† Mrs. Goldsworthy had been a companion of the Duchess of Richmond.

are equally justly reduced to the standard of their own weakness.*

LETTER XXII.

Feb. 18, 1741-2.

I WRITE to you more tired, and with more head-ache, than any one but you could conceive! I came home at five this morning, from the Duchess of Norfolk's masquerade; and was forced to rise before eleven, for my father, who came from Richmond, to take his seat in the Lords, for the Houses met to-day. He is gone back to his retirement. Things wear a better aspect: at the great meeting† on Friday, at the Fountain, Lord Carteret and Lord Winchelsea‡ refused to go, only saying, that they never dined at a tavern. Pultney and the new Chancellor of the Exchequer went, and were abused by his Grace of Argyll. The former said, he was content with what was already done, and would not be *active* in any farther proceedings, though he would not desert the party. Sandys said the King had done him the honour to offer him that place; why should he not accept it? if he had not, another would: if

* Posterity has not confirmed the eulogium here given to the indecent trash of the younger Crebillon. But in the age of George II. coarseness passed for humour, and "obscenity was wit."—D.

† See an account of this meeting in Lord Egmont's *Faction Detected.*

‡ Daniel Finch, seventh Earl of Winchelsea, and third Earl of Nottingham. He was made first Lord of the Admiralty upon the breaking up of Sir R. Walpole's government.—D.

nobody would, the King would be obliged to employ his old Minister again, which he imagined the gentlemen present would not wish to see, and protested against *screening*, with the same conclusion as Pultney. The Duke of Bedford was very warm against Sir William Yonge; Lord Talbot* was so in general.

During the recess, they have employed Fazakerley to draw up four impeachments; against Sir Robert, my uncle, Mr. Keene, and Colonel Bladen, who was only Commissioner for the Tariff at Antwerp. One of the articles against Sir R. is, his having at this conjuncture trusted Lord Waldgrave as Ambassador, who is so near a relation† of the Pretender; but these impeachments are likely to grow obsolete manuscripts. The minds of the people grow much more candid: at first, they made one of the actors at Drury Lane repeat some applicable lines at the end of Harry the Fourth; but last Monday, when his Royal Highness had purposely bespoken *The Unhappy Favourite*, for Mrs. Porter's benefit, they never once applied the most glaring passages, as where they read the indictment against *Robert Earl of Essex*, *&c.* The Tories declare against any farther prosecution — if Tories there are, for now one hears of nothing but the *Broad Bottom;* it is the reigning cant word, and means, the taking all parties and

* William, second Lord Talbot, eldest son of the Lord Chancellor of that name and title.—D.

† His mother was natural daughter of King James II. (James, first Earl Waldegrave, appointed Ambassador to the Court of France, in 1730: died 1741.—D.)

people indifferently, into the ministry. The Whigs are the dupes of this, and those in the Opposition affirm that Tories no longer exist. Notwithstanding this, they will not come into the new ministry, unless what were always reckoned Tories, are admitted. The Treasury has gone a-begging; I mean, one of the Lordships, which is at last filled up with a Major Compton, a relation of Lord Wilmington; but now we shall see a new scene. On Tuesday night, Mr. Pultney went to the Prince, and, without the knowledge of Argyll, &c. prevailed on him to write to the King: he was so long determining, that it was eleven at night before the King received his letter. Yesterday morning the Prince, attended by two of his Lords, two grooms of the bedchamber, and Lord Scarborough,* his Treasurer, went to the King's levee. The King said, "How does the Princess do? I hope she is well." The Prince kissed his hand, and this was all! He returned to Carlton House, whither crowds went to him: he spoke to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham; but would not to the three Dukes, Richmond, Grafton, and Marlborough.† At night the Royal Family were all at the Duchess of Norfolk's, and the streets were illuminated and bonfired. To-day the Duke of Bedford, Lord Halifax, and some others, were at St. James's: the King spoke to all the Lords. In a day or two I shall go with my uncle and brothers to the Prince's levee.

* Thomas Lumley, third Earl of Scarborough.—D.

† Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough, succeeded to that title on the death of his aunt, Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, in 1733.—D.

Yesterday there was a meeting of all the Scotch of our side, who, to a man, determined to defend Sir Robert.

Lyttleton* is going to marry Miss Fortescue, Lord Clinton's sister.

When our Earl went to the House of Lords to-day, he apprehended some incivilities from his Grace of Argyll, but he was not there. The Bedford, Halifax, Berkshire,† and some more were close by him; but would not bow to him. Lord Chesterfield wished him joy. This is all I know for certain, for I will not send you the thousand lies of every new day.

I must tell you how fine the masquerade of last night was. There were five hundred persons, in the greatest variety of handsome and rich dresses I ever saw, and all the jewels of London — and London has some! There were dozens of ugly Queens of Scots, of which I will only name to you the eldest Miss Shadwell! The Princess of Wales was one, covered with diamonds; but did not take off her mask: none of the Royalties did; but everybody else. Lady Conway‡ was a charming

* Sir George Lyttelton, afterwards created Lord Lyttelton. Miss Fortescue was his first wife, and mother of Thomas, called the wicked Lord Lyttelton. She died in child-bed, in 1747, and Lord Lyttelton honoured her memory with the well-known Monody, which was so unfairly parodied by Smollett.—D.

† Henry Bowes Howard, fourth Earl of Berkshire. He succeeded in 1745, as eleventh Earl of Suffolk, on the death, without issue, of Henry, tenth Earl. He died 1757.—D.

‡ Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of the Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Seymour, Lord Conway, afterwards Earl of Hertford.

Mary Stuart: Lord and Lady Euston, man and woman hussars. But the two finest and most charming masks were their Graces of Richmond,* like Harry the Eighth and Jane Seymour; excessively rich, and both so handsome! Here is a nephew of the King of Denmark, who was in armour, and his Governor, a most admirable Quixote. There were quantities of pretty Vandykes, and all kinds of old pictures walked out of their frames. It was an assemblage of all ages and nations, and would have looked like the day of judgment, if tradition did not persuade us that we are all to meet naked, and if something else did not tell us, that we shall not meet then with quite so much indifference, nor thinking quite so much of *the becoming*. My dress was an Aurengzebe: but of all extravagant figures, commend me to our friend the Countess!† She and my Lord trudged in, like pilgrims, with vast staffs in their hands, — and she was so heated, that you would have thought her pilgrimage had been, like Pantagruel's voyage, to the Oracle of the Bottle! Lady Sophia was in a Spanish dress — so was Lord Lincoln: not, to be sure, by design; but so it happened. When the King came in, the Faussans‡ were there, and danced an *entrée*. At the masquerade the King sat by Mrs. Selwyn, and with tears told her, that "the Whigs should find he loved them, as he had done the poor man that was

* Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse, and Sarah Cadogan, his Duchess. He died in 1750, and she the year following.

† The Countess of Pomfret. ‡ Two celebrated comic dancers.

gone!" He had sworn that he would not speak to the Prince at their meeting, but was prevailed on.

I received your letter by Holland, and the paper about the Spaniards. By this time you will conceive that I can now speak of nothing to any purpose, for Sir R. does not meddle in the least with business.

As to the Sibyl, I have not mentioned it to him; I still am for the other. Except that, he will not care, I believe, to buy more pictures, having now so many more than he has room for at Houghton; and he will have but a small house in town when we leave this. But you must thank the dear Chutes for their new offers; the obligations are too great, but I am most sensible to their goodness, and were I not so excessively tired now, would write to them.

I cannot add a word more, but to think of the Princess:* "*Comment! vous avez donc des enfans!*" You see how nature sometimes breaks out, in spite of religion and prudery, grandeur and pride, delicacy and *épuisements!* Good night!

Yours, ever.

* Princess Craon, so often mentioned in these letters.—D.

LETTER XXIII.

London, Feb. 25, 1742.

I AM impatient to hear that you have received my first account of the change; as to be sure you are now for every post. This last week has not produced many new events. The Prince of Wales has got the measles, so there has been but little incense offered up to him: his brother of Saxe-Gotha has got them too. When the Princess went to St. James's, she fell at the King's feet, and struggled to kiss his hand, and burst into tears. At the Norfolk masquerade she was vastly bejewelled; Frankz had lent her forty thousand pounds' worth, and refused to be paid for the hire, only desiring that she would tell whose they were. All this is nothing, but to introduce one of Madame de Pomfret's ingenuities, who, being dressed like a pilgrim, told the Princess, that she had taken her for the Lady of Loreto.

But you will wish for politics now, more than for histories of masquerades, though this last has taken up people's thoughts full as much. The House met last Thursday, and voted the Army without a division: Shippen* alone, unchanged, opposed it. They have since been busied on elections, turning out our friends, and voting in their own, almost without opposition. The chief affair has been the Denbighshire election, on the petition

* William Shippen, a celebrated Jacobite. Sir R. Walpole said, that he was the only man whose price he did not know.

of Sir Watkyn Williams. They have voted him into Parliament, and the High-Sheriff into Newgate. Murray* was most eloquent: Loyd,† the council on the other side, and no bad one, said, (for I go constantly, though I do not stay long, but *leave the dead to bury their dead*,) that it was objected to the Sheriff, that he was related to the sitting member; but, indeed, in that country (Wales) it would be difficult *not* to be related. Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the Merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual: there was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost; he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after!

Next week they commence their prosecutions, which they will introduce by voting a Committee to inquire into all the offices: Sir William Yonge is to be added to the impeachments, but the chief whom they wish to punish is my uncle.‡ He is the more to be pitied, because nobody will pity him. They are not fond of a formal message which the States General have sent to Sir Robert, *to compliment him on his new honour, and to condole with him on being out of the ministry, which will be so detrimental to Europe!*

The third augmentation in Holland is confirmed, and that the Prince of Hesse is chosen General-

* William Murray, Mr. Pope's friend, afterwards Solicitor, and then Attorney-General.

† Sir Richard Loyd, who succeeded Mr. Murray, in 1754, as Solicitor-General.

‡ Horace Walpole, brother of Sir Robert.

issimo, which makes it believed that his Grace of Argyll will not go over, but that we shall certainly have a war with France in the spring. Argyll has got the ordnance restored to him, and they wanted to give him back his regiment; to which end Lord Hertford* was desired to resign it, with the offer of his old troop again. He said he had received the regiment from the King; if his Majesty pleased to take it back, he might, but he did not know why he should resign it. Since that, he wrote a letter to the King, and sent it by his son, Lord Beauchamp, resigning his regiment, his government, and his wife's pension, as Lady of the bed-chamber to the late Queen.

No more changes are made yet. They have offered the Admiralty to Sir Charles Wager again, but he refused it: he said, he heard that he was an old woman, and that he did not know what good old women could do any where.

A comet has appeared here for two nights, which, you know, is lucky enough at this time, and a pretty ingredient for making prophecies.

These are all the news. I receive your letters regularly, and hope you receive mine so: I never miss one week. Adieu! my dearest child! I am perfectly well; tell me always that you are. Are the good Chutes still at Florence? My best love to them, and services to all.

* Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hertford, eldest son of Charles, called the proud Duke of Somerset, whom he succeeded in that title, and was the last Duke of Somerset of that branch—his son, who is here mentioned, having died before him.—D.

Here are some new lines much in vogue:*

1741.

Unhappy England, still in forty-one†
By Scotland art thou doom'd to be undone!
But Scotland now, to strike alone afraid,
Calls in her worthy sister Cornwall's‡ aid;
And these two common Strumpets, hand in hand,
Walk forth, and preach up virtue through the land;
Start at corruption, at a bribe turn pale,
Shudder at pensions, and at placemen rail.
Peace, peace! ye wretched hypocrites; or rather
With Job, say to Corruption, *Thou'rt our Father.*

But how will Walpole justify his fate?
He trusted Islay,§ till it was too late.
Where were those parts! where was that piercing mind!
That judgment, and that knowledge of mankind!
To trust a Traitor that he knew so well!
(Strange truth! betray'd, but not deceived, he fell!)
He knew his heart was, like his aspect, vile;
Knew him the tool, and Brother of Argyll!
Yet to his hands his power and hopes gave up;
And though he saw 'twas poison, drank the cup!
Trusted to One he never could think true,
And perished by a villain that he knew.‖

* These lines were written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

† Alluding to the Grand Rebellion against Charles the First.

‡ The Parliament which overthrew Sir R. W. was carried against him by his losing the majority of the Scotch and Cornish boroughs; the latter managed by Lord Falmouth and T. Pitt.

§ Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, brother of John Duke of Argyll, in conjunction with whom (though then openly at variance) he was supposed to have betrayed Sir R. W. and to have let the Opposition succeed in the Scotch elections, which were trusted to his management. It must be observed that Sir R. W. would never allow that he believed himself betrayed by Lord Islay.

‖ These lines are published in the edition of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Works in three volumes, 12mo.—D.

LETTER XXIV.

London, March 3, 1742.

I AM obliged to write to you to-day, for I am sure I shall not have a moment to-morrow; they are to make their motion for a Secret Committee to examine into the late Administration. We are to oppose it strongly, but to no purpose, for since the change, they have beat us on no division under a majority of forty. This last week has produced no new novelties; his Royal Highness has been shut up with the measles, of which he was near dying, by eating China oranges.

We are to send 16,000 men into Flanders in the spring, under his Grace of Argyll; they talk of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Albemarle to command under him. Lord Cadogan* is just dead, so there is another regiment vacant: they design Lord Delawar's for Lord Westmoreland;† so now Sir Francis Dashwood‡ will grow as fond

* Charles Lord Cadogan, of Oakley, to which title he succeeded on the death of his elder brother, William Earl Cadogan, who was one of the most distinguished "of Marlborough's captains." Charles Lord Cadogan did not die at the period when this letter was written. On the contrary, he lived till the year 1776.—D.

† John seventh Earl of Westmorland. He built the Palladian-Villa of Mereworth, in Kent, which is a nearly exact copy of the celebrated Villa Capra near Vicenza. He died in 1762. Sir Francis Dashwood succeeded, on his decease, to the Barony in fee of Ledespencer.—D.

‡ Sir Francis Dashwood, nephew to the Earl of Westmorland, had gone violently into Opposition, on that Lord's losing his regiment.

of the King again as he used to be — or as he has hated him since.

We have at last finished the Merchants' petition, under the conduct of the Lord Mayor and Mr. Leonidas;* the greatest coxcomb and the greatest oaf that ever met in blank verse or prose. I told you the former's question about the copy of a letter taken after the original was lost. They have got a new story of him; that hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice and died of it, he asked, if he died the first time or the second — if this is made for him, it is at least quite in his style. After summing up the evidence (in doing which, Mr. Glover literally drank several times to the Lord Mayor in a glass of water that stood by him) Sir John Barnard moved to vote, that there had been great neglect in the protection of the trade, to the great advantage of the enemy, and *the dishonour of the nation.* He said he did not mean to charge the Admiralty particularly, for then particular persons must have had particular days assigned to be heard in their own defence, which would take up too much time, *as we are now going to make inquiries of a much higher nature.* Mr. Pelham was for leaving out the last words. Mr. Doddington rose, and in a set speech declared that the motion was levelled at a particular person, who had so usurped all authority, that all inferior offices were obliged to submit to his will, and so either *bend and bow, or be broken:*

* Mr. Glover. (Walpole always depreciates Glover, but his conduct, upon the occasion referred to in the text, displayed considerable ability.—D.)

but that he hoped the steps we were now going to take, would make the office of first minister so dangerous a post, that nobody would care to accept it for the future. Do but think of this fellow, who has so lost all character, and made himself so odious to both King and Prince, by his alternate flatteries, changes, oppositions, and changes of flatteries and oppositions, that he can never expect what he has so much courted by all methods, — think of his talking of making it dangerous for any one else to accept the first ministership! Should such a period ever arrive, he would accept it with joy — the only chance he can ever have for it! But sure, never was impudence more put to shame! The whole debate turned upon him. Lord Doneraile* (who, by the way, has produced blossoms of Doddington like fruit, and consequently is the fitter scourge for him) stood up and said, he did not know what that gentleman meant; that he himself was as willing to bring all offenders to justice as any man; but that he did not intend to confine punishment to those who had been employed only at the end of the last ministry, but proposed to extend it to all who had been engaged in it, and wished that that gentleman would speak with more lenity of an Administration in which he himself had been concerned for so many years. Winnington said, he

* Arthur Mohun St. Leger third Viscount Doneraile, in Ireland, of the first creation. He was at this time Member of Parliament for Winchilsea, was appointed a lord of the bedchamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, in 1747, and died at Lisbon in 1749.—D.

did not know what Mr. Doddington had meant, by either *bending* or being *broken;* that he knew *some* who had been *broken*, though they had both *bowed* and *bended.* Waller defended Doddington, and said, if he was guilty, at least Mr. Winnington was so too; on which Fox rose up, and, laying his hand on his breast, said, he never wished to have such a friend, as could only excuse him by bringing in another for equal share of his guilt. Sir John Cotton replied; he did not wonder that Mr. Fox (who had spoken with great warmth) was angry at hearing his friend *in place*, compared to one *out of place.* Do but figure how Doddington must have looked and felt during such dialogues! In short, it ended in Mr. Pultney's rising, and saying, he could not be against the latter words, as he thought the former part of the motion had been proved; and wished both parties would join in carrying on the war vigorously, or in procuring a good peace, rather than in ripping open old sores, and continuing the heats and violences of parties. We came to no division — for we should have lost it by too many.

Thursday evening.

I had written all the former part of my letter, only reserving room to tell you, that they had carried the Secret Committee — but it is put off till next Tuesday. To-day we had nothing but the giving up the Heydon election, when Mr. Pultney had an opportunity (as Mr. Chute and Mr. Robinson would not take the trouble to defend a cause which they could not carry) to declaim upon corruption: had it come to a trial, there were

eighteen witnesses ready to swear positive bribery against Mr. Pultney. I would write to Mr. Chute, and thank him for his letter which you sent me, but I am so out of humour at his brother's losing his seat, that I cannot speak civilly even to him to-day.

It is said that my Lord's Grace of Argyll has carried his great point of the *Broadbottom* — as I suppose you will hear by rejoicings from Rome. The new Admiralty is named; at the head is to be Lord Winchilsea, with Lord Granard,* Mr. Cockburn, his Grace's friend, Dr. Lee, the chairman, Lord Vere Beauclerc ;† one of the old set, by the interest of the Duke of Dorset, and the connection of Lady Betty Germain, whose niece Lord Vere married; and two Tories, Sir John Hind Cotton and Will. Chetwynd,‡ an agent of Bolingbroke's — all this is not declared yet, but is believed.

This great Duke has named his four aid-de-camps — Lord Charles Hay; George Stanhope, brother of Earl Stanhope; Dick Lyttelton, who

* George Forbes third Earl of Granard in Ireland — an admiral—and a member of the House of Commons.—D.

† Third son of the first Duke of St. Albans, created in 1750 Lord Vere of Hanworth in Middlesex. He was the direct ancestor of the present line of the St. Albans family. His wife was Mary, daughter and heiress of Thomas Chambers, Esq. of Hanworth, by Lady Mary Berkeley, the sister of Lady Betty Germain.—D.

‡ William Richard Chetwynd, second brother of the first Viscount of that name. Member of Parliament successively for Stafford and Plymouth. He had been envoy at Genoa, and a Lord of the Admiralty; and he finally succeeded his two elder brothers as third Viscount Chetwynd, in 1767.—D.

was page; and a Campbell. Lord Cadogan is not dead, but has been given over.

We are rejoicing over the great success of the Queen of Hungary's arms, and the number of blows and thwarts which the French have received. It is a prosperous season for our new popular generals to grow glorious!

— But to have done with politics. Old Marlborough has at last published her Memoirs; they are digested by one Hooke,* who wrote a Roman history; but from her materials, which are so womanish, that I am sure the man might sooner have made a gown and petticoat with them. There are some choice letters from Queen Anne, little inferior in the fulsome to those from King James to the Duke of Buckingham.

Lord Oxford's† famous sale begins next Monday, where there is as much rubbish of another kind as in her Grace's history. Feather bonnets

* Nathaniel Hooke, a laborious compiler, but a very bad writer. It is said that the Duchess of Marlborough gave him 5000*l.* for the services he rendered her, in the composition and publication of her apology. She, however, afterwards quarrelled with him, because she said he tried to convert her to Popery. Hooke was himself of that religion, and was also a "Quietist," and an enthusiastic follower of Fenelon. It was Hooke who brought a Catholic Priest to attend the death-bed of Pope, a proceeding which excited such bitter indignation in the infidel Bolingbroke. Hooke died July 19, 1763.—D.

† Edward Harley second Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, only son of the Minister. He was a great and liberal patron of literature and learned men, and completed the valuable collection of manuscripts commenced by his father, which is now in the British Museum. He married the great Cavendish heiress, Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, daughter of Holles Duke of Newcastle, and died June 16, 1741.—D.

presented by the Americans to Queen Elizabeth; elks'-horns converted into caudle-cups; true copies of original pictures that never existed; presents to himself from the Royal Society, &c. particularly forty volumes of prints of illustrious English personages; which collection is collected from frontispieces to godly books, bibles and poems; head-pieces and tail-pieces to Waller's works; views of King Charles's sufferings; tops of ballads; particularly earthly crowns for heavenly ones, and streams of glory. There are few good pictures, for the miniatures are not to be sold, nor the manuscripts; the books not till next year. There are a few fine bronzes, and a very fine collection of English coins.

We have got another opera, which is liked: there was to have been a vast elephant, but the just Directors, designing to give the audience the full weight of one for their money, made it so heavy, that at the Prova it broke through the stage. It was to have carried twenty soldiers with Monticelli on a throne in the middle. There is a new subscription begun for next year, thirty subscribers at two hundred pounds each. Would you believe that I am one? You need not believe it quite, for I am but half an one; Mr. Conway and I take a share between us. We keep Monticelli and Amorevoli, and, to please Lord Middlesex, that odious Muscovita; but shall discard Mr. Vaneschi. We are to have the Barberina, and the two Faussans; so, at least, the singers and dancers will be equal to anything in Europe.

Our Earl is still at Richmond; I have not been

there yet; I shall go once or twice, for however little inclination I have to it, I would not be thought to grow cool just now. You know I am above such dirtiness, and you are sensible that my coolness is of much longer standing. Your sister* is with mine at the Park; they came to town last Tuesday for the Opera, and returned next day. After supper I prevailed on your sister to sing, and though I had heard her before, I thought I never heard anything beyond it; there is a sweetness in her voice equal to Cuzzoni's, with a better manner.

I was last week at the masquerade, dressed like an old woman, and passed for a good mask. I took the English liberty of teasing whomever I pleased, particularly old Churchill: I told him I was quite ashamed of being there, till I met him; but was quite comforted with finding one person in the room older than myself. The Duke,† who had been told who I was, came up and said, "*Je connois cette poitrine.*" I took him for some Templar, and replied, "*Vous! vous ne connoissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usées;*" it was unluckily pat. The next night, at the drawing-room, he asked me, very good-humouredly, if I knew who was the old woman that had teased everybody at the masquerade? We were laughing so much at this, that the King crossed the room to Lady Hervey, who was with us, and said, "What are those boys laughing at so?" She told

* Mary Mann, afterwards married to Mr. Foote.

† Of Cumberland.

him, and that I had said I was so awkward at undressing myself, that I had stood for an hour in my stays and under-petticoat before my footman. My thanks to Madame Grifoni; I cannot write more now, as I must not make my letter too big, when it appears at the Secretary's office *now*. As to my sister, I am sure Sir Robert would never have accepted Prince Craon's offer, who now, I suppose, would not be eager to repeat it.

LETTER XXV.

March 10, 1742.

I WILL not work you up into a fright, only to have the pleasure of putting you out of it; but will tell you at once that we have gained the greatest victory! I don't mean in the person of Admiral Vernon, nor of Admiral Haddock; no, nor in that of his Grace of Argyll—by *we*, I don't mean *we-England*, but *we*, literally *we*—not you and I, but *we*, the house of Orford. The certainty that the Opposition (or rather the Coalition, for that is the new name they have taken) had of carrying every point they wished, made them, in the pride of their hearts, declare that they would move for the *Secret Committee* yesterday, (Tuesday,) and next Friday would name the list, by which day they should have Mr. Sandys from his re-election. It was, however, expected to be put off, as Mr. Pultney could not attend the House, his only daughter was dying; they say she is dead. But an affair of consequence to

them, and indeed, to the nation in general, roused all their rage, and drove them to determine on the last violences. I told you in my last, that the new Admiralty was named, with a mixture of Tories; that is, it was named by my Lord of Argyll; but the King flatly put his negative on Sir John Cotton. They said, he was no Tory now, (and, in truth, he *yesterday* in the House professed himself a Whig,) and that there were no Tories left in the nation. The King replied, "That might be; but he was determined to stand by those who had set him and his family upon the throne." This refusal enraged them so much, that they declared they would force him, not only to turn out all the old ministry, but the new too, if he wished to save Sir R. and others of his friends; and that, as they supposed he designed to get the great bills passed, and then prorogue the Parliament, they were determined to keep back some of the chief bills, and sit all the summer, examining into the late Administration. Accordingly, yesterday, in a most full House, Lord Limerick,* (who last year seconded the famous motion,†) moved for a Committee to examine into the conduct of the last twenty years, and was seconded by Sir John St. Aubin.‡ In short, (for I have not time to tell you the debate at length,)

* William Hamilton, Lord Viscount Limerick. (According to the peerages, Lord Limerick's Christian name was *James* and not *William*.—D.)

† For removing Sir Robert Walpole.

‡ Sir John St. Aubyn, of Clowance in Cornwall, third Baronet of that family.—D.

we divided between eight and nine, when there was not a man of our party that did not expect to lose it, by at least fifteen or twenty; but, to our great amazement, and their as great confusion, we threw out the motion by a majority of 244 against 242. Was there ever a more surprising event? a disgraced Minister, by his personal interest, to have a majority to defend him even from inquiry! What was ridiculous, the very man who seconded the motion, happened to be shut out at the division; but there was one on our side shut out too.

I don't know what violent step they will take next; it must be by surprise, for when they could not carry this, it will be impossible for them to carry anything more personal. We trust that the danger is now past, though they had a great meeting to-day at Doddington's, and threaten still. He was to have made the motion, but was deterred by the treatment he met last week. Sir John Norris* was not present; he has resigned all his employments, in a pique for not being named of the new Admiralty. His old Grace of Somerset† is reconciled to his son Lord Hertford, on his late affair of having the regiment taken from him: he sent for him, and told him, he had behaved like his son.

My dearest child, I have this moment received a most unexpected and most melancholy letter from you, with an account of your fever and new operation. I did not in the least dream of your

* An Admiral—for many years a Lord of the Admiralty.—D.

† Charles, commonly called "the proud Duke of Somerset." An absurd, vain, pompous man, who appears to have been also most harsh and unfeeling to those who depended on him.—D.

having any more trouble from that disorder! are you never to be delivered from it? Your letter has shocked me extremely; and then I am terrified at the Spaniards passing so near Florence. If they should, as I fear they will, stay there, how inconvenient and terrible it would be for you, now you are ill! You tell me, and my good Mr. Chute tells me, that you are out of all danger, and much better; but to what can I trust, when you have these continual relapses! The vast time that passes between your writing and my receiving your letters, makes me flatter myself, that by now you are out of all pain: but I am miserable, with finding that you may be still subject to new torture! not all your courage, which is amazing, can give me any about you. But how can you write to me? I will not suffer it—and now, good Mr. Chute, will write for you. I am so angry at your writing immediately after that dreadful operation, though I see your goodness in it, that I will not say a word more to you. All the rest is to Mr. Chute.

What shall I say to you, my dearest Sir, for all your tenderness to poor Mr. Mann and me? as you have so much friendship for him, you may conceive how much I am obliged to you. How much do I regret not having had more opportunities of showing you my esteem and love, before this new attention to Mr. Mann. You do flatter me, and tell me he is recovering—may I trust you? and don't you say it, only to comfort me?—Say a great deal for me to Mr. Whithed; he is excessively good to me; I don't know how to thank him. I am happy that you are so well yourself,

and so constant to your fasting. To reward your virtues, I will tell you all the news I know; not much, but very extraordinary. What would be the most extraordinary event that you think could happen? Would not—next to his becoming a real patriot—the Duke of Argyll's resigning, be the most unexpected? would anything be more surprising than his immediately resigning power and profit, after having felt the want of them? Be that as it will, he literally, actually resigned all his new commissions yesterday, because the King refused to employ the Tories. What part he will act next, is yet to come. Mrs. Boothby said, upon the occasion, "That in one month's time he had contrived to please the whole nation — the Tories, by going to Court; the Whigs, by leaving it."

They talk much of impeaching my father, since they could not committee him; but as they could not, I think they will scarce be able to carry a more violent step. However, to show how little Tory resentments are feared, the King has named a new Admiralty; Lord Winchilsea, Admiral Cavendish, Mr. Cockburn, Dr. Lee, Lord Baltimore, young Trevor,* (which is much disliked, for he is of no consequence for estate, and less for parts, but is a relation of the Pelhams,) and Lord Archibald Hamilton†—to please his Royal Highness.

* The Hon. John Trevor, second son of Thomas, first Lord Trevor. He succeeded his elder brother Thomas, as third Lord Trevor, in 1744.—D.

† Lord Archibald Hamilton was the seventh and youngest son of Anne Duchess of Hamilton, in her own right, and of William

Some of his people (*not* the Lytteltons and Pitts,) stayed away the other night upon the Secret Committee, and they think he will at last rather take his father's part, than Argyll's.

Poor Mr. Pultney has lost his girl; she was an only daughter, and sensible and handsome. He has only a son left, and, they say, is afflicted to the greatest degree.

I will say nothing about old Sarah's Memoirs, for with some spirit, they are nothing but remnants of old women's frippery. Good night! I recommend my poor Mr. Mann to you, and am

Yours, most faithfully.

P. S. My dearest child, how unhappy I shall be, till I hear you are quite recovered!

LETTER XXVI.

Monday, March 22.

[Great part of this letter is lost.]

* * * I have at last received a letter from you in answer to the first I wrote to you upon the change in the Ministry. I hope you have received mine regularly since, that you may know all the consequent steps. I like the Pasquinades you sent me, and think the Emperor's* letter as mean as you do. I hope his state will grow more abject

Earl of Selkirk, her husband, created by Charles II. Duke of Hamilton, for life. Lord Archibald married Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of James Earl of Abercorn, and by her had three sons; of whom the youngest was Sir William Hamilton, so long the British Envoy at the Court of Naples.—D.

Charles VII. the Emperor of the Bavarian family.—D.

every day. It is amazing, the progress and success of the Queen of Hungary's arms! It is said to-day that she has defeated a great body of Prussians in Moravia. We are going to extend a helping hand to her at last. Lord Stair* has accepted what my Lord Argyll resigned, and sets out Ambassador to Holland in two days; and afterwards will have the command of the troops, that are to be sent into Flanders. I am sorry I must send away this to-night, without being able to tell you the event of to-morrow; but I will let you know it on Thursday, if I write but two lines. You have no notion how I laughed at Mrs. Goldsworthy's† *talking from hand to mouth.* How happy I am that you have Mr. Chute still with you; you would have been distracted else with that simple woman; for fools prey upon one, when one has no companion to laugh them off.

I shall say every thing that is proper for you to the Earl, and shall take care about expressing you to him, as I know you have your gratitude far more at heart, than what I am thinking of for you, I mean your stay at Florence. I have spoken very warmly to Lord Lincoln about you, who, I am sure, will serve you to his power. Indeed, as all changes are at a stop, I am convinced there will be no thought of removing you. However, till I see the situation of next winter, I cannot be easy on your account.

I have made a few purchases at Lord Oxford's sale; a small Vandyke, in imitation of Teniers;

* John Dalrymple, second Earl of Stair, a man much distinguished both as a general and a diplomatist. He died in 1747.—D.

† An expression of Mr. Chute.

an old picture of the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, and her young husband; a sweet bronze vase by Fiamingo, and two or three other trifles. The things sold dear; the antiquities and pictures for about five thousand pounds, which yet, no doubt, cost him much more, for he gave the most extravagant prices. His coins and medals are now selling, and go still dearer. Good night! How I wish for every letter, to hear how you mend!

LETTER XXVII.

March 24, 1742.

I PROMISED you in my last letter to send you the event of yesterday. It was not such as you would wish, for on the division, at nine o'clock at night, we lost it by 242 against 245. We had three people shut out, so that a majority of three is so small that it is scarce doubted, but that, on Friday, when we ballot for the twenty-one to form the committee, we shall carry a list composed of our people, so that then it will be better that we lost it yesterday, as they never can trouble my Lord Orford more, when the Secret Committee consists of his own friends. The motion was made and seconded by the same people as before: Mr. Pultney had been desired, but refused, yet spoke very warmly for it. He declared, "that if they found any proofs against the Earl, he would not engage in the prosecution;" and especially protested against *resumptions of grants to his family*, of which, he said, "there had been much talk,

but were what he would never come into, as being very illegal and unjust." The motion was quite personal against Lord Orford, singly and by name, for his last ten years — the former question had been for twenty years, but as the rules of Parliament do not allow of repeating any individual motion in the same session of its rejection, and as every evasion is allowed in this country, half the term was voted by the same House of Commons that had refused an inquiry into the whole; a sort of proof that every *omne majus* does not *continere in se minus*—but Houses of Commons can find out evasions to logical axioms, as well as to their own orders. If they carry their list, my Lord will be obliged to return from Houghton.

After the division, Mr. Pultney* moved for an address to the King, to declare their resolution of standing by him, especially in assisting the Queen of Hungary — but I believe, after the loss of the question, he will not be in very good humour with this address.

I am now going to tell you what you will not have expected — that a particular friend of yours opposed the motion, and it was the first time he ever spoke. To keep you not in suspense, though you must have guessed, it was 220.† As the speech was very favourably heard, and has done him service, I prevailed with him to give me a copy—here it is:

* This was much mentioned in the pamphlets written against the war, which was said to have been determined *by a gentleman's fumbling in his pocket for a piece of paper at ten o'clock at night*, and the House's agreeing to the motion without any consideration.

† The Author of these letters.

"Mr. Speaker,*—I have always thought, Sir, that incapacity and inexperience must prejudice the cause they undertake to defend; and it has been diffidence of myself, not distrust of the cause, that has hitherto made me so silent upon a point, on which I ought to have appeared so zealous.

"While the attempts for this inquiry were made in general terms, I should have thought it presumption in me to stand up and defend measures, in which so many abler men have been engaged, and which, consequently, they could so much better support; but when the attack grows more personal, it grows my duty to oppose it more particularly, lest I be suspected of an ingratitude which my heart disdains. But I think, Sir, I cannot be suspected of that, unless my not having abilities to defend my father can be construed into a desire not to defend him.

"My experience, Sir, is very small; I have never been conversant in business and politics, and have sat a very short time in this house—with so slight a fund, I must much mistrust my power to serve him—especially as in the short time I have sat here, I have seen that not his own knowledge, innocence, and eloquence, have been able to protect him against a powerful and determined party. I have seen, since his retirement, that he has many great and noble friends, who have been able to protect him from farther violence. But, Sir, when no repulses can calm the clamour against him, no

* There is a fictitious speech printed for this in several Magazines of that time, but which does not contain one sentence of the true one.

motives should sway his friends from openly undertaking his defence. When the King has conferred rewards on his services; when the Parliament has refused its assent to any inquiries of complaint against him; it is but maintaining the King's and our own honour, to reject this motion —for the repeating which, however, I cannot think the authors to blame, as I suppose now they have turned him out, they are willing to inquire, whether they had any reason to do so.

"I shall say no more, Sir, but leave the material part of this defence to the impartiality, candour and credit of men who are no ways dependent on him. He has already found that defence, Sir, and I hope he always will! It is to their authority I trust—and to me, it is the strongest proof of innocence, that for twenty years together, no crime could be solemnly alleged against him; and since his dismission, he has seen a majority rise up to defend his character in that very House of Commons, in which a majority had overturned his power. As, therefore, Sir, I must think him innocent, I stand up to protect him from injustice—had he been accused, I should not have given the House this trouble: but I think, Sir, that the precedent of what was done upon this question a few days ago, is a sufficient reason, if I had no other, for me to give my negative now."

William Pitt, some time after, in the debate, said, how very commendable it was in him to have made the above speech, which must have made an impression upon the House; but if it was becoming in him to remember that he was the child of

the accused, that the House ought to remember too that they are the children of their country. It was a great compliment from him, and very artful too.

I forgot to tell you in my last, that one of our men-of-war, commanded by Lord Bamffe,* a Scotchman, has taken another register ship, of immense value.

You will laugh at a comical thing that happened the other day to Lord Lincoln. He sent the Duke of Richmond word that he would dine with him in the country, and if he would give him leave, would bring Lord Bury with him. It happens that Lord Bury† is nothing less than the Duke of Richmond's nephew. The Duke, very properly, sent him word back, that Lord Bury might bring him if he pleased.

I have been plagued all this morning with that oaf of unlicked antiquity, Prideaux,‡ and his great boy. He talked through all Italy, and every thing in all Italy. Upon mentioning Stosch, I asked if he had seen his collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company;

* Alexander Ogilvy, sixth Lord Banff, commanded the Hastings man-of-war in 1742-1743, and captured, during that time, a valuable outward-bound Spanish register-ship, a Spanish privateer of 20 guns, a French polacca with a rich cargo, and other vessels. He died at Lisbon in November, 46, at the early age of 28.—D.

† George Lord Bury, afterwards third Earl of Albemarle. His mother was Lady Anne Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond.—D.

‡ Grandson of Dean Prideaux; he was just returned out of Italy, with his son.

that he never heard so much *heathenish talk* in his days. I inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, *that the soul was only a little glue.* I laughed so much, that he walked off; I suppose, thinking that I believed so too. By the way, tell Stosch that a gold *Alectus* sold at Lord Oxford's sale for above threescore pounds.

Good night, my dear child. I am just going to the Ridotto; one hates those places, comes away out of humour, and yet one goes again! How are you? I long for your next letter to answer me.

LETTER XXVIII.

Downing-Street, April 1, 1742.

I RECEIVED your letter of March 18th, and would be as particular in the other dates which you have sent me in the end of your letter, but our affairs having been in such confusion, I have removed all my papers in general from hence, and cannot now examine them. I have, I think, received all yours; but lately I received them two days at least after their arrival, and evidently opened; so we must be cautious now what we write. Remember this, for of your last the seal had been quite taken off and set on again.

Last Friday we balloted for the Secret Committee. Except the vacancies, there were but thirty-one members absent: five hundred and eighteen gave in lists. At six that evening they named a Committee, of which Lord Hartington was chair-

man, (as having moved for it,) to examine the lists. This lasted from that time, all that night, till four in the afternoon of the next day; twenty-two hours without remission. There were sixteen people, of which were Lord Hartington and Coke, who sat up the whole time, and one of them, Velters Cornwall,† fainted with the fatigue and heat, for people of all sorts were admitted into the room, to see the lists drawn; it was in the Speaker's chambers. On the conclusion, they found the majority was for a mixed list, but of which the Opposition had the greater number. Here are the two lists, which were given out by each side, but of which people altered several in their private lists.

THE COURT LIST.	THE OPPOSITION LIST.
William Bowles.	Sir John Barnard.
*Lord Cornbury.[1]	Alexander Hume Campbell.[6]
*William Finch.[2]	Sir John Cotton.
Lord Fitzwilliam.	George Bubb Doddington.[7]
Sir Charles Gilmour.	Nicholas Fazakerley.
*Charles Gore.	Henry Furnese.
H. Arthur Herbert.[3]	Earl of Granard.
Sir Henry Liddel.[4]	Mr. Hooper.[8]
John Plumptree.[5]	Lord Limerick.[9]

[1] Son of the Earl of Clarendon.

[2] Afterwards Vice-Chamberlain.

[3] Afterwards Earl of Powis.

[4] Afterwards Lord Ravensworth.

[5] He had a place in the Ordnance.

[6] Afterwards Solicitor to the Prince.

[7] Had been a Lord of the Treasury.

[8] Had a place on the change of the Ministry. (He was a Hampshire gentleman, and Member of Parliament for Christchurch.—D.)

[9] Afterwards King's Remembrancer.

† Velters Cornwall, Esq. of Moccas Court, in Herefordshire, and Member of Parliament for that County.—D.

THE COURT LIST.	THE OPPOSITION LIST.
Sir John Ramsden.	George Lyttelton.[4]
Strange, Solicitor-General.	John Phillips.[5]
Cholmley Turnor.	William Pitt.[6]
John Talbot.[1]	Mr. Prowse.
General Wade.[2]	Edmund Waller.[7]
James West.[3]	Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn.

Besides the following six, which were in both lists:

*George Compton	. 515	These six, on casting up the
*William Noel[8]	. 512	numbers, had those marked
*Lord Quarendon[9]	. 512	against their names, and were
*Sir John Rushout[10]	. 516	consequently chosen. — Those
*Samuel Sandys[11]	. 516	with this mark (*) were reck-
*Sir John St. Aubin	. 518	oned of the Opposition.

On casting up the numbers, the lists proved thus:

*Sir John Barnard	268	*Mr. Prowse	259
*Nicholas Fazakerley[12]	262	*Edmund Waller	259
*Henry Furnese	262	William Bowles	259
*Earl of Granard	259	*Lord Cornbury	262
*Mr. Hooper	265	Solicitor-General	259
*William Pitt	259	Cholmley Turnor	259

This made eighteen: Mr. Finch, Sir Harry Liddel, and Mr. Talbot, had 258 each, and Hume

[1] Son of the late Lord Chancellor, and afterwards a Judge.

[2] Afterwards Field-Marshal.

[3] Afterwards Secretary of the Treasury.

[4] Afterwards Cofferer.

[5] Afterwards a Lord of Trade, and Baronet.

[6] Afterwards Paymaster.

[7] Afterwards Cofferer.

[8] Afterwards a Judge.

[9] Afterwards Earl of Lichfield.

[10] Afterwards Treasurer of the Navy.

[11] Afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, then Cofferer, and then a Baron.

[12] Nicholas Fazakerley, Esq. Walpole calls him "a tiresome Jacobite lawyer." He, however, appears to have been a speaker of some weight in the House of Commons, and distinguished himself by his opposition to Lord Hardwicke's mischievous marriage bill in the year 1753.—D.

Campbell 257, besides one, in which his name was mis-written, but allowed; out of these four, two were to be chosen: it was agreed that the Speaker was to choose them. He, with a resolution, not supposed to be in him, as he has been the most notorious affecter of popularity, named Sir Harry Liddel and Mr. Talbot; so that, on the whole, we have just five that we can call our own. These will not be sufficient to stop their proceedings; but by being privy, may stop any iniquitous proceedings. They have chosen Lord Limerick chairman. Lord Orford returns to-morrow from Houghton to Chelsea, from whence my uncle went in a great fright to fetch him.

I was yesterday presented to the Prince and Princess; but had not the honour of a word from either: he did vouchsafe to talk to Lord Walpole the day before.

Yesterday the Lord Mayor brought in their favourite bill for repealing the Septennial Act, but we rejected it by 284 to 204.

You shall have particular accounts of the Secret Committee and their proceedings; but it will be at least a month before they can make any progress. You did not say anything about yourself in your last; never omit it, my dear child.

LETTER XXIX.

London, April 8, 1742.

You have no notion how astonished I was, at reading your account of Sir Francis Dashwood!

That it should be possible for private and personal pique so to sour any man's temper and honour, and so utterly to change their principles. I own I am for your naming him in your next despatch: they may at least intercept his letters, and prevent his dirty intelligence. As to Lady Walpole,* her schemes are so wild and so ill-founded, that I don't think it worth while to take notice of them. I possibly may mention this new one of changing her name, to her husband, and of her coming-over design, but I am sure he will only laugh at it.

The ill-situation of the King, which you say is so much talked of at the Petraia,† is not true; indeed he and the Prince are not at all more reconciled for being reconciled; but I think his resolution has borne him out. All the public questions are easily carried, even with the concurrence of the Tories. Mr. Pultney proposed to grant a large sum for assisting the Queen of Hungary, and got Sir John Barnard to move it. They have given the King five hundred thousand pounds for that purpose. The Land tax of four shillings in

* Margaret Rolle, a great Devonshire heiress, the wife of Robert Lord Walpole, afterwards second Earl of Orford, the eldest son of the Minister. She was separated from her husband, and had quarrelled violently with his whole family. She resided principally at Florence, where she died in 1781; having married secondly, after the death of Lord Orford, the Hon. Sewallis Shirley. She was a woman of bad character, as well as half mad; which last quality she communicated to her unfortunate son George, third Earl of Orford. She succeeded in her own right to the Baronies of Clinton and Say, upon the death, in 1751, of Hugh Earl and Baron Clinton.—D.

† The Petraia is a villa belonging to the Great Duke, where Prince Craon resided in summer.

the pound is continued. Lord Stair is gone to Holland, and orders are given to the regiments and guards, to have their camp equipages ready. As to the Spanish war and Vernon, there is no more talk of them; one would think they had both been taken by a privateer.

We talk of adjourning soon for a month or six weeks, to give the Secret Committee time to proceed, which yet they have not done. Their object is returned from Houghton in great health and greater spirits. They are extremely angry with him for laughing at their power. The concourse to him is as great as ever; so is the rage against him. All this week the mob has been carrying about his effigies in procession, and to the Tower. The chiefs of the Opposition have been so mean as to give these mobs money for bonfires, particularly the Earls of Litchfield, Westmorland, Denbigh,* and Stanhope:† the servants of these last got one of these figures, chalked out a place for the heart, and shot at it. You will laugh at me, who, the other day, meeting one of these mobs, drove up to it to see what was the matter: the first thing I beheld was a mawkin, in a chair, with three footmen, and a label on the breast, inscribed *Lady Mary*.‡

The Speaker, who has been much abused for

* William Feilding fifth Earl of Denbigh, died 1755.—D.

† Philip second Earl Stanhope, eldest son of the general and statesman, who founded this branch of the Stanhope family. Earl Philip was a man of retired habits, and much devoted to scientific pursuits. He died in 1786.—D.

‡ Lady Mary Walpole, daughter of Sir R. W.

naming two of our friends to the Secret Committee, to show his disinterestedness, has resigned his place of Treasurer of the Navy. Mr. Clutterbuck,* one of the late Treasury, is to have it; so there seems a stop put to any new persons from the Opposition.

His Royal Highness is gone to Kew; his drawing-rooms will not be so crowded at his return, as he has disobliged so many considerable people, particularly the Dukes of Montagu† and Richmond, Lord Albemarle,‡ &c. The Richmond went twice, and yet was not spoken to; nor the

* This Mr. Clutterbuck had been raised by Lord Carteret, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whom he betrayed to Sir R. Walpole; the latter employed him, but never would trust him. He then ingratiated himself with Mr. Pelham, under a pretence of candour and integrity, and was continually infusing scruples into him on political questions, to distress Sir R. On the latter's quitting the Ministry, he appointed a Board of Treasury at his own house, in order to sign some grants; Mr. Clutterbuck made a pretence to slip away, and never returned. He was a friend too of the Speaker's: when Sir R. W. was told that Mr. Onslow had resigned his place, and that Mr. Clutterbuck was to succeed him, he said, "I remember that the Duke of Roxburgh, who was a great pretender to conscience, persuaded the Duke of Montrose to resign the seals of Secretary of State, on some scruple, and begged them himself the next day." Mr. Clutterbuck died very soon after this transaction.

† John second and last Duke of Montagu, of the first creation. He was a man of some talent, and great eccentricity. Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, his mother-in-law, used to say of him, —"My son-in-law Montagu is fifty, and he is still as mere a boy, as if he was only fifteen."—D.

‡ William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle. An amiable prodigal, who filled various great offices, through the favour of Lady Yarmouth, and died insolvent.

others; nay, he has vented his princely resentment even upon the women, for to Lady Hervey not a word.

This is all the news, except that little Brook* is on the point of matrimony with Miss Hamilton, Lady Archibald's daughter. She is excessively pretty and sensible, but as diminutive as he.

I forgot to tell you, that the place-bill has met with the same fate from the Lords, as the pension-bill, and the triennial act; so that, after all their clamour and changing of measures, they have not been able to get one of their popular bills passed, though the newspapers, for these three months, have swarmed with instructions for these purposes from the constituents of all parts of Great Britain, to their representatives.

We go into mourning on Sunday, for the old Empress Amelia.† Lord Chedworth,‡ one of three new peers, is dead. We hear the King of Sardinia is at Piacenza, to open the campaign. I shall be in continual fears, lest they disturb you at Florence. My love to the Chutes, and my compliments to all my old acquaintance. I don't think I have forgot one of them. Patapan is entirely yours, and entirely handsome. Good night.

* Francis Greville Lord Brooke, created an Earl in 1746.

† Widow of the Emperor Joseph. She was of the house of Wolfenbuttel.

‡ John Howe, created a Baron, 1741.

LETTER XXX.

April 15, 1742.

THE great pleasure I receive from your letters, is a little abated, by my continually finding that they have been opened. It is a mortification, as it must restrain the freedom of our correspondence; and at a time when more than ever I must want to talk to you.

Your brother showed me a letter, which I approve extremely, yet do not think this a proper time for it; for there is not only no present prospect of any further alterations; but if there were, none that will give that person any interest. He really has lost himself so much, that it will be long before he can recover credit enough to do anybody any service. His childish and troublesome behaviour, particularly lately, (but I will not mention instances, because I would not have it known whom I mean) has set him in the lowest light imaginable. I have desired your brother to keep your letter, and when we see a necessary or convenient opportunity, which I hope will not arrive, it shall be delivered. However, if you are still of that opinion, say so, and your brother shall carry it. At present, my dear child, I am much more at repose about you, as I trust no more will happen to endanger your situation. I shall not only give you the first notice, but employ all the means in my power to prevent your removal.

The Secret Committee, it seems, are almost aground, and, it is thought, will soon finish. They are now reduced, as I hear, to inquire into

the last month, not having met with any foundation for proceeding in the rest of the time. However, they have this week given a strong instance of their arbitrariness and private resentments. They sent for Paxton,* the Solicitor of the Treasury, and examined him about five hundred pounds, which he had given seven years ago at Lord Limerick's election. The man, as it directly tended to accuse himself, refused to answer. They complained to the House, and after a long debate he was committed to the Serjeant-at-arms; and to-day, I hear, for still refusing, will be sent to Newgate. We adjourn to-day for ten days, but the Committee has leave to continue sitting. But, my dear child, you may be quite at ease, for they themselves seem to despair of being able to effect anything.

The Duke is of age to-day, and, I hear by the guns, is just gone with the King to take his seat in the Lords.

I have this morning received the jar of cedrati safe, for which I give you a million of thanks. I am impatient to hear of the arrival of your secretary and the things at Florence; it is time for you to have received them.

Here! Amorevoli has sent me another letter. Would you believe that our wise Directors for next year will not keep the Visconti, and have sent for the Fumagalli? She will not be heard to the first row of the pit.

I am growing miserable, for it is growing fine

* Commemorated in a line of Pope,—

"'Tis all a libel, Paxton, Sir, will say."—D.

weather—that is, everybody is going out of town. I have but just begun to like London, and to be settled in an agreeable set of people, and now they are going to wander all over the kingdom. Because they have some chance of having a month of good weather, they will bury themselves three more in bad.

The Duchess of Cleveland* died last night of what they call a milliary fever, which is much about: she had not been ill two days. So the poor creature, her Duke, is again to be let: she paid dear for the hopes of being Duchess Dowager. Lady Catherine Pelham† has miscarried of twins; but they are so miserable with the loss of their former two boys, that they seem glad now of not having any more to tremble for.

There is a man who has by degrees bred himself up to walk upon stilts so high, that he now stalks about and peeps into the one pair of stairs windows. If this practice should spread, dining-rooms will be as innocent as chapels. Good night! I never forget my best loves to the Chutes.

P. S. I this moment hear that Edgcumbe‡ and Lord Fitzwilliam are created English peers: I am sure the first is, and I believe the second.

* Lady Henrietta Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchelsea, wife of William Duke of Cleveland.

† Catherine, sister of John Manners, Duke of Rutland, and wife of Henry Pelham. They lost their two sons by an epidemic sore-throat, after which she would never go to Esher, or any house where she had seen them.

‡ Richard Edgcumbe, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a great friend of Sir R. Walpole, was created a Baron, to prevent his being examined by the Secret Committee concerning the management of the Cornish boroughs.

LETTER XXXI.

London, April 22, 1742.

You perceive, by the size of my paper, how little I have to say. The whole town is out of town for Easter, and nothing left but dust, old women, and the Secret Committee. They go on warmly, and have turned their whole thoughts to the secret-service money, after which they are inquiring by all methods. Sir John Rawdon* (you remember that genius in Italy) voluntarily swore before them, that at the late election at Wallingford he spent two thousand pounds, and that one Morley promised him fifteen hundred more if he would lay it out. "Whence was Morley to have it?" "*I don't know;* I believe from the First Minister." This makes an evidence. It is thought that they will ask leave to examine members, which was the reason of Edgcumbe's going into the peerage, as they supposed he had been the principal agent for the Cornish boroughs. Sir John Cotton said upon the occasion, "Between Newgate† and the House of Lords, the Committee will not get any information."

The troops for Flanders go on board Saturday

* He was afterwards made an Irish Lord, (Lord Rawdon in 1750, and Earl of Moira in 1761. His first two wives were the daughters of the Earl of Egmont and Viscount Hillsborough. His third wife, by whom he was the father of the late Lord Hastings, was the daughter, and eventually the heiress, of Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon.—D.)

† Alluding to Paxton, who was sent thither for refusing to give evidence.

se'nnight, the first embarkation of five thousand men: the whole number is to be sixteen thousand. It is not yet known what success Earl Stair has had at the Hague. We are in great joy upon the news of the King of Prussia's running away from the Austrians:* though his cowardice is well established, it is yet believed that the flight in question was determined by his head, not his heart—in short, that it was treachery to his allies.

I forgot to tell you, that of the Secret Committee Sir John Rushout and Cholmley Turnor never go to it, nor, which is more extraordinary, Sir John Barnard. He says, he thought their views were more general, but, finding them so particular against one man, he will not engage with them.

I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh-garden; they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little alehouses; it is in rivalry to Vauxhall, and costs above twelve thousand pounds. The building is not finished, but they get great sums by people going to see it, and breakfasting in the house: there were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at eighteen pence a-piece. You see how poor we are, when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale.

* This must allude to the King of Prussia's abandonment of his design to penetrate through Austria to Vienna, which he gave up in consequence of the lukewarmness of his Saxon, and the absence of his French Allies. It is curious now, when the mist of contemporary prejudices has passed away, to hear Frederick the Great accused of cowardice.—D.

We have a new opera, with your favourite song, *Se cerca, se dice:** Monticelli sings it beyond what you can conceive. Your last was of April 8th. I like the medal of the Cæsars and Nihils† extremely; but don't at all like the cracking of your house,‡ except that it drives away your Pettegola.§ What I like much worse, is your recovering your strength so slowly; but I trust to the warm weather.

Miss Granville, daughter of the late Lord Lansdown,‖ is named maid of honour, in the room of Miss Hamilton, who, I told you, is to be Lady Brook: they are both so small! what little eggs they will lay!

How does my Princess!¶ does not she deign to visit you too? Is Sade† there still? Is Madame Suares quite gone into devotion yet? Tell me anything, I love anything that you write to me. Good night!

* In the Olimpiade.

† A satirical medal: on one side was the head of Francis Duke of Lorrain (afterwards Emperor), with this motto, *aut Cæsar aut nihil;* on the reverse, that of the Emperor Charles VII. Elector of Bavaria, who had been driven out of his dominions, *et Cæsar et nihil.*

‡ Sir H. Mann had mentioned, in one of his letters, the appearance of several cracks in the walls of his house at Florence. Mrs. Goldsworthy, the wife of the English consul, had taken refuge in it when driven from Leghorn by an earthquake.—D.

§ Mrs. Goldsworthy.

‖ George Granville Lord Lansdown, Pope's "Granville the polite," one of Queen Anne's twelve peers, and one of the minor poets of that time. He died in 1734, without male issue, and his honours extinguished.—D.

¶ Princess Craon. † The Chevalier de Sade.

LETTER XXXII.

London, April 29.

By yours of April 17, N. S. and some of your last letters, I find my Lady Walpole is more mad than ever—why, there never was so wild a scheme as this of setting up an interest through Lord Chesterfield! one who has no power; and if he had, would think of, or serve her, one of the last persons upon earth. What connexion has he with, what interest could he have in obliging her? and, but from views, what has he ever done, or will he ever do? But is Richcourt* so shallow, and so ambitious, as to put any trust in these projects? My dear child, believe me, if I was to mention them here, they would sound so chimerical, so womanish, that I should be laughed at for repeating them. For yourself, be quite at rest, and laugh as I do, at feeble visionary malice, and assure yourself, whoever mentions such politics to you, that my Lady Walpole must have very frippery intelligence from hence, if she can raise no better views, and on no better foundations. For the poem you mention, I never read it: upon inquiry, I find there was such a thing, though now quite obsolete: undoubtedly not Pope's, and only proves what I said before, how low, how paltry, how uninformed, her Ladyship's correspondents must be.

We are now all military! all preparations for

* Count Richcourt was a Lorrainer, and Chief Minister of Florence; there was great connexion between him and Lady W.

Flanders! no parties but reviews; no officers but *hope* they are to go abroad — at least, it is the fashion to say so. I am studying lists of regiments and names of colonels — not that *I hope I am to go abroad*, but to talk of those who do. Three thousand men embarked yesterday and the day before, and the thirteen thousand others sail as soon as the transports can return. Messieurs d'Allemagne* roll their red eyes, stroke up their great beavers and look fierce — you know one loves a review and a tattoo.

We had a debate yesterday in the House on a proposal for replacing four thousand men of some that are to be sent abroad, that in short we might have fifteen thousand men to guard the kingdom. This was strongly opposed by the Tories, but we carried it in the Committee, 214 against 123, and to-day, in the House, 280 against 169. Sir John Barnard, Pultney, the new Ministry, all the Prince's people, *except the Cobham-cousins*,† the Lord Mayor, several of the Opposition voted with us; so you must interpret *Tories* in the strongest sense of the word.

The Secret Committee has desired leave to-day, to examine three members, Burrel, Bristow, and Hanbury Williams:‡ the two first are directors

* The Royal Family.

† Pitts, Grenvilles, Lytteltons, all related by marriage, or female descent, to Lord Cobham.—D.

‡ Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a devoted follower of Sir Robert Walpole. His various satirical poems against the enemies and successors of that Minister are well known, and must ever be admired for their ease, their spirit, and the wit and humour of their sarcasm. It was said at the time, that Sir

of the Bank; and it is upon an agreement made with them, and at which Williams was present, about remitting some money to Jamaica, and in which they pretend Sir Robert made a bad bargain to oblige them as members of Parliament. They all three stood up, and voluntarily offered to be examined; so no vote passed upon it.

These are all the political news: there is little of any other sort: so little gallantry is stirring, that I do not hear of so much as one maid of honour who has declared herself with child by any officer, to engage him not to go abroad. I told you once or twice that Miss Hamilton is going to be married to Lord Brook: somebody wished Lord Archibald joy. He replied, "Providence has been very good to my family."

We had a great scuffle the other night at the Opera, which interrupted it. Lord Lincoln was abused in the most shocking manner by a drunken officer, upon which he kicked him, and was drawing his sword, but was prevented. They were put under arrest, and the next morning the man begged his pardon before the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Albemarle, and other officers, in the most submissive terms. I saw the quarrel from the other side of the house, and rushing to get to Lord Lincoln, could not for the crowd. I climbed into the front-boxes, and stepping over the shoulders of three ladies, before I knew where

Charles's poetry had done more in three months to lower and discredit those it was written against, than the Craftsman and other abusive papers had been able to effect against Sir Robert in a long series of years.—D.

I was, found I had lighted into Lord Rockingham's* lap—it was ridiculous! Good night!

LETTER XXXIII.

Downing Street, May 6, 1742.

I HAVE received a long letter from you of the 22nd of April. It amazes me! that our friends of Florence should not prove our friends!† Is it possible? I have always talked of their cordiality, because I was convinced they could have no shadow of interest in their professions:—of that indeed I am convinced still—but how could they fancy they had? There is the wonder! If they wanted common honesty, they seem to have wanted common sense more. What hope of connexion could there ever be between the English Ministry and the Florentine nobility? The latter have no views *of* being, or knowledge *for* being envoys, &c. They are too poor and proud to think of trading with us; too abject, to hope for the restoration of their liberty from us—and indeed, however we may affection our own, we have shown no regard for their liberty—they have had no reason ever to expect that from us! In short, to me it is mystery! But how could you not tell

* Lewis Watson second Earl of Rockingham, died December 1745.—D.

† This alludes to an account given by Sir Horace Mann in one of his letters, of the change he had observed in the manner of many of the Florentines towards himself, since Sir Robert Walpole's retirement from office, upon the supposition entertained by them that he was intimately connected with the fallen minister.—D.

me some particulars? Have I so little interested myself with Florence, that you should think I can be satisfied without knowing the least particulars? I must know names. Who are these wretches that I am to scratch out of my list? I shall give them a black blot the moment I know who have behaved ill to you. Is Casa Ferroni of the number? I suspect it—that was of your first attachments. Are the Prince and Princess dirty? the Suares? tell me, tell me. Indeed, my dear Mr. Chute, I am not of your opinion, that he should shut himself up and despise them; let him go abroad and despise them! Must he mope, because the Florentines are like the rest of the world? But that is not true, for the world in England have not declared themselves so suddenly. It has not been the fashion to desert the Earl and his friends: he has had more concourse, more professions, and has still, than in the height of his power. So your neighbours have been too hasty; they are new style, at least, eleven days before us. Tell them, tell Richcourt, tell his Cleopatra,* that all their hopes are vanished, all their faith in Secret Committees—the reconciliation is made, and whatever reports their Secretships may produce, there will be at least above a hundred votes added to our party. Their triumph has been but in hope, and their hope has failed in two months.

As to your embroil with Richcourt, I condemn you excessively: not that you was originally in fault, but by seeming to own yourself so. He is

* Lady Walpole.—D.

an impertinent fellow, and will be so, if you let him. My dear child, act with the spirit of your friends here; show we have lost no credit, by losing power; and that a little Italian Minister must not dare to insult you. Publish the accounts I send you, which I give you my honour are authentic; if they are not, let Cytheris, your Antony's travelling concubine, contradict them.

You tell me the St. Quintin is arrived at Genoa; I see by the prints of to-day that it is got to Leghorn: I am extremely glad, for I feared for it, for the poor boy and for the things. Tell me how you like your Secretary. I shall be quite happy, if I have placed one with you that you like.

I laughed much at the family of cats I am to receive; I believe they will be extremely welcome to Lord Islay now, for he appears little, lives more darkly and more like a wizard than ever: these huge cats will figure prodigiously in his cell: he is of the mysterious dingy nature of Stosch.

As words is what I have not rhetoric to find out to thank you, for sending me this paragraph of Madame Goldsworthy, I can only tell you, that I laughed for an hour at it. This was one of my Lady Pomfret's correspondents.

There seems to be a little stop in our embarkations: since the first, they have discovered that the horse must not go till all the hay is provided. Three thousand men will make a fine figure towards supporting the balance of power! our whole number was to be but sixteen: and if all these

cannot be assembled before the end of July, what will be said of it?

The Secret Committee go on very pitifully: they are now inquiring about some Custom-house officers that were turned out at Weymouth, for voting wrong at elections. Don't you think these articles will prove to the world what they have been saying of Sir Robert for these twenty years? The House still sits in observance to them, which is pleasant to me, for it keeps people in town. We have operas too, but they are almost over, and if it were not for a daily east wind, they would give way to Vauxhall and Chelsea. The new Directors have agreed with the Fumagalli, for next year; but she is to be second woman; they keep the Visconti. Did I never mention the Bettina, the first dancer? It seems she was kept by a Neapolitan Prince, who is extremely jealous of her coming hither: about a fortnight ago, she fell ill, upon which her Neapolitan footman made off immediately. She dances again, but is very weak, and thinks herself poisoned.

Adieu! my dear child; tell me you are well, easy and in spirits: kiss the Chutes for me, and believe me, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

London, May 13, 1742.

As I am obliged to put my letter into the Secretary's office by nine o'clock, and it now don't want a quarter of it, I can say but three words,

and must defer till next post answering your long letter by the courier. I am this moment come from the House, where we have had the first part of the Report from the Secret Committee. It is pretty long, but unfortunately for them, there is not once to be found in it the name of the Earl of Orford: there is a good deal about Mr. Paxton and the borough of Wendover; and it appears that in eleven years Mr. Paxton has received ninety-four thousand pounds unaccounted for: now, if Lady Richcourt can make anything of all this, you have freely my leave to communicate it to her. Pursuant to this Report, and Mr. Paxton's contumacy, they moved for leave to bring in a bill to indemnify all persons who should accuse themselves of any crime, provided they do but accuse Lord Orford, and they have carried it by 251 to 228! but it is so absurd a bill, that there is not the least likelihood of its passing the Lords. By this bill, whoever is guilty of murder, treason, forgery, &c. have nothing to do but to add perjury, and swear Lord Orford knew of it, and they may plead their pardon. Tell Lady Richcourt this. Lord Orford knew of her gallantries: she may plead her pardon. Good night! I have not a moment to lose.

LETTER XXXV.

May 20, 1742.

I SENT you a sketch last post of the division on the Indemnity-bill. As they carried the question

for its being brought in, they brought it in on a Saturday; but were prevailed on to defer the second reading till Tuesday. Then we had a long debate till eight at night, when they carried it, 228 against 217, only eleven majority: before they had had twenty-three. They immediately went into the Committee on it, and reported it that night. Yesterday it came to the last reading; but the House, having sat so late the night before, was not so full, and they carried it, 216 to 184. But to-day it comes into the Lords, where they do not in the least expect to succeed; yet, to show their spirit, they have appointed a great dinner at the Fountain* to-morrow, to consider on methods for supporting the honour of the Commons, as they call it, against the Lords. So now all prospect of quiet seems to vanish! The noise this bill makes is incredible, it is so unprecedented, so violent a step! Every thing is inflamed by Pultney, who governs both parties, only, I think, to exasperate both more. Three of our own people of the Committee, the Solicitor,† Talbot, and Bowles, vote against us in the Indemnity-bill, and the two latter have even spoke against us. Sir Robert said, at the beginning, when he was congratulated on having some of his own friends in the Committee, "The moment they are appointed, they will grow so jealous of the honour of the Committee, that

* A great tavern in the Strand, where the most numerous meetings of the Opposition were generally held.

† John Strange, Esq. made Solicitor-General in 1736. In November 1742 he was succeeded by Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield.—D.

they will prefer that to every other consideration."*

Our foreign news are as bad as our domestic: there seem little hopes of the Dutch coming into our measures; there are even letters, that mention strongly their resolution of not stirring—so we have Quixoted away sixteen thousand men! On Saturday we had accounts of the Austrians having cut off two thousand Prussians, in a retreat; but on Sunday came news of the great victory† which the latter have gained, killing six, and taking two thousand Austrians prisoners, and that Prince Charles is retired to Vienna wounded. This will but too much confirm the Dutch in their apprehensions of Prussia.

As to the long letter you wrote me, in answer to a very particular one of mine, I cannot explain myself, till I find a safer conveyance than the post, by which, I perceive, all our letters are opened. I can only tell you, that in most things you guessed right; and that as to myself‡ all is quiet.

* Voltaire has since made the same kind of observation in his Life of Louis XIV. Art. of Calvinism: *Les hommes se piquent toujours de remplir un devoir qui les distingue.*

† The battle of Chotusitz, or Czaslau, gained by the King of Prussia over the very superior forces of the Austrians. This victory occasioned peace between the contending powers, and the cession of Silesia to the Prussian monarch.—D.

‡ This relates to some differences between Mr. Walpole and his father, to which the former had alluded in one of his letters. They never suited one another either in habits, tastes, or opinions; in addition to which, Sir Robert appears to have been rather a harsh father to his youngest son. If such was the case, the latter nobly revenged himself, by his earnest solicitude through life for the honour of his parent's memory.—D.

I am in great concern, for you seem not satisfied with the boy we sent you. Your brother entirely agreed with me, that he was what you seemed to describe; and as to his being on the foot of a servant, I give you my honour I repeated it over and over to his mother. I suppose her folly was afraid of shocking him. As to Italian, she assured me he had been learning it some time. If he does not answer your purpose, let me know if you can dispose of him any other way, and I will try to accommodate you better. Your brother has this moment been here, but there was no letter for me, at least, none that they will deliver yet.

I know not in the least how to advise Mr. Jackson.* I do not think Mr. Pelham the proper person to apply to, for the Duke of Newcastle is as jealous of him as of anybody.† Don't say this to him. For Lord Hervey, though Mr. Jackson has interest there, I would not advise him to try it, for both hate him. The application to the Duke of Newcastle, by the most direct means, I should think the best, or by any one that can be serviceable to the Government.

You will laugh at an odd accident that happened the other day to my uncle:‡ they put him into the papers for Earl of Sheffield: there have been little disputes between the two Houses about

* He had been Consul at Genoa.

† Sir Robert Walpole used to say of the Duke of Newcastle, "He has a foolish head and a perfidious heart. His name is perfidy."—D.

‡ Horace Walpole the elder.—D.

coming into each other's House; when a Lord comes into the Commons, they call out *withdraw:* that day, the moment my uncle came in, they all roared out, *withdraw! withdraw!*

The great Mr. Nugent has been unfortunate too in Parliament; besides being very ill-heard, from being a very indifferent speaker: the other day on the Place-bill, (which, by the way, we have new modelled and softened, and to which the Lords have submitted to agree to humour Pultney;) he rose, and said, "He would not vote, as he was not determined in his opinion; but he would offer his sentiments; which were, particularly, that the Bishops had been the cause of this bill being thrown out before." Winnington called him to order, desiring he would be tender of the Church of England. You know he was a papist. In answer to the beginning of his speech, Velters Cornwall, who is of the same side, said, "He wondered that when that gentleman could not convince himself by his eloquence, he should expect to convince the majority."

Did I tell you that Lord Rochford* has at last married Miss Young?† I say, at last, for they don't pretend to have been married this twelvemonth; but were publicly married last week.—Adieu!

* William Henry Zulestein Nassau, fourth Earl of Rochford. He filled many diplomatic situations, and was also at different times, Groom of the Stole and Secretary of State. He died in 1781.—D.

† Daughter of Edward Young, Esq. She had been Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales.

LETTER XXXVI.

Downing-Street, May 26, 1742.

To-day calls itself May the 26th, as you perceive by the date, but I am writing to you by the fire-side, instead of going to Vauxhall. If we have one warm day in seven, *we bless our stars and think it luxury.* And yet we have as much waterworks and fresco diversions, as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. Two nights ago Ranelagh gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a-week there are to be Ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better, for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. Our operas are almost over; there were but three-and-forty people last night in the pit and boxes. There is a little simple farce at Drury-Lane, called *Miss Lucy in Town*, in which Mrs. Clive * mimics the Muscovita ad-

* Catherine Clive, an excellent actress in low comedy. Churchill says of her in the Rosciad,

"In spite of outward blemishes, she shone,
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the Critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod;

mirably, and Beard, Amorevoli, intolerably. But all the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's-fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says, he is superior to Betterton. Now I talk of players, tell Mr. Chute, that his friend Bracegirdle breakfasted with me this morning. As she went out, and wanted her clogs, she turned to me, and said, "I remember at the playhouse, they used to call Mrs. Oldfield's chair! Mrs. Barry's clogs! and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens!" I did, indeed, design the letter of this post for Mr. Chute; but I have received two such charming long ones from you of the 15th and 20th of May, (N. S.) that I must answer them, and beg him to excuse me till another post; so must the Prince,* Princess, the Grifona,† and Countess Galli. For the Princess's letter, I am not sure I shall answer it so soon, for hitherto I have not been able to read above every third word; however, you may thank her as much as if I understood it all. I am very happy that *mes bagatelles* (for I still insist they

> Original in spirit and in ease,
> She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
> No comic actress ever yet could raise
> On humour's base, more merit, or more praise."

In after life she lived at Twickenham, in the house now called little Strawberry Hill, and became an intimate friend of Horace Walpole.—D.

* Prince Craon.

† The Signora Elisabetta Capponi Grifoni, a great beauty.

were so,) pleased. You, my dear child, are very good to be pleased with the snuff-box. I am much obliged to the superior *lumières* of old Sarasin * about the Indian ink; if she meant the black, I am sorry to say I had it into the bargain with the rest of the Japan: for the coloured, it is only a curiosity, because it has seldom been brought over. I remember Sir Hans Sloane was the first who ever had any of it, and would on no account give my mother the least morsel of it. She afterwards got a good deal of it from China; and since that, more has come over; but it is even less valuable than the other, for we never could tell how to use it; however, let it make its figure.

I am sure you hate me all this time, for chatting about so many trifles, and telling you no politics. I own to you, I am so wearied, so worn with them, that I scarce know how to turn my hand to them; but you shall know all I know. I told you of the meeting at the Fountain tavern: Pultney had promised to be there, but was not; nor Carteret.† As the Lords had put off the debate on the Indemnity-bill, nothing material passed; but the meeting was very Jacobite. Yesterday the bill came on, and Lord Carteret took the lead against it, and about seven in the evening it was flung out

* Madame Sarasin, a Lorrain lady, companion to Princess Craon.

† John Lord Carteret, afterwards, on the death of his mother, Earl of Granville; a statesman of shining abilities, which his rashness, his intemperance, and his want of consistency of character, prevented him from making useful either to himself or to his country.—D.

by almost two to one, 92 to 47, and 17 proxies to 10. To-day we had a motion by the new Lord Hillsborough,* (for the father is just dead,) and seconded by Lord Barrington,† to examine the Lords' votes, to see what was become of the bill: this is the form. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, and all the new ministry, were with us against it; but they carried it 164 to 159. It is to be reported to-morrow, and as we have notice, we may possibly throw it out; else they will hurry on to a breach with the Lords. Pultney was not in the House; he was riding the other day, and met the King's coach; endeavouring to turn out of the way, his horse started, flung him, and fell upon him: he is much bruised; but not at all dangerously. On this occasion, there was an epigram fixed to a list, which I will explain to you afterwards: it is not known who wrote it, but it was addressed to him:

> Thy horse does things by halves, like thee:
> Thou, with irresolution,
> Hurt'st friend and foe, thyself and me,
> The King and Constitution.

The list I meant: you must know, some time ago, before the change, they had moved for a com-

* Wills Hill, the second Lord Hillsborough, afterwards created an Irish Earl, and Cofferer of the Household. (In the reign of George III. he was created Earl of Hillsborough, in England, and finally Marquis of Downshire, in Ireland; and held the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies.—D.)

† William Wildman, Viscount Barrington, made a Lord of the Admiralty on the coalition, and Master of the great Wardrobe, in 1754. (He afterwards held the offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Secretary at War, and Treasurer of the Navy, and died February 1st, 1793.—D.)

mittee to examine, and state the public accounts: it was passed. Finding how little success they had with their Secret Committee, they have set this on foot, and we were to ballot for seven Commissioners, who are to have a thousand a-year. We ballotted yesterday: on our list were Sir Richard Corbet,* Charles Hamilton,† (Lady Archibald's brother,) Sir William Middleton,‡ Mr. West, Mr. Fonnereau, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Ellis.§ On their's, Mr. Bance, George Grenville, Mr. Hooper, Sir Charles Mordaunt,‖ Mr. Phillips, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Stuart. On casting up the numbers, the four first on ours, and the three first on their list, appeared to have the majority: so no great harm will come from this, should it pass the Lords, which it is not likely to do. I

* Sir Richard Corbett, of Leighton, in Montgomeryshire, the fourth Baronet of the family. Member of Parliament for Shrewsbury. Died in 1774.—D.

† The Hon. Charles Hamilton, sixth son of James, sixth Earl of Abercorn. Member of Parliament for Truro. Comptroller of the Green Cloth to the Prince of Wales, and subsequently Receiver-General of the Island of Minorca. Died 1787.—D.

‡ Sir William Middleton, Bart. of Belsay castle, Northumberland, the third Baronet of the family. Member of Parliament for Northumberland. Died 1767.—D.

§ Welbore Ellis, Member of Parliament for above half a century; during which period he held the different offices of a Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary at War, Treasurer of the Navy, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and Secretary of State. He was created Lord Mendip in 1794, with remainder to his nephew Viscount Clifden, and died at his house in Hanover-Square, February 2, 1802, at the age of 88.—D.

‖ Sir Charles Mordaunt, of Massingham, in Norfolk, the sixth Baronet of the family. Member of Parliament for the County of Warwick. Died 1778.—D.

have now told you, I think, all the political news, except that the troops continue going to Flanders, though we hear no good news yet from Holland.

If we can prevent any dispute between the two Houses, it is believed and much hoped by the Court, that the Secret Committee will desire to be dissolved: if it does, there is an end of all this tempest!

I must tell you an ingenuity of Lord Raymond,* an epitaph on the Indemnifying Bill—I believe you would guess the author:

> Interr'd beneath this marble stone doth lie
> The Bill of Indemnity;
> To show the good for which it was design'd,
> It died itself to save mankind.

My Lady Townshend made me laugh the other night about your old acquaintance, Miss Edwin; who, by the way, is grown almost a Methodist. My Lady says she was forced to have an issue made on one side of her head, for her eyes, and that Kent† advised her to have another on the other side for symmetry.

* Robert the second Lord Raymond, son of the Lord Chief Justice.

† William Kent, of whom Walpole himself drew the following just character. "He was a painter, an architect, and the father of modern gardening. In the first character he was below mediocrity; in the second, he was a restorer of the science; in the last, an original, and the inventer of an art that realizes painting, and improves nature. Mahomet imagined an elysium, Kent created many."—The misfortune of Kent was, that his fame and popularity in his own age were so great, that he was employed to give designs for all things, even for those which he could know nothing about—such as ladies' birthday dresses, which he decorated with the five orders of architecture. These absurdities drew upon him the satire of Hogarth.—D.

There has lately been published one of the most impudent things that ever was printed; it is called *The Irish Register*, and is a list of all the unmarried women of any fashion in England, ranked in order, duchesses-dowager, ladies, widows, misses, &c. with their names at length, for the benefit of Irish fortune-hunters, or, as it is said, for the incorporating and manufacturing of British commodities. Miss Edwards* is the only one printed with a dash, because they have placed her among the widows. I will send you this, Miss Lucy in Town, and the Magazines, by the first opportunity, as I should the other things, but your brother tells me you have had them by another hand. I received the cedrati, for which I have already thanked you: but I have been so much thanked by several people to whom I gave some, that I can very well afford to thank you again.

As to Stosch expecting any present from me, he was so extremely well paid for all I had of him, that I do not think myself at all in his debt, however, you was very good to offer to pay him.

As to my Lady Walpole, I shall say nothing now, as I have not seen either of the two persons since I received your letter, to whom I design to mention her; only that I am extremely sorry to find you still disturbed at any of the little nonsense of that cabal. I hoped that the accounts which I have sent you, and which, except in my last letter, must have been very satisfactory, would have

* Miss Edwards, an unmarried lady of great fortune, who openly kept Lord Anne Hamilton.

served you as an antidote to their legends; and I think the great victory in the House of Lords, and which, I assure you, is here reckoned prodigious, will raise your spirits against them. I am happy you have taken that step about Sir Francis Dashwood: the credit it must have given you with the King, will more than counterbalance any little hurt you might apprehend from the cabal.

I am in no hurry for any of my things; as we shall be moving from hence as soon as Sir Robert has taken another house, I shall not want them till I am more settled.

Adieu! I hope to tell you soon that we are all at peace, and then I trust you will be so! A thousand loves to the Chutes. How I long to see you all!

P. S. I unseal my letter to tell you what a vast and probably final victory we have gained to-day. They moved, that the Lords flinging out the Bill of Indemnity, was an obstruction of justice, and might prove fatal to the liberties of this country. We have sat till this moment, seven o'clock, and have rejected this motion by 245 to 193. The call of the House, which they have kept off from fortnight to fortnight, to keep people in town, was appointed for to-day. The moment the division was over, Sir John Cotton rose and said, "As I think the inquiry is at an end, you may do what you will with the call." We have put it off for two months. There's a noble postcript!

LETTER XXXVII.

London, June 3, 1742.

I HAVE sent Mr. Chute all the news; I shall only say to you, that I have read your last letter about Lady W. to Sir R. He was not at all surprised at her thoughts of England, but told me that last week my Lord Carteret had sent him a letter which she had written to him, to demand his protection. This you may tell publicly; it will show her Ladyship's credit.

Here is an epigram, which I believe will divert you; it is on Lord Islay's garden upon Hounslow Heath.

Old Islay, to show his fine delicate taste*
In improving his garden purloin'd from the waste,
Bade his Gard'ner one day to open his views,
By cutting a couple of grand Avenues:
No particular prospect his Lordship intended,
But left it to chance how his walks should be ended.

With transport and joy he beheld his first view end
In a favourite prospect—a Church that was ruin'd—
But alas! what a sight did the next cut exhibit!
At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet!
He beheld it and wept, for it caus'd him to muse on
Full many a Campbell, that died with his shoes on.
All amazed and aghast at the ominous scene,
He order'd it quick to be closed up again
With a clump of Scotch firs, that serv'd for a *Screen*.

Sir Robert asked me, yesterday, about the Dominichin, but I did not know what to answer: I said I would write to you about it. Have you

* These lines were written by Bramston, author of "The Art of Politics," and "The Man of Taste."

bought it? or did you quite put it off? I had forgot to mention it again to you. If you have it not, I am still of opinion that you should buy it for him. Adieu!

LETTER XXXVIII.

June 10, the Pretender's birthday, which, by the way, I believe he did not expect to keep at Rome this year, 1742.

SINCE I wrote you my last letter, I have received two from you of the 27th of May and 3d of June, N.S. I hope you will get my two packets; that is, one of them was addressed to Mr. Chute, and in them was all my faggot of compliments.

Is not poor Scully* vastly disappointed that we are not arrived? But really, will that mad woman never have done? does she still find credit for her extravagant histories? I carried her son† with me to Vauxhall last night: he is a most charming boy, but grows excessively like her in the face.

I don't at all foresee how I shall make out this letter: everybody is gone out of town during the Whitsuntide, and many will not return, at least not these six weeks, for so long they say it will be before the Secret Committee make their report, with which they intend to finish. We are, however, entertained with pageants every day — re-

* An Irish tailor at Florence, who let out ready-furnished apartments to travelling English. Lady W. had reported that Lord Orford was flying from England and would come thither.

† George Walpole, afterwards the third Earl of Orford.

views to gladden the heart of David,* and triumphs of Absalom! He† and his wife went in great parade, yesterday, through the city and the dust, to dine at Greenwich; they took water at the Tower, and trumpeting away to Grace Tosier's,

Like Cimon, triumph'd over land and wave.

I don't know whether it was my Lord of Bristol‡ or some one of the Saddlers'§ company, who had told him that this was the way *to steal the hearts of the people.* He is in a quarrel with Lord Falmouth.‖ There is just dead, one Hammond,¶ a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, and equerry to his Royal Highness: he had parts, and was just come into Parliament, strong of the Cobham faction, or Nepotism, as Sir Robert calls it. The White Prince desired Lord Falmouth to choose Dr. Lee, who, you know, has disobliged the party by accepting a Lordship of the Admiralty. Lord Falmouth has absolutely refused, and insists upon choosing one of his own brothers: his Highness talks loudly of opposing him. The borough is a Cornish one.

* George the Second.

† Frederic Prince of Wales.

‡ Dr. Secker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, (and eventually Archbishop of Canterbury. According to Walpole, he was bred a man-midwife.—D.)

§ The Prince was a member of the Saddlers' company.

‖ Hugh Boscawen, second Viscount Falmouth, a great dealer in boroughs. It is of him that Doddington tells the story, that he went to the minister to ask a favour, which the latter seemed unwilling to grant. Upon which Lord Falmouth said, "Remember, Sir, we are *seven!*"—D.

¶ Author of Love Elegies.

There is arrived a courier from Lord Stair, with news of Prince Lobkowitz having cut off five thousand French. We are hurrying away the rest of our troops to Flanders, and say, that we are in great spirits, and intend to be in greater when we have defeated the French too.

For my own particular, I cannot say I am well; I am afraid I have a little fever upon my spirits, or at least have *nerves*, which, you know, every body has in England. I begin the cold-bath to-morrow, and talk of going to Tunbridge, if the Parliament rises soon. Sir R. who begins to talk seriously of Houghton, has desired me to go with him thither, but that is not at all settled. Now I mention Houghton, you was in the right to miss a gallery there, but there is one actually fitting up, where the green-house was, and to be furnished with the spoils of Downing-street.

I am quite sorry you have had so much trouble with those odious cats of Malta; dear child, fling them into the Arno, if there is water enough at this season to drown them; or, I'll tell you, give them to Stosch to pay the postage he talked of. I have no ambition to make my court with them to the old wizard.

I think I have not said anything lately to you from Patapan;* he is handsomer than ever, and grows fat: his eyes are charming; they have that agreeable lustre, which the vulgar moderns call sore eyes, but the judicious ancients, golden eyes, *ocellos Patapanicos.*

* Mr. W.'s dog.

The process is begun against her Grace of Beaufort,* and articles exhibited in Doctors' Commons. Lady Townshend has had them copied, and lent them to me. There is everything proved to your heart's content, to the birth of the child, and much delectable reading.

Adieu! my dear child; you see I have eked out a letter; I hate missing a post, and yet at this dead time, I have almost been tempted to invent a murder or a robbery. But you are good, and will be persuaded that I have used my eyes and ears for your service, when, if it were not for you, I should let them lie by in a drawer from week's end to week's end. Good night!

LETTER XXXIX.

Downing-Street, June 17, 1742.

We were surprised last Tuesday with the great good news of the peace between the Queen and the King of Prussia. It was so unexpected and so welcome, that I believe he might get an act of Parliament to forbid any one thinking that he ever made a slip in integrity. Then the repeated accounts of the successes of Prince Charles and Lobkowitz over the French, have put us into the greatest spirits. Prince Charles is extremely

* Frances, daughter and heiress of the last Lord Scudamore, wife of Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, from whom she was divorced for adultery with Lord Talbot; afterwards married to Colonel Fitzroy, natural son of the Duke of Grafton.

commended for courage and conduct, and makes up a little for other flaws in the family.

It is at last settled that Lords Gower,* Cobham, and Bathurst,† are to come in. The first is to be Privy-seal, and was to have kissed hands last Friday; but Lord Hervey had carried the seal with him to Ickworth; but he must bring it back. Lord Cobham is to be Field-Marshal, and to command all the forces in England. Bathurst was to have the Gentlemen-pensioners, but Lord Essex,‡ who is now the Captain, and was to have had the Beef-eaters, will not change. Bathurst is to have the Beef-eaters; the Duke of Bolton,§ who has them, is to have the Isle of Wight, and Lord Lymington,‖ who has that, is to have — nothing.

The Secret Committee are in great perplexities

* John Leveson Gower, second Lord Gower, afterwards created an Earl.—D.

† Allen first Lord Bathurst, one of the twelve Tory Peers created by Queen Anne, in 1711. He was the friend of Pope, Congreve, Swift, Prior, and other men of letters. He lived to see his eldest son Chancellor of England, and died at the advanced age of 91, in 1775; having been created an Earl in 1772.—D.

‡ William Capel third Earl of Essex. Ambassador at the Court of Turin. He died in January 1743. "The Beef-eaters" are otherwise called "The Yeomen of the Guard."—D.

§ Charles Powlett third Duke of Bolton. His second wife was Miss Lavinia Fenton, otherwise Mrs. Beswick, the actress, who became celebrated in the character of "Polly Peachem," in the Beggar's Opera. By her the Duke had three sons born before marriage. With his first wife, the daughter and sole heiress of John Vaughan Earl of Carbery, in Ireland, he never cohabited. He died in 1754.—D.

‖ John Wallop first Viscount Lymington, afterwards created Earl of Portsmouth.

about Scrope:* he would not take the oath, but threatened the Middlesex Justices, who tendered it to him: "Gentlemen," said he, "have you any complaint against me? if you have not, don't you fear that I will prosecute you for enforcing oaths?" however, one of them began to read the oath—"I, John Scrope"—"I, John Scrope!" said he, "I did not say any such thing; but come, however, let's hear the oath;"—'do promise that I will faithfully and truly answer all such questions as shall be asked me by the Committee of Secrecy, and—' they were going on, but Scrope cried out, "Hold, hold! there is more than I can digest already." He then went before the Committee, and desired time to consider. Pitt asked him, abruptly, if he wanted a quarter of an hour? he replied, "He did not want to inform either his head or his heart, for both were satisfied what to do: but that he would ask the King's leave." He wants to fight Pitt: he is a most testy little old gentleman, and about eight years ago would have fought Alderman Perry. It was in the House, at the time of the excise: he said we should carry it: Perry said he hoped to see him hanged first. "You see me hanged, you dog, you!" said Scrope, and pulled him by the nose. The Committee have tried all ways to soften him, and have offered to let him swear to only what part he pleased, or only with regard to money given to

* John Scrope, Secretary of the Treasury. He had been in Monmouth's rebellion, when very young, and carried intelligence to Holland in woman's clothes.

Members of Parliament. Pultney himself has tried to work on him; but the old gentleman is inflexible, and answered, "That he was fourscore years old, and did not care whether he spent the few months he had to live,* in the Tower, or not; that the last thing he would do, should be to betray the King, and next to him the Earl of Orford." It remains in suspense.

The troops continue going to Flanders, but slowly enough. Lady Vane has taken a trip thither, after a cousin† of Lord Berkeley, who is as simple about her as her own husband is, and has written to Mr. Knight, at Paris, to furnish her with what money she wants. He says, she is vastly to blame, for he was trying to get her a divorce from Lord Vane, and then would have married her himself. Her adventures‡ are worthy to be bound up with those of my good sister-in-law, the German Princess, and Moll Flanders.

Whom should I meet in the Park, last night, but Ceretesi! he told me he was at a *Bagne*. I will find out his bagnio, for though I was not much acquainted with him, yet the obligations I had to Florence, make me eager to show any Florentine all the civilities in my power; though I do not love them near so well, since what you have told me of their late behaviour; notwithstanding your letter of June 20th, which I have

* He did not die till 1753.

† Henry Berkeley, killed the next year at the battle of Dettingen.

‡ Lady Vane's Memoirs, dictated by herself, were actually published afterwards in a book, called The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle; and she makes mention of Lady Orford.

just received. I perceive that *simple-hearted, good, unmeaning*, Rucellai, is of the number of the false, though you do not directly say so.

I was excessively diverted with your pompous account of the siege of Lucca, by a single Englishman. I do believe that you and the Chutes might put a certain city into as great a panic.—Adieu!

LETTER XL.

Midsummer Day, 1742.

ONE begins every letter now with an *Io Pæan!* indeed our hymns are not so tumultuous as they were some time ago, to the tune of Admiral Vernon. They say, there came an express last night, of the taking of Prague, and the destruction of some thousand French. It is really amazing, the fortune of the Queen! We expect every day the news of the King of Poland having made his peace, for it is affirmed, that the Prussian left him but sixteen days to think of it. There is nothing could stop the King of Prussia, if he should march to Dresden: how long his being at peace with that King will stop him, I look upon as very uncertain.

They say, we expect the Report from the Secret Committee, next Tuesday, and then finish. I preface all my news with *they say*, for I am not at all in the secret, and I had rather that *they say* should tell you a lie than myself. They have sunk the affair of Scrope: the Chancellor* and

* Mr. Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir John Rushout spoke in the Committee against persecuting him, for he is Secretary to the Treasury. I don't think there is so easy a language as the ministerial in the world — one learns it in a week! There are few members in town, and most of them no friends to the Committee; so that there is not the least apprehension of any violence following the Report. I dare say there is not, for my uncle, who is my political weather-glass, and whose quicksilver rises and falls with the least variation of parliamentary weather, is in great spirits, and has spoken three times in the House within this week; he had not opened his lips before, since the change. Mr. Pultney has got his warrant in his pocket for Earl of Bath, and kisses hands as soon as the Parliament rises. The promotions I mentioned to you, are not yet come to pass; but a fortnight will settle things wonderfully.

The Italian,* who I told you is here, has let me into a piece of secret history, which you never mentioned; perhaps it is not true; but he says the mighty mystery of the Count's† elopement from Florence, was occasioned by a letter from Wachtendonck,‡ which was so impertinent as to talk of satisfaction for some affront. The great Count very wisely never answered it — his life, to be sure, is of too great consequence to be trusted at the end of a rash German's sword! however, the General wrote again, and hinted at coming himself for an answer. So it happened, that when

* Ceretesi. † Count Richcourt.

‡ General Wachtendonck, Commander of the Queen of Hungary's troops at Leghorn.

he arrived, the Count was gone to the baths of Lucca—those waters were reckoned better for his health, than steel in the abstract—How oddly it happened! He just returned to Florence as the General was dead! Now was not this heroic lover worth running after? I wonder, as the Count must have known my lady's courage and genius for adventures, that he never thought of putting her into men's clothes, and sending her to answer the challenge. How pretty it would have been to have fought for one's lover! and how great the obligation, when he durst not fight for himself.

I heard the other day, that the Primate of Lorrain was dead of the small-pox: will you make my compliments of condolence? though I dare say, they are little afflicted: he was a most worthless creature, and all his wit and parts, I believe, little comforted them for his brutality and other vices.

The fine Mr. Pitt* is arrived: I dine with him to-day at Lord Lincoln's, with the Pomfrets. So now the old *partie quarrée* is complete again. The Earl is not quite cured,† and a partner in sentiments may help to open the wound again. My Lady Townshend dines with us too. She flung the broadest Wortley-eye‡ on Mr. Pitt, the other night, in the Park!

* George Pitt, of Stratfieldsea; he had been in love with Lady Charlotte Fermor, second daughter of Lord Pomfret, who was afterwards married to William Finch, Vice-Chamberlain. (Mr. Pitt was created Lord Rivers in 1776. In 1761 he was British Envoy at Turin; in 1770, Ambassador Extraordinary to Spain, and died in 1803.—D.)

† Of his love for Lady Sophia Fermor.—D.

‡ Mr. Pitt was very handsome, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had liked him extremely, when he was in Italy.

Adieu! my dear child; are you quite well? I trust the summer will perfectly re-establish you.

LETTER XLI.

Downing-Street, June 30, 1742.

It is about six o'clock, and I am come from the House, where, at last, we have had another Report from the Secret Committee. They have been disputing this week among themselves, whether this should be final or not. The new Ministry, thank them! were for finishing; but their arguments were not so persuasive as dutiful, and we are to have yet another. This lasted two hours and half in reading, though confined to the affair of Burrel and Bristow, the Weymouth election, and Secret-service money. They moved to print it, but though they had fetched most of their members from Ale and the country, they were not strong enough to divide. Velters Cornwall, whom I have mentioned to you, I believe, for odd humour, said, "he believed the somethingness of this Report would make amends for the nothingness of the last, and that he was for printing it, if it was only from believing that the King would not see it, unless it is printed." Perhaps it may be printed at the conclusion, at least it will without authority — so you will see it.

I received yours of June 24, N. S. with one from Mr. Chute, this morning, and I will now go answer it and your last. You seem still to be uneasy about my letters, and their being retarded. I

have not observed, lately, the same signs of yours being opened; and for my own, I think it may very often depend upon the packet-boat and winds.

You ask me if Pultney has lately received any new disgusts—how can one answer for a temper so hasty, so unsettled! — not that I know, unless that he finds, what he has been twenty years undoing, is not yet *undone.*

I must interrupt the thread of my answer, to tell you that I hear news came last night that the States of Holland have voted forty-seven thousand men for the assistance of the Queen,* and that it was not doubted but the States-General would imitate this resolution. This seems to be the consequence of the King of Prussia's proceedings — but how can they trust him so easily?

I am amazed that your Leghorn Ministry are so wavering; they are very old style, above eleven days out of fashion, if they any longer fear the French: my only apprehension is, lest these successes should make Richcourt more impertinent.

You have no notion how I laughed at the man that *talks nothing but Madeira.*† I told it to my Lady Pomfret, concluding it would divert her too; and forgetting that she repines when she should laugh, and reasons when she should be diverted. She asked gravely what language that was! "That Madeira being subject to an Euro-

* The Queen of Hungary, Maria Theresa.—D.

† The only daughter and heiress of the Marquis Accianoli at Florence, was married to one of the same name, who was born at Madeira.

pean Prince, to be sure they talk some European dialect!" The grave personage! It was of a piece with her saying, "that Swift would have written better, if he had never written ludicrously."

I met a friend of yours the other day at an auction, and though I knew him not the least, yet being your friend, and so like you (for, do you know, he is excessively), I had a great need to speak to him—and did. He says, "he has left off writing to you, for he never could get an answer." I said, you had never received but one from him in all the time I was with you, and that I was witness to your having answered it. He was with his mother, Lady Abercorn,* a most *frightful* gentlewoman: Mr. Winnington says, he one day overheard her and the Duchess of Devonshire† talking of *hideous ugly women!* By the way, I find I have never told you that it was Lord Paisley;‡ but that you will have perceived.

Amorevoli is gone to Dresden for the summer; our Directors are in great fear that he will serve them like Farinelli, and not return for the winter.

I am writing to you in one of the charming rooms towards the Park: it is a delightful evening, and I am willing to enjoy this sweet corner while I may, for we are soon to quit it. Mrs. Sandys came yesterday to give us warning; Lord Wil-

* Jane Plummer Countess of Abercorn, wife of James the seventh Earl.—D.

† Catherine Hoskins Duchess of Devonshire, married to the third Duke of that title.—D.

‡ James Hamilton succeeded as eighth Earl of Abercorn on the death of his father in 1743. He was created Viscount Hamilton in England in 1786, and died in 1789.—D

mington has lent it to them. Sir Robert might have had it for his own at first, but would only take it as first Lord of the Treasury.* He goes into a small house of his own in Arlington-Street, opposite to where we formerly lived. Whither I shall travel is yet uncertain: he is for my living with him; but then I shall be cooped — and besides, I never found that people loved one another the less for living asunder.

The drowsy Lord Mayor† is dead—so the newspapers say. I think he is not dead, but sleepeth. Lord Gower is laid up with the gout: this, they say, is the reason of his not having the privy seal yet.

The town has talked of nothing lately but a plot: I will tell you the circumstances. Last week the Scotch Hero‡ sent his brother§ two papers, which he said had been left at his house by an unknown hand; that he believed it was by Colonel Cecil, agent for the Pretender—though how could that be, for he had had no conversation with Colonel Cecil for these two years? He desired Lord Islay to lay them before the Ministry. One of the papers seemed a letter, though with no address or subscription, written in true genuine Stuart characters. It was to thank *Mr. Burnus* (D. of

* This is the house in Downing-Street, which is still the residence of the first Lord of the Treasury. George the First gave it to Baron Bothmar, the Hanoverian Minister, for life. On his death, George the Second offered to give it to Sir Robert Walpole, who, however, refused it, and begged of the King that it might be attached to the office of first Lord of the Treasury.—D.

† Sir Robert Godschall.

‡ The Duke of Argyll.

§ Earl of Islay.

A.) for his services, and that he hoped he would answer *the assurances* given of him. The other was to command the Jacobites, and to exhort the Patriots, to continue what they had mutually so well begun, and to say how pleased he was with their having removed *Mr. Tench.* Lord Islay showed these letters to Lord Orford, and then to the King, and told him he had showed them to my father. "You did well."—Lord Islay, "Lord Orford says one is of the Pretender's hand."—King, "He* knows it: whenever any thing of this sort comes to your hand, carry it to Walpole." This private conversation you must not repeat. A few days afterwards, the Duke wrote to his brother, "That upon recollection he thought it right to say, that he had received those letters from Lord Barrimore"† — who is as well known for General to the Chevalier, as Montemar is to the Queen of Spain—or as the Duke of A. would be to either of them. Lord Islay asked Sir R. if he was against publishing this story, which he thought was a justification both of his brother and Sir R. The latter replied, *he* could certainly have no objection to its being public—but, pray, will his

* Besides intercepted letters, Sir R. Walpole had more than once received letters from the Pretender, making him the greatest offers, which Sir R. always carried to the King, and got him to endorse, when he returned them to Sir R.

† James Barry fourth Earl of Barrymore, succeeded his half brother Lawrence in the family titles in 1699, and died in 1747. James Lord Barrymore was an adherent of the Pretender, whereas Lawrence had been so great a supporter of the revolution, that he was attainted, and his estates sequestered by James the Second's Irish Parliament, in 1689.—D.

Grace's sending these letters to the Secretaries of State justify him from *the assurances** that had been given of him? However, the Pretender's being of opinion that the dismission of *Mr. Tench* was for his service, will scarce be an argument to the new Ministry for making more noise about these papers.

I am sorry the boy is so uneasy at being on the foot of a servant. I will send for his mother, and ask her why she did not tell him the conditions to which we had agreed; at the same time, I will tell her that she may send any letters for him to me.

Adieu! my dear child; I am going to write to Mr. Chute, that is, to-morrow. I never was more diverted than with his letter.

LETTER XLII.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST, ESQ.†

While surfeited with life, each hoary knave
Grows, here, immortal, and eludes the grave,
Thy virtues immaturely met their fate,
Cramp'd in the limit of too short a date!

* The Duke of Argyll, in the latter part of his life, was often melancholy and disordered in his understanding. After this transaction, and it is supposed he had gone still farther, he could with difficulty be brought even to write his name. The marriage of his eldest daughter with the Earl of Dalkeith was deferred for some time, because the Duke could not be prevailed upon to sign the writings.

† Richard West, only son of the Lord Chancellor West, of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of Bishop Burnet, died of a consumption about the 26th year of his age, and is buried at Hatfield. He had a great genius for poetry; a fine Ode of his, on the death of Queen Caroline, is published in Dodsley's Miscellanies.

Thy mind not exercis'd so oft in vain,
In health was gentle, and compos'd in pain:
Successive trials still refin'd thy soul,
And plastic patience perfected the whole.

A friendly aspect, not suborn'd by art;
An eye, which look'd the meaning of thy heart;
A tongue, with simple truth and freedom fraught,
The faithful index of thy honest thought.

Thy pen disdain'd to seek the servile ways
Of partial censure, and more partial praise:
Through ev'ry tongue it flow'd in nervous ease,
With sense to polish, and with wit to please.

No lurking venom from thy pencil fell;
Thine was the kindest satire, living well:
The vain, the loose, the base, might blush to see
In what thou wert, what they themselves should be.

Let me not charge on Providence a crime,
Who snatch'd thee, blooming, to a better clime,
To raise those virtues to a higher sphere:
Virtues! which only could have starv'd thee here.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A LORD.

OCCASIONED BY A LATE REPORT OF A PROMOTION.*

Take a man, who by nature 's a true son of earth,
By rapine enrich'd, though a beggar by birth;
In genius the lowest, illbred and obscene;
In morals most wicked, most nasty in mien;
By none ever trusted, yet ever employ'd;
In blunders quite fertile, of merit quite void;
A scold in the Senate, abroad a buffoon,
The scorn and the jest of all courts but his own:

* The Report, mentioned in a preceding letter, that Horace Walpole, brother to Sir Robert, was created a Peer.

A slave to that wealth that ne'er made him a friend,
And proud of that cunning that ne'er gain'd an end;
A dupe in each treaty, a Swiss in each vote;
In manners and form a complete Hottentot.
Such an one could you find, of all men you 'd commend him;
But be sure let the curse of each Briton attend him.
Thus fully prepared, add the grace of the throne,
The folly of monarchs and screen of a crown—
Take a prince for his purpose, without ears or eyes,
And a long parchment roll stuff'd brim-full of lies:
These mingled together, a fiat shall pass,
And the thing be a Peer, that before was an ass.

The former copy I think you will like: it was written by one Mr. Ashton* on Mr. West, two friends of mine, whom you have heard me often mention. The other copy was printed in the Common Sense, I don't know by whom composed: the end of it is very bad, and there are great falsities in it, but some strokes are terribly like!

I have not a moment to thank the Grifona, nor to answer yours of June 17, N. S. which I have this instant read.

Yours, in great haste.

LETTER XLIII.

London, July 7, 1742.

WELL! you may bid the Secret Committee good night. The House adjourns to-day till Tuesday, and on Thursday is to be prorogued. Yesterday

* Thomas Ashton, afterwards Fellow of Eton College. (Minister of St. Botolph's, London; a preacher of Lincoln's Inn. He died in 1775.—D.)

we had a bill of Pultney's, about returning officers and regulating elections: the House was thin, and he carried it by 93 to 92. Mr. Pelham was not there, and Winnington did not vote, for the gentleman is testy still; when he saw how near he had been to losing it, he said loud enough to be heard, "I will make the gentlemen of that side feel me!" and, rising up, he said, "He was astonished, that a bill so calculated for the freedom of elections, was so near being thrown out; that there was a report on the table, which showed how necessary such a bill was, and that though we had not time this year to consider what was proper to be done in consequence of it, he hoped we should next,"—with much to the same purpose; but all the effect this notable speech had, was to frighten my uncle, and make him give two or three shrugs extraordinary to his breeches. They now say,* that Pultney will not take out the patent for his earldom, but remain in the House of Commons *in terrorem;* however, all his friends are to have places immediately, or, as the fashion of expressing it is, *they are to go to Court in the Bath coach!* †

Your relation Guise ‡ is arrived from Cartha-

* Sir R. W., to defeat Pultney's ambition, persuaded the King to insist on his going into the House of Lords: the day he carried his patent thither, he flung it upon the floor in a passion, and could scarce be prevailed on to have it passed.

† His title was to be Earl of Bath.

‡ General Guise, a very brave officer, but apt to romance; and a great connoisseur in pictures. (He bequeathed his collection of pictures, which is a very indifferent one, to Christ Church College, Oxford.—D.)

gena, madder than ever. As he was marching up to one of the forts, all his men deserted him; his Lieutenant advised him to retire; he replied, "He never had turned his back yet, and would not now," and stood all the fire. When the pelicans were flying over his head, he cried out, "What would Chloe* give for some of these to make a pelican pie!" When he is brave enough to perform such actions as are really almost incredible, what pity it is that he should for ever persist in saying things that are totally so!

Lord Annandale† is at last mad in all the forms: he has long been an out-pensioner of Bedlam college. Lord and Lady Talbot‡ are parted; he gives her three thousand pounds a-year. Is it not amazing, that in England people will not find out that they can live separate without parting? The Duke of Beaufort says, "He pities Lord Talbot to have met with two such tempers as their two wives!"

Sir Robert Rich§ is going to Flanders, to try to make up an affair for his son, who having quarrelled with a Captain Vane, as the commanding officer was trying to make it up at the head of the regiment, Rich came behind Vane, "And to show

* The Duke of Newcastle's French cook.

† George Johnstone third Marquis of Annandale, in Scotland. He was not declared a lunatic till the year 1748. Upon his death, in 1792, his titles became either extinct or dormant.—D.

‡ Mary, daughter of Adam Cardonnel, Secretary to John the great Duke of Marlborough, married to William second Lord Talbot, eldest son of the Chancellor.—D.

§ Sir Robert Rich, Bart. of Rose Hall, Suffolk, a Lieutenant-General in the army.—D.

you," said he, " that I will not make it up, take that," and gave him a box on the ear. They were immediately put in arrest; but the learned in the laws of honour say, they must fight, for no German officer will serve with Vane, till he has had satisfaction.

Mr. Harris,* who married Lady Walpole's mother, is to be one of the peace-offerings on the new altar. Bootle† is to be Chief Justice; but the Lord Chancellor would not consent to it, unless Lord Glenorchy,‡ whose daughter is married to Mr. Yorke, had a place in lieu of the Admiralty, which he has lost—he is to have Harris's. Lord Edgcumbe's, in Ireland, they say, is destined to Harry Vane,§ Pultney's toad-eater.

Monticelli lives in a manner at our house. I tell my sister that she is in love with him, and that I am glad it was not Amorevoli. Monticelli dines frequently with Sir Robert, which diverts

* This article did not prove true: Mr. Harris was not removed, nor Bootle made Chief Justice.

† Sir Thomas Bootle, Chancellor to the Prince of Wales; a dull, heavy man, and who is therefore ironically called by Sir C. H. Williams, " Bright Bootle."—D.

‡ John Campbell Lord Glenorchy, and, on his father's death, in 1752, third Earl of Breadalbane. His first wife was Lady Amabel Grey, eldest daughter and co-heir of the Duke of Kent. By her he had an only daughter, Jemima, who, upon the death of her grandfather, became Baroness Lucas of Crudwell, and Marchioness de Grey. She married Philip Yorke, eldest son of the Chancellor Hardwicke, and eventually himself the second Earl of that title.—D.

§ Harry Vane, eldest son of Gilbert second Lord Barnard, and one of the tribe who came into office upon the breaking up of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. He was created Earl of Darlington in 1753, and died in 1758.—D.

me extremely: you know how low his ideas are of music and the virtuosi; he calls them all *fiddlers*.

I have not time now to write more, for I am going to a masquerade at the Ranelagh amphitheatre: the King is fond of it, and has pressed people to go; but I don't find that it will be full. Good night! My love to the Pope for his good thing.

LETTER XLIV.

Downing-Street, July 14, 1742.

Sir Robert Brown* is displaced from being Paymaster of something, I forget what, for Sir Charles Gilmour, a friend of Lord Tweedale.† Ned Finch‡ is made Groom of the Bedchamber, which was vacant; and Will Finch§ Vice-Cham-

* Sir Robert Brown had been a merchant at Venice, and British Resident there, for which he was created a Baronet in 1732. He held the place at this time of "Paymaster of his Majesty's Works, concerning the repairs, new buildings, and well-keeping of any of his Majesty's houses of access, and others, in time of progress."—D.

† John Hay fourth Marquis of Tweeddale. He was son-in-law of Lord Carteret.—D.

‡ The Hon. Edward Finch, fifth son of Daniel sixth Earl of Winchilsea and second Earl of Nottingham, and the direct ancestor of the present Lord Winchilsea. He assumed the name of Hatton, in 1764, in consequence of inheriting the fortune of William Viscount Hatton, his mother's brother. He was employed in diplomacy, and was made Master of the Robes in 1757.—D.

§ The Hon. William Finch, second son of the sixth Earl of Winchilsea, had been Envoy in Sweden and in Holland. He continued to hold the office of Vice-Chamberlain of the House-

berlain, which was not vacant; but they have emptied it of Lord Sidney Beauclerc.* Boone is made Commissary-General in Huxley's room, and Jeffries† in Will Stuart's. All these have been kissing hands to-day, headed by the Earl of Bath. He went in to the King the other day with this long list, but was told shortly, that unless he would take up his patent and quit the House of Commons, nothing should be done—he has consented. I made some of them very angry, for when they told me who had kissed hands, I asked, if the Pretender had kissed hands too, for being King? I forgot to tell you, that Murray is to be Solicitor-General, in Sir John Strange's place, who is made Chief Justice, or some such thing.‡

I don't know who it was that said it, but it was a very good answer to one who asked why Lord

hold till his death, in 1766. These two brothers, and their elder brother Daniel, seventh Earl of Winchilsea, are the persons whom Sir Charles Hanbury Williams calls, on account of the blackness of their complexions, "The dark, funereal Finches."

* Lord Sidney Beauclerc, fifth son of the first Duke of St. Albans; a man of bad character. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams calls him "Worthless Sidney." He was notorious for hunting after the fortunes of the old and childless. Being very handsome, he had almost persuaded Lady Betty Germain, in her old age, to marry him; but she was dissuaded from it by the Duke of Dorset and her relations. He failed also in obtaining the fortune of Sir Thomas Reeve, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, whom he used to attend on the circuit, with a view of ingratiating himself with him. At length he induced Mr. Topham, of Windsor, to leave his estate to him. He died in 1744, leaving one son, Topham Beauclerc, Esq.—D.

† John Jeffries, Secretary of the Treasury.—D.

‡ Sir John Strange was made Master of the Rolls, but not till some years afterwards: he died in 1754.

Gower had not kissed hands sooner—"the Dispensation was not come from Rome."*

I am writing to you up to the ears in packing: Lord Wilmington has lent this house to Sandys, and he has given us instant warning; we are moving as fast as possible to Siberia,—Sir Robert has a house there, within a few miles of the Duke of Courland; in short, child, we are all going to Norfolk, till we can get a house ready in town: all the furniture is taken down, and lying about in confusion. I look like St. John, in the Isle of Patmos, writing revelations, and prophesying "Woe! woe! woe! the kingdom of desolation is at hand!" indeed, I have prettier animals about me, than he ever dreamt of: here is the dear Patapan, and a little Vandyke cat, with black whiskers and boots; you would swear it was of a very ancient family, in the West of England, famous for their loyalty.

I told you I was going to the masquerade at Ranelagh gardens, last week: it was miserable; there were but an hundred men, six women, and two shepherdesses. The King liked it,—and that he might not be known, they had dressed him a box with red damask! Lady Pomfret and her daughters were there, all *dressed alike, that they might not be known.* My Lady said to Lady Bel Finch,† who was dressed like a Nun, and for

* From the Pretender. Lord Gower had been, until he was made Privy Seal, one of the leading Jacobites; and was even supposed to lean to that party, after he had accepted the appointment.

† Lady Isabella Finch, third daughter of the sixth Earl of Winchilsea, first Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Ame-

coolness had cut off the nose of her mask, "Madam, you are the first Nun that ever I saw without a nose!"

As I came home last night, they told me there was a fire in Downing Street; when I came to Whitehall, I could not get to the end of the street in my chariot, for the crowd: when I got out, the first thing I heard was a man enjoying himself: "Well! if it lasts two hours longer, Sir Robert Walpole's house will be burnt to the ground!" it was a very comfortable hearing! but I found the fire was on the opposite side of the way, and at a good distance. I stood in the crowd an hour to hear their discourse: one man was relating at how many fires he had happened to be present, and did not think himself at all unlucky in passing by, just at this. What diverted me most, was a servant-maid, who was working, and carrying pails of water, with the strength of half-a-dozen troopers, and swearing the mob out of her way—the soft creature's name was *Phillis!* When I arrived at our door, I found the house full of goods, beds, women and children, and three Scotch Members of Parliament, who lodge in the row, and who had sent in a saddle, a flitch of bacon, and a bottle of ink. There was no wind, and the house was saved, with the loss of only its garret, and the furniture.

I forgot to mention the Dominichin last post,

lia. It was for her that Kent built the pretty and singular house on the western side of Berkeley Square, with a fine room in it, of which the ceiling is painted in arabesque compartments, by Zucchi;—now the residence of C. B. Wall, Esq.—D.

as I suppose I had before, for I always was for your buying it; it is one of the most engaging pictures I ever saw. I have no qualms about its originality: and even, if Sir Robert should not like it when it comes, which is impossible, I think I would live upon a flitch of bacon and a bottle of ink, rather than not spare the money to buy it myself: so, my dear Sir, buy it.

Your brother has this moment brought me a letter: I find by it, that you are very Old Style with relation to the Prussian peace. Why, we have sent Robinson* a red, and Lord Hyndford † a green ribbon, for it, above a fortnight ago. Muley (as Lord Lovel calls him,) Duke of Bedford,‡ is they say, to have a blue one, for making his own peace: you know we always mind home-peaces more than foreign ones.

I am quite sorry for all the trouble you have had about the Maltese cats; but you know they were for Lord Islay, not for myself. Adieu! I have no more time.

LETTER XLV.

You scolded me so much about my little paper, that I dare not venture upon it even now, when

* Sir Thomas Robinson, Minister at Vienna; he was made Secretary of State in 1754, (and a peer, by the title of Lord Grantham, in 1761.—D.)

† John Carmichael third Earl of Hyndford. Had been sent as Envoy to the King of Prussia, during the first war of Silesia. He was afterwards sent Ambassador to Petersburgh and Vienna, and died in 1767.—D.

‡ The Duke of Bedford had not the Garter till some years after this.

I have very little to say to you. The long session is over, and the Secret Committee already forgotten. Nobody remembers it but poor Paxton, who has lost his place* by it. I saw him the day after he came out of Newgate; he came to Chelsea:† Lord Fitzwilliam was there, and in the height of zeal, took him about the neck and kissed him. Lord Orford had been at Court that morning, and with his usual spirits, said to the new Ministers, "So! the Parliament is up, and Paxton, Bell, and I, have got our liberty!" The King spoke in the kindest manner to him at his levee, but did not call him into the closet, as the new ministry feared he would, and as, perhaps, the old ministry expected he would. The day before, when the King went to put an end to the session, Lord Quarendon asked Winnington, "Whether Bell would be let out time enough to hire a mob to huzza him as he went to the House of Lords?"

The few people that are left in town, have been much diverted with an adventure that has befallen the new Ministers. Last Sunday the Duke of Newcastle gave them a dinner at Claremont, where their servants got so drunk, that when they came to the inn over against the gate of Newpark,‡ the coachman, who was the only remaining fragment of their suite, tumbled off the box, and there they were planted. There were Lord Bath, Lord Carteret, Lord Limerick,

* Solicitor to the Treasury.

† Sir R. Walpole's house at Chelsea.—D.

‡ Lord Walpole was Ranger of Newpark. (Now called Richmond Park.—D.)

and Harry Furnese,* in the coach:† they asked the innkeeper if he could contrive no way to convey them to town: "No," he said, "not he, unless it was to get Lord Orford's coachman to drive them." They demurred; but Lord Carteret said, "Oh! I dare say, Lord Orford will willingly let us have him." So they sent, and he drove them home.

Ceretesi had a mind to see this wonderful Lord Orford, of whom he has heard so much; I carried him to dine at Chelsea. You know the Earl don't speak a word of any language but English and Latin,‡ and Ceretesi not a word of either; yet he assured me that he was very happy to have made *cosí bella conoscenza!* he whips out his pocket-book every moment, and writes descriptions in *issimo*, of every thing he sees: the grotto alone took up three pages. What volumes he will publish at his return, in *usum Serenissimi Pannoni!*§

* One of the band of incapables, who obtained power and place on the fall of Walpole. Horace Walpole in his Memoirs, calls him, "That old rag of Lord Bath's quota to an administration, the mute Harry Furnese."—D.

† This occurrence was celebrated in a ballad, which is inserted in Sir C. Hanbury Williams's works, and begins thus:

"As Caleb and Carteret, two birds of a feather,
Went down to a feast at Newcastle's together."

Lord Bath is called "Caleb," in consequence of the name of *Caleb D'Anvers* having been used in *The Craftsman*, of which he was the principal author.—D.

‡ It was very remarkable, that Lord Orford could get and keep such an ascendant with King George I., when they had no way of conversing but very imperfectly in Latin.

§ The coffee-house at Florence, where the Nobility meet.

There has lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable; a parcel of *drunken* constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against *disorderly* persons, and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six-and-twenty, all of whom they thrust into St. Martin's round-house, where they kept them all night, with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe, screamed as long as they had any breath left, begging at least for water: one poor wretch said she was worth eighteen pence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water, but in vain! So well did they keep them there, that in the morning four were found stifled to death, two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrid to think what the poor creatures suffered; several of them were beggars, who, from having no lodging, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest labouring women: one of the dead was a poor washerwoman, big with child, who was returning home late from washing. One of the constables is taken, and others absconded, but I question* if any of them will suffer death, though the greatest criminals in this town are the officers of justice; there is no tyranny they do not exercise, no villainy of which they do not partake. These same men, the same night, broke into a bagnio in Covent-Garden, and took up Jack Spencer,† Mr.

* The keeper of the round-house was tried, but acquitted of wilful murder.

† The Hon. John Spencer, second son of Charles third Earl

Stewart, and Lord George Graham,* and would have thrust them into the round-house with the poor women, if they had not been *worth more than eighteen pence!*

I have just now received yours of the 15th of July, with a married letter from both Prince and Princess:† but sure nothing ever equalled the setting out of it! She says, "The generosity of your friendship for me, Sir, leaves me nothing to desire of all that is precious in England, China, and the Indies." Do you know, after such a testimony under the hand of a Princess, that I am determined, after the laudable example of the House of Medici, to take the title of *Horace the magnificent?* I am only afraid it should be a dangerous example for my posterity, who may ruin themselves in emulating the magnificence of their ancestor. It happens comically, for the other day, in removing from Downing Street, Sir Robert found an old account-book of his father, wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter as Member of Parliament, he spent—what do you think? sixty-

of Sunderland, by Anne his wife, second daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough. He was the favourite grandson of old Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, who left him a vast fortune, having disinherited, to the utmost of her power, his eldest brother, Charles Duke of Marlborough. The condition upon which she made this bequest was, that neither he nor his heirs should take any place or pension from any government. This condition was, however, set aside. He was the ancestor of Earl Spencer. —D.

* Lord George Graham was the youngest son of the Duke of Montrose, and a captain in the navy. Died in 1747.—D.

† Prince and Princess Craon.

four pounds seven shillings and five pence. There are many articles for Nottingham ale, eighteen pences for dinners, five shillings to Bob (now Earl of Orford), and one memorandum of six shillings given in exchange to Mr. Wilkins for his wig—and yet this old man, my grandfather, had two thousand pounds a-year, Norfolk sterling — he little thought that what maintained him for a whole sessions, would scarce serve one of his younger grandsons to buy japan and fans for Princesses at Florence!

Lord Orford has been at court again to-day: Lord Carteret came up to thank him for his coachman; the Duke of Newcastle standing by: my father said, "My Lord, whenever the Duke is near overturning you, you have nothing to do but to send to me, and I will save you." The Duke said to Lord Carteret, "Do you know, my Lord, that the venison you eat that day came out of Newpark?" Lord Orford laughed and said, "Soh! you see I am made to kill the fatted calf for the return of the prodigals!" The King passed by all the new Ministry, to speak to him, and afterwards only spoke to my Lord Carteret.

Should I answer the letters from the Court of Petraia again? there will be no end of our magnificent correspondence!—but would it not be too haughty to let a Princess write last?

Oh, the cats! I can never keep them, and yet it is barbarous to send them all to Lord Islay: he will shut them up and starve them, and then bury them under the stairs with his wife.

Adieu!

LETTER XLVI.

Chelsea, July 29, 1742.

I AM quite out of humour; the whole town is melted away; you never saw such a desert. You know what Florence is in the vintage-season, at least I remember what it was: London is just as empty, nothing but half-a-dozen private gentlewomen left, who live upon the scandal that they laid up in the winter. I am going too! this day se'nnight we set out for Houghton for three months — but I scarce think that I shall allow thirty days a-piece to them. Next post I shall not be able to write to you; and when I am there, shall scarce find materials to furnish a letter above every other post. I beg, however, that you will write constantly to me; it will be my only entertainment, for I neither hunt, brew, drink, nor reap. When I return in the winter, I will make amends for this barren-season of our correspondence.

I carried Sir Robert the other night to Ranelagh for the first time — my uncle's prudence, or fear, would never let him go before. It was pretty full, and all its fullness flocked round us; we walked with a train at our heels like two chairmen going to fight—but they were extremely civil, and did not crowd him, or say the least impertinence —I think he grows popular already! The other day he got it asked, whether he should be received if he went to Carleton-House?—no, truly!—but yesterday morning Lord Baltimore* came to soften

* Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince.

it a little; that his Royal Highness did not refuse to see him, but that now the Court was out of town, and he had no drawing-room, he did not see anybody.

They have given Mrs. Pultney an admirable name, and one that is likely to stick by her — instead of Lady Bath, they call her the wife of Bath.* Don't you figure her squabbling at the gate with St. Peter for a half-penny.

Cibber has published a little pamphlet against Pope, which has a great deal of spirit, and, from some circumstances, will notably vex him: I will send it you by the first opportunity, with a new pamphlet, said to be Doddington's, called, "A Comparison of the Old and New Ministry:" it is much liked. I have not forgot your magazines, but will send them and these pamphlets together.

Adieu! I am at the end of my tell.

P. S. Lord Edgcumbe is just made Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, at which the Lord of Bath looks sour. He said, yesterday, that the King would give orders for several other considerable alterations—but he gave no orders, except for this, which was not asked by that Earl.

LETTER XLVII.

(From Houghton.)

HERE are three new ballads,† and you must take them as a plump part of a long letter. Con-

* In allusion to the old ballad.

† As these ballads have been frequently published, and lastly in the edition of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Works publish-

sider, I am in the barren land of Norfolk, where news grow as slow as anything green: and besides, I am in the house of a fallen Minister! The first song I fancy is Lord Edgcumbe's; at least he had reason to write it. The second, I do not think so good as the real story that occasioned it. The last is reckoned vastly the best, and is much admired: I cannot say I see all those beauties in it, nor am charmed with the poetry, which is cried up. I don't find that anybody knows whose it is.* Pultney is very angry, especially, as he pretends, about his wife, and says, "it is too much to abuse *ladies!*" You see, their twenty years' satires come home thick! He is gone to the Bath in great dudgeon: the day before he went, he went in to the King to ask him to turn out Mr. Hill of the Customs, for having opposed him at Heydon. "Sir," said the King, "was it not, when you was opposing me? I won't turn him out: I will part with no more of my friends." Lord Wilmington was waiting to receive orders accordingly, but the King gave him none.

We came hither last Saturday; as we passed through Grosvenor-square, we met Sir Roger Newdigate† with a vast body of Tories proceeding to

ed in 1822, it has been deemed better to omit them here. They are called, "Labour in Vain," "The Old Coachman," and "The Country Girl."—D.

* It was written by Hanbury Williams.

† Sir Roger Newdigate, the fifth baronet of the family. He was elected member for Middlesex, upon the vacancy occasioned by Pultney's being created Earl of Bath. Subsequently in his life he represented the University of Oxford in Parliament. He belonged to the Tory or Jacobite party.—D.

his election at Brentford: we might have expected some insult, but only one single fellow hissed, and was not followed. Lord Edgcumbe, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Hervey, in their way to Coke's,* and Lord Chief Justice Wills (on the circuit) are the only company here yet. My Lord invited nobody, but left it to their charity. The other night, as soon as he had gone through showing Mr. Ellis the house, "Well," said he, "here I am to enjoy it, and my Lord of Bath may ———." I forgot to tell you in confirmation of what you see in the song of the wife of Bath having shares of places, Sir Robert told me, that when formerly he got a place for her own father, she took the salary and left him only the perquisites!

It is much thought that the King will go abroad, if he can avoid leaving the Prince in his place—— Imagine all this!

I received to-day yours of July 29, and two from Mr. Chute and Madame Pucci,† which I will answer very soon: where is she now?

I delight in Mr. Villiers's‡ modesty — in one

* Holkham. — Coke was the son of Lord Lovel, afterwards Viscount Coke, when his father was created Earl of Leicester.—D.

† She was daughter of the Conte di Valvasone, of Friuli, sister of Madame Suares, and of the bedchamber to the Duchess of Modena.

‡ Thomas Villiers, a younger son of William second Earl of Jersey, at this time British Minister at the Court of Dresden; and eventually created Lord Hyde, and Earl of Clarendon. Sir H. Mann had alluded in one of his letters to a speech attributed to Mr. Villiers, in which he took great credit to himself for having induced the King of Poland to become a party to the peace of Breslau, recently concluded between the Queen of Hungary and the King of Prussia; a course of proceeding, which, in

place you had written it Villettes; I fancy on purpose, for it would do for him.

Good night, my dear child! I have written myself threadbare.—I know you will hate my campaign, but what can one do!

LETTER XLVIII.

Houghton, Aug. 20, 1742.

By the tediousness of the post, and distance of place, I am still receiving letters from you about the Secret Committee, which seems strange, for it is as much forgotten now, as if it had happened in the last reign. Thus much I must answer you about it, that it is possible to resume the inquiry upon the Report next session; but you may judge whether they will, after all the late promotions.

We are willing to believe that there are no news in town, for we hear none at all: Lord Lovel sent us word to-day, that he heard, by a messenger from the post office, that Montemar* is put under arrest. I don't tell *you* this for news, for you must know it long ago; but I expect the confirmation of it from you next post. Since we came hither I have heard no more of the King's journey to Flanders: our troops are as peaceable there as on Hounslow Heath, except some bickerings and

fact, his Polish Majesty had no alternative but to adopt. Villettes was an inferior diplomatic agent from England to some of the Italian Courts, and was at this moment Resident at the Court of Turin.—D.

* Montemar was the General of the King of Spain, who commanded the troops of that Sovereign against the Imperialists in Italy.—D.

blows about beef with butchers, and about sacraments with friars. You know the English can eat no meat, nor be civil to any God but their own.

As much as I am obliged to you for the description of your Cocchiata,* I don't like to hear of it. It is very unpleasant, instead of being at it, to be prisoner in a melancholy, barren province, which would put one in mind of the deluge, only that we have no water. Do remember exactly how your last was, for I intend that you shall give me just such another Cocchiata next summer, if it pleases the Kings and Queens of this world to let us be at peace! *For it rests that without fig-leaves*, (as my Lord Bacon says in one of his letters,) *I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge* that I like nothing so well as Italy.

I agree with you extremely about Tuscany for Prince Charles,† but I can only agree with you on paper; for as to knowing anything of it, I am sure Sir Robert himself knows nothing of it: the Duke of Newcastle and my Lord Carteret keep him in as great ignorance as possible, especially the latter; and even in other times, you know how little he ever thought on those things. Believe me, he will every day know less.

Your last, which I have been answering, was of the 5th of August; I this minute receive another

* A sort of serenade. Sir H. Mann had mentioned that he was about to give an entertainment of this kind in his garden to the society of Florence.—D.

† Prince Charles of Lorraine, younger brother of Francis, who was now Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was a General of some abilities; but it was his misfortune to be so often opposed to the superior talents of the King of Prussia.—D.

of the 12th. How I am charmed with your spirit and usage of Richcourt! *Mais ce n'est pas d'aujourdhui que je commence à les mépriser!* I am so glad that you have quitted your calm, to treat them as they deserve. You don't tell me if his opposition in the Council hindered your intercession from taking place for the *valet de chambre:* I hope not! I could not bear his thwarting you!

I am now going to write to your brother, to get you the overtures; and to desire he will send them with some pamphlets and the magazines, which I left him in commission for you, at my leaving London. I am going to send him, too, *des pleins pouvoirs*, for nominating a person to represent me at his new babe's christening.

I am sorry Mrs. Goldsworthy is coming to England, though I think it can be of no effect. Sir Charles* has no sort of interest with the new powers, and I don't think the Richmonds have enough to remove foreign ministers. However, I will consult with Sir Robert about it, and see if he thinks there is any danger for you, which I do not in the least; and whatever can be done by me, I think you know, will. Adieu!

P. S. I inclose an answer to Madame Pucci's letter. Where is she in all this Modenese desolation?

LETTER XLIX.

Houghton, August 28, 1742.

I DID receive your letter of the 12th, as I think I mentioned in my last; and to-day another of the

* Sir Charles Wager.

19th. Had I been you, instead of saying that I would have taken my Lady's* woman for my spy, I should have said, that I would hire Richcourt himself: I dare to say that one might buy the Count's own secrets of himself.

I am sorry to hear that the Impresarii have sent for the Chiaretta; I am not one of the managers; I should have remonstrated against her, for she will not do on the same stage with the Barbarina. I don't know who will be glad of her coming, but Mr. Blighe and Amorevoli.

'Tis amazing, but we hear not a syllable of Prague — taken,† it must be! — Indeed, Carthagena too, was certain of being taken! but it seems, Maillebois is to stop at Bavaria—I hope Belleisle‡ will be made prisoner? I am indifferent about the fate of the great Broglio — but Belleisle is able, and is our most determined enemy: — we need not have more, for to-day it is confirmed that Cardinal Tencin§ and Monsieur d'Argenson are declared of

* Lady Walpole. — Richcourt, the Florentine Minister, was her lover, and both, as has been seen in the former part of these letters, were enemies of Sir H. Mann.—D.

† This means *retaken* by the Imperialists from the French, who had obtained possession of it on the 25th of November 1741. The Austrian troops drove the French out of Prague, in December 1742.—D.

‡ This wish was gratified, though not in this year. Marshal Belleisle was taken prisoner in 1745, by the Hanoverian dragoons, was confined for some months in Windsor Castle, and exchanged after the battle of Fontenoy.—D.

§ A profligate ecclesiastic, who was deeply engaged in the corrupt political intrigues of the day. In these he was assisted by his sister Madame Tencin, an unprincipled woman of much ability, who had been the mistress of the still more infamous

the Prime-Ministry. The first moment they can, Tencin will be for transporting the Pretenders into England. Your advice about Naples was quite judicious: the appearance of a bomb will have great weight in the councils of the little King.

We don't talk now of any of the Royals passing into Flanders; though the Champion* this morning had an admirable quotation, on the supposition that the King would go himself: it was this line from the Rehearsal:

"Give us our fiddle; we ourselves will play."

The lesson for the day† that I sent you, I gave to Mr. Coke, who came in as I was writing it, and by his dispersing it, it has got into print, with an additional one, which I cannot say I am proud should go under my name. Since that, nothing but *lessons* are the fashion: first and second *lessons*, morning and evening *lessons*, epistles, &c. One of the Tory papers published so abusive an one last week on the new ministry, that three gentlemen called on the printer, to know how he dared to publish it. Don't you like these men, who for twenty years together led the way, and published every thing that was scandalous, that they should wonder at any body's daring to publish against them! Oh! it will come home to them! Indeed, every body's name now is published at length: last

Cardinal Dubois. Voltaire boasts in his Memoirs, of having killed the Cardinal Tencin from vexation, at a sort of political *hoax*, which he played off upon him.—D.

* The Champion was an opposition Journal, written by Fielding.

† Entitled "The Lessons for the Day, 1742." Published in Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's works, but written by Walpole.—D.

week the Champion mentioned the Earl of Orford and his *natural daughter*, Lady Mary, at length, (for which he had a great mind to prosecute the printer.) To-day, the London Evening Post says, Mr. Fane, nephew of Mr. Scrope, is made first Clerk of the Treasury, as a reward for his uncle's taciturnity before the Secret Committee. He is in the room of old Tilson, who was so tormented by that Committee, that it turned his brain, and he is dead.

I am excessively shocked at Mr. Fane's* behaviour to you; but Mr. Fane *is an honourable man!* he lets poor you pay him his salary for eighteen months, without thinking of returning it! But if he had lost that sum to Jansen,† or to any of the *honourable men* at White's, he would think his honour engaged to pay it. There is nothing, sure, so whimsical as modern honour! You may debauch a woman upon a promise of marriage, and not marry her; you may ruin your tailor's or baker's family by not paying them; you may make Mr. Mann maintain you for eighteen months, as a public minister, out of his own pocket, and still be a man of honour! But not to pay a common sharper, or not to murder a man that has trod upon your toe, is such a blot in your scutcheon, that you could never recover your honour, though

* Charles Fane, afterwards Lord Fane, had been Minister at Florence before Mr. Mann.

† A notorious gambler. He is mentioned by Pope, in the character of the young man of fashion, in the fourth canto of "The Dunciad,"

"As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit."—D.

you had in your *veins all the blood of all the Howards!*

My love to Mr. Chute; tell him, as he looks on the east front of Houghton, to tap under the two windows in the left-hand wing, up stairs, close to the colonnade—there are Patapan and I, at this instant, writing to you; there we are almost every morning, or in the library; the evenings we walk till dark; then Lady Mary, Miss Leneve, and I play at Comet; the Earl, Mrs. Leneve, and whoever is here, discourse; *car telle est notre vie!* Adieu!

LETTER L.

Houghton, Sept. 11, 1742.

I COULD not write to you last week, for I was at Woolterton,* and in a course of visits, that took up my every moment. I received one from you there, of August 26th, but have had none at all this week.

You know I am not prejudiced in favour of the country, nor like a place because it bears turnips well, or because you may gallop over it without meeting a tree; but I really was charmed with Woolterton: it is all wood and water! My uncle and aunt may, without any expense, do what they have all their lives avoided, wash themselves and make fires.† Their house is more than a good

* The seat of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir R. Walpole, near Norwich.

† This thought was afterwards put into verse, thus:

What woods, what streams around the seat!
Was ever mansion so complete?

one; if they had not saved eighteen-pence in every room, it would have been a fine one. I saw several of my acquaintance,* Volterra vases, Grisoni landscapes, the four little bronzes, the raffle-picture, &c.

We have printed about the expedition to Naples: the affair at Elba, too, is in the papers, but we affect not to believe it. We are in great apprehensions of not taking Prague—the only thing that has been taken on our side lately, I think, is my Lord Stair's journey hither and back again—we don't know for what—he is such an Orlando! The papers are full of *the most defending* King's journey to Flanders; our private letters say not a word of it—I say *our*, for at present I think the Earl's intelligences and mine are pretty equal as to authority.

Here is a little thing, which I think has humour in it.

A CATALOGUE OF NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

1. Jean-sans-terre, ou l'Empereur en pet-en-l'air; imprimé à Frankfort.

2. La France mourante d'une suppression d'hommes et d'argent: dedié au public.

3. L'art de faire les Neutralités, inventé en Allemagne, et écrit en cette langue, par Un des Electeurs, et nouvellement traduit en Napolitain; par le Chef d'Escadre Martin.

4. Voyage d'Allemagne, par Monsieur de Maupertuis; avec

* Presents from Mr. Mann to Mr. Walpole.

Here happy Pug† and Horace may,
(And yet not have a groat to pay,)
Two things they most have shunn'd, perform;—
I mean, they may be clean and warm.

† Mr. Walpole's name of fondness for his wife.

un télescope, inventé pendant son voyage ; à l'usage des Héros, pour regarder leur victoires de loin.

5. Méthode courte et facile pour faire entrer les troupes Françoises en Allemagne : — mais comment faire, pour les en faire sortir ?

6. Traité très salutaire et très utile sur la Reconnoissance envers les bienfaicteurs, par le Roy de Pologne. Folio, imprimé à Dresde.

7. L'Obligation sacrée des Traités, Promesses, et Renonciations, par le Grand Turc ; avec des Remarques retractoires, par un Jesuite.

8. Probleme ; combien il faut d'argent François pour payer le sang Suedois ; calculé par le Comte de Gyllembourg.

9. Nouvelle methode de friser les cheveux à la Françoise ; par le Colonel Mentz et sa Confrairie.

10. Recueil de Dissertations sur la meilleure manière de faire la partition des successions, par le Cardinal de Fleury ; avec des notes, historiques et politiques, par la Reyne d'Espagne.

11. Nouveau Voyage de Madrid à Antibes, par l'Infant Dom Philippe.

12. L'art de chercher les ennemis sans les trouver ; par le Marechal de Maillebois.

13. La fidélité couronnée, par le General Munich et le Comte d'Osterman.

14. Le bal de Lintz et les amusements de Donawert ; pièce pastorale en galante, en un acte, par le Grand Duc.

15. L'Art de maitriser les Femmes, par sa Majesté Catholique.

16. Avantures Bohemiennes, tragi-comiques, très curieuses, très intéressantes, et chargées d'incidents. Tom. i. ii. iii. N. B. Le dernier tome, qui fera le denouement, est sous presse.

Adieu ! my dear child ; if it was not for this secret of transcribing, what should one do in the country to make out a letter ?

LETTER LI.

Houghton, Sept. 25th, 1742.

At last, my dear child, I have got two letters from you ! I have been in strange pain, between

fear of your being ill, and apprehensions of your letters being stopped; but I have received that by Crew, and another since. But you have been ill! I am angry with Mr. Chute for not writing to let me know it. I fancied you worse than you say, or at least than you own. But I don't wonder you have fevers! such a busy politician as Villettes,* and such a blustering negotiator as *il Furibondo*,† are enough to put all your little economy of health and spirits in confusion. I agree with you, that *they don't pique themselves upon understanding sense, any more than neutralities!* The grand journey to Flanders ‡ is a little at a stand—the expense has been computed at two thousand pounds a-day! Many dozen of embroidered portmanteaus full of laurels and bays have been prepared this fortnight. The Regency has been settled and unsettled twenty times: it is now said that the weight of it is *not* to be laid on the Prince. The King is to return by his birthday; but whether he is to bring back part of French Flanders with him, or will only have time to fetch Dunkirk, is uncertain. In the mean time, Lord Carteret is gone to the Hague—by which jaunt it seems that Lord Stair's last journey was not conclusive. The converting of the siege of Prague into a blockade, makes no great figure in the journals on this side the water and question—but it is the fashion *not* to take towns that one was sure of taking! I cannot pardon the Princess

* Mr. Villettes was Minister at Turin.

† Admiral Matthews; his ships having committed some outrages on the coast of Italy, the Italians called him il Furibondo.

‡ Of George the Second.—D.

for having thought of putting off her *épuisements* and lassitudes, to take a trip to Leghorn, *pendant qu'on ne donnoit à manger à Monsieur le Prince son fils, que de la chair de chevaux!* Poor Prince Beauvau!* I shall be glad to hear he is safe from this siege. Some of the French Princes of the blood have been stealing away volunteering, but took care to be missed in time. Our Duke goes with his lord and father—they say to marry a Princess of Prussia, *whereof* great preparations have been making in his equipage and in his breeches.

Poor Prince Craon! where did De Sade get fifty sequins? When I was at Florence, you know all his clothes were in pawn to his landlord; but he redeemed them, by pawning his Modenese *bill* of credit to his landlady! I delight in the style of the neutrality-maker†—his neutralities and his English are perfectly of a piece.

You have diverted me excessively with the history of the Princess Eleonora's‡ posthumous issue —but how could the woman have spirit enough to have five children by her footman, and yet not have enough to own them. Really, a woman so much in the great world should have known better! Why, no yeoman's dowager could have

* Afterwards a Marshal of France. He was a man of some ability, and the friend and patron of St. Lambert, and of other men of letters of the time of Lewis the XVth.—D.

† Admiral Matthews.

‡ Eleonora of Guastalla, widow of the last Cardinal of Medici, died at Venice. (The father of the children was a French running footman.—D.)

acted more prudishly! It always amazes me, when I reflect on the women, who are the first to propagate scandal of one another. If they would but agree not to censure what they all agree to do, there would be no more loss of characters among them than amongst men. A woman cannot have an affair, but instantly all her sex travel about to publish it and leave her off: now, if a man cheats another of his estate at play, forges a will, or marries his ward to his own son, nobody thinks of leaving him off for such trifles.

The English parson at Stosch's, the Archbishop on the chapter of music, the Fanciulla's persisting in her mistake, and old Count Galli's distress, are all admirable stories.* But what is the meaning of Montemar's writing to the Antinora? —I thought he had left the Galla for my Illustrissima,† her sister. Lord! I am horridly tired of that romantic love and correspondence! Must I answer her last letter? there were but six lines —what can I say? I perceive, by what you mention of the cause of his disorder, that Rucellai does not turn out that simple, honest man you thought him—come, own it?

I just recollect a story, which perhaps will serve your Archbishop on his Don Pilogio‡ —the

* These are stories in a letter of Sir H. Mann's, which are neither very decent nor very amusing.—D.

† Madame Grifoni.

‡ The Archbishop of Florence had forbid the acting of a burletta called Don Pilogio, a sort of imitation of Tartuffe. When the Impresario of the Theatre remonstrated upon the expense he had been put to in preparing the music for it, the Archbishop told him he might use it for some other opera.—D.

Tartuffe was meant for the then Archbishop of Paris, who, after the first night, forbad its being acted. Moliere came forth and told the audience, "Messieurs, on devoit vous donner le Tartuffe, mais Monseigneur l'Archeveque ne veut pas *qu'on le joue.*"

My Lord is very impatient for his Dominichin; so you will send it by the first safe conveyance. He is making a gallery, for the ceiling of which I have given the design of that in the little library of St. Mark at Venice: Mr. Chute will remember how charming it was; and for the frieze, I have prevailed to have that of the temple at Tivoli. Naylor* came here the other day with two coaches full of relations: as his mother-in-law, who was one of the company, is widow of Dr. Hare, Sir Robert's old tutor at Cambridge, he made them stay to dine: when they were gone, he said, "Ha, child! what is that Mr. Naylor, Horace? he is the absurdest man I ever saw!" I subscribed to his opinion, won't you? I must tell you a story of him. When his father married this second wife, Naylor said, "Father, they say you are to be married to-day, are you?" "Well," replied the Bishop, "and what is that to you?" "Nay, nothing; only if you had told me I would have powdered my hair."

* He was son of Dr. Hare, Bishop of Chichester, and changed his name for an estate.

LETTER LII.

Houghton, Oct. 8th, 1742.

I HAVE not heard from you this fortnight; if I don't receive a letter to-morrow, I shall be quite out of humour. It is true, of late I have written to you but every other post; but then I have been in the country, in Norfolk, in Siberia! You were still at Florence, in the midst of Kings of Sardinia, Montemars, and Neapolitan neutralities; your letters are my only diversion. As to German news, it is all so simple that I am peevish: the raising of the siege of Prague,* and Prince Charles and Marechal Maillebois playing at hunt the squirrel, have disgusted me from inquiring about the war. The Earl laughs in his great chair, and sings a bit of an old ballad,

They both did fight, they both did beat, they both did run away,
They both strive again to meet the quite contrary way.

Apropos! I see in the papers that a Marquis de Beauvau escaped out of Prague with the Prince de Deuxpons and the Duc de Brissac; was it our Prince Beauvau?

* The Marshal de Maillebois and the Count de Saxe had been sent with reinforcements from France, to deliver the Marshal de Broglio and the Marshal de Belle-Isle, who, with their army, were shut up in Prague, and surrounded by the superior forces of the Queen of Hungary, commanded by Prince Charles of Lorraine.—They succeeded in facilitating the escape of the Marshal de Broglio, and of a portion of the French troops; but the Marshal de Belle-Isle continued to be blockaded in Prague with 22,000 men, till December 1742, when he made his escape to Egra.—D.

At last the mighty monarch does not go to Flanders, after making the greatest preparations that ever were made but by Harry the Eighth, and the authors of the grand Cyrus and the illustrious Bassa: you may judge by the quantity of napkins, which were to the amount of nine hundred dozen—indeed, I don't recollect that ancient heroes were ever so provident of necessaries, or thought how they were to wash their hands and face after a victory. Six hundred horses, under the care of the Duke of Richmond, were even shipped; and the clothes and furniture of his court magnificent enough for a bull-fight at the conquest of Granada. Felton Hervey's* war-horse, besides having richer caparisons than any of the expedition, had a gold net to keep off the flies—in winter! Judge of the clamours this expense to no purpose will produce! My Lord Carteret is set out from the Hague, but was not landed when the last letters came from London: there are no great expectations from this trip; no more than followed from my Lord Stair's.

I send you two more odes on Pultney,† I believe by the same hand as the former, though none are equal to the Nova Progenies, which has been more liked than almost ever anything was. It is not at all known whose they are; I believe

* Son of the Earl of Bristol, afterwards groom of the bedchamber to the Duke.

† These are "The Capuchin," and the ode beginning "Great Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er:" as they have been frequently published already, they are omitted. The "Nova Progenies" is the well-known ode beginning, "See, a new progeny descends." —D.

Hanbury Williams's. The note to the first was printed with it: the advice to him to be Privy Seal has its foundation; for when the consultation was held who were to have places, and my Lord Gower was named to succeed Lord Hervey, Pultney said with some warmth, "I designed to be Privy Seal myself!"

We expect some company next week from Newmarket: here is at present only Mr. Keene and *Pigwiggin*,* — you never saw *so agreeable a creature!* — oh yes! you have seen his parents! I must tell you a new story of them: Sir Robert had given them a little horse for Pigwiggin, and somebody had given them another; both which, to save the charge of keeping, they sent to grass in Newpark. After three years that they had not used them, my Lord Walpole let his own son ride them, while he was at the park, in the holidays. Do you know, that the woman Horace sent to Sir Robert, and made him give her five guineas for the two horses, because George had ridden them? I give you my word this is fact.

There has been a great fracas at Kensington: one of the Mesdames† pulled the chair from under Countess Deloraine‡ at cards, who, being pro-

* Eldest son of old Horace Walpole. (Afterwards the second Lord Walpole of Wolterton, and in his old age created Earl of Orford—in 1806.—D.)

† The Princesses, daughters of George II.—D.

‡ Elizabeth Fenwick, widow of Henry Scott third Earl of Deloraine. She was a favourite of George II. and lived much in his intimate society. From the ironical epithets applied to her in Lord Hervey's ballad in the subsequent letter, it would appear, that her general conduct was not considered to be very exemplary.—She died in 1794.—D.

voked that her monarch was diverted with her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse, gave him just such another fall. But alas! the Monarch, like Louis XIV. is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and so angry, that the Countess is disgraced, and her German rival* remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's favour.

Oct. 9th.

Well! I have waited till this morning, but have no letter from you; what can be the meaning of it? Sure, if you was ill, Mr. Chute would write to me! Your brother protests he never lets your letters lie at the office.

Sa Majesté Patapanique† has had a dreadful misfortune!—not lost his first Minister, nor his purse—nor had part of his camp equipage burned in the river, nor waited for his Secretary of State, who is perhaps blown to Flanders—nay, nor had his chair pulled from under him—worse! worse! quarrelling with a great pointer last night about their Countesses, he received a terrible shake by the back and a bruise on the left eye—poor dear Pat! you never saw such universal consternation! it was at supper. Sir Robert, who makes as much rout with him as I do, says, he never saw ten people show so much *real* concern! Adieu! Your's, ever and ever—but write to me.

* Lady Yarmouth. † Patapan. Mr. W.'s dog.

LETTER LIII.

Houghton, Oct. 16, 1742.

I HAVE received two letters from you since last post; I suppose the wind stopped the packet-boat.

Well! was not I in the right to persist in buying the Dominichin? don't you laugh at those wise connoisseurs, who pronounced it a copy? If it is one, where is the original? or who was that so great master that could equal Dominichin? Your brother has received the money for it, and Lord Orford is in great impatience for it; yet he begs, if you can find any opportunity, that it may be sent in a man-of-war. I must desire that the statue may be sent to Leghorn, to be shipped with it, and that you will get Campagni and Libri to transact the payment as they did for the picture, and I will pay your brother.

Villettes' important dispatches to you are as ridiculous as good Mr. Matthews's devotion. I fancy Mr. Matthews's own god* would make as foolish a figure about a monkey's neck, as a Roman Catholic one. You know Sir Francis Dashwood used to say that Lord Shrewsbury's providence was an old angry man in a blue cloak: another person that I knew, believed providence was like a mouse, because he is invisible. I dare to say Matthews believes, that providence lives upon beef and pudding, loves prize-fighting and

* Admiral Matthews's crew having disturbed some Roman Catholic ceremonies in a little island on the coast of Italy, hung a crucifix about a monkey's neck.

bull-baiting, and drinks fog to the health of Old England.

I go to London in a week, and then will send you *des* cart-loads of news: I know none now, but that we hear to-day of the arrival of Duc d'Aremberg—I suppose to return my Lord Carteret's visit. The latter was near being lost; he told the King, that being in a storm, he had thought it safest *to put into Yarmouth-roads*, at which *we* laughed, hoh! hoh! hoh!

For want of news, I live upon ballads to you; here is one that has made a vast noise, and by Lord Hervey's taking great pains to disperse it, has been thought his own—if it is,* he has taken true care to disguise the niceness of his style.

I.

O England, attend, while thy fate I deplore,
Rehearsing the schemes and the conduct of power;
And since only of those who have power I sing,
I am sure none can think that I hint at the King.

II.

From the time his son made him old Robin depose,
All the power of a King he was well-known to lose;
But of all but the name and the badges bereft,
Like old women, his paraphernalia are left.

III.

To tell how he shook in St. James's for fear,
When first these new Ministers bullied him there,
Makes my blood boil with rage, to think what a thing
They have made of a man we obey as a King.

IV.

Whom they pleas'd they put in, whom they pleas'd they put out,
And just like a top they all lash'd him about,

* It was certainly written by Lord Hervey.

Whilst he like a top with a murmuring noise,
Seem'd to grumble, but turn'd to these rude lashing boys.

V.

At last Carteret arriving, spoke thus to his grief,
" If you 'll make me your Doctor, I 'll bring you relief ;
You see to your closet familiar I come,
And seem like my wife in the circle—at home."

VI.

Quoth the King, " My good Lord, perhaps, you 've been told,
That I used to abuse you a little of old ;
But now bring whom you will, and eke turn away,
Let but me and my money, and Walmoden* stay."

VII.

" For you and Walmoden, I freely consent,
But as for your money, I must have it spent ;
I have promis'd your son, (nay, no frowns,) shall have some,
Nor think 'tis for nothing we patriots are come.

VIII.

" But, however, little King, since I find you so good,
Thus stooping below your high courage and blood,
Put yourself in my hands, and I 'll do what I can
To make you look yet like a King and a man.

IX.

" At your Admiralty and your Treasury-board,
To save one single man you shan't say a word,
For, by God ! all your rubbish from both you shall shoot,
Walpole's ciphers and Gasherry's† vassals to boot.

X.

" And to guard Princes' ears, as all Statesmen take care,
So, long as yours are—not one man shall come near ;
For of all your Court-crew we'll leave only those
Who we know never dare to say boh ! to a goose.

XI.

" So your friend booby Grafton I 'll e'en let you keep,
Awake he can't hurt, and is still half-asleep ;

* Lady Yarmouth.

† Sir Charles Wager's nephew, and Secretary to the Admiralty.

Nor ever was dangerous, but to womankind,
And his body 's as impotent now as his mind.

XII.

" There 's another Court-booby, at once hot and dull,
Your pious pimp, Schutz, a mean, Hanover tool ;
For your card-play at night he too shall remain,
With *virtuous* and *sober*, and *wise* Deloraine.*

XIII.

" And for all your Court-nobles who can't write or read,
As of such titled ciphers all courts stand in need,
Who, like parliament-Swiss, vote and fight for their pay,
They 're as good as a new set to cry yea and nay.

XIV.

" Though Newcastle 's as false, as he 's silly, I know,
By betraying old Robin to me long ago,
As well as all those who employ'd him before,
Yet I leave him in place, but I leave him no power.

XV.

" For granting his heart is as black as his hat,
With no more truth in this, than there 's sense beneath that ;
Yet, as he 's a coward, he 'll shake when I frown :
You call'd him a rascal, I 'll use him like one.

XVI.

" And since his estate at elections he 'll spend,
And beggar himself, without making a friend ;
So whilst the extravagant fool has a souse,
As his brains I can't fear, so his fortune I 'll use.

XVII.

" And as miser Hardwicke, with all courts will draw,
He too may remain, but shall stick to his law ;
For of foreign affairs, when he talks like a fool,
I 'll laugh in his face, and will cry, ' Go to school !'

XVIII.

" The Countess of Wilmington, excellent nurse,
I 'll trust with the Treasury, not with its purse ;

* Countess Dowager of Deloraine, Governess to the young Princesses.

For nothing by her I 've resolv'd shall be done,
She shall sit at that board, as you sit on the throne.

XIX.

" Perhaps now, you expect that I should begin
To tell you the men I design to bring in ;
But we 're not yet determined on all their demands ;
—And you 'll know soon enough, when they come to kiss hands.

XX.

" All that weathercock Pultney shall ask, we must grant,
For to make him a great noble nothing, I want ;
And to cheat such a man, demands all my arts,
For though he 's a fool, he 's a fool with great parts.

XXI.

" And as popular Clodius, the Pultney of Rome,
From a noble, for power did plebeian become,
So this Clodius to be a Patrician shall choose,
Till what one got by changing, the other shall lose.

XXII.

" Thus flatter'd, and courted, and gaz'd at by all,
Like Phaeton, rais'd for a day, he shall fall,
Put the world in a flame, and show he did strive
To get reins in his hand, though 'tis plain he can't drive.

XXIII.

" For your foreign affairs, howe'er they turn out,
At least I 'll take care you shall make a great rout :
Then cock your great hat, strut, bounce, and look bluff,
For though kick'd and cuff'd here, you shall there kick and cuff.

XXIV.

" That Walpole did nothing they all us'd to say,
So I 'll do enough, but I 'll make the dogs pay ;
Great fleets I 'll provide, and great armies engage,
Whate'er debts we make, or whate'er wars we wage."

XXV.

With cordials like these the Monarch's new guest
Reviv'd his sunk spirits and gladden'd his breast ;
Till in raptures he cried, " My dear Lord, you shall do
Whatever you will, give me troops to review."

XXVI.

But oh! my dear England, since this is thy state,
Who is there that loves thee but weeps at thy fate?
Since in changing thy masters, thou art just like old Rome,
Whilst Faction, Oppression, and Slavery 's thy doom!

XXVII.

For though you have made that rogue Walpole retire,
You are out of the frying-pan into the fire!
But since to the Protestant line I 'm a friend,
I tremble to think where these changes may end!

This has not been printed. You see the burthen of all the songs is the *rogue Walpole*, which he has observed himself, but I believe is content, as long as they pay off his arrears to those that began the tune. Adieu!

LETTER LIV.

Houghton, Oct. 23, 1742.

At last I see an end of my pilgrimage: the day after to-morrow I do go to London. I am affirming it to you as earnestly as if you had been doubting of it like myself; but both my brothers are here, and Sir Robert will let me go. He must follow himself soon: the Parliament meets the 16th of November, that the King may go abroad the first of March; but if all threats prove true prophecies, he will scarce enter upon heroism so soon, for we are promised a winter just like the last: new Secret Committees to be tried for, and impeachments actually put in execution. It is horrid to have a prospect of a Session like the last!

In the mean time, my Lord of Bath and Lord Hervey, who seem deserted by every body else,

are grown the greatest friends in the world at Bath; and to make a complete triumvirate, my Lord Gower is always of their party: how they must love one another, the late, the present, and the would-be Privy Seal!

Lord Hyndford has had great honours in Prussia: that King bespoke for him a service of plate to the value of three thousand pounds. He asked leave for his Majesty's arms to be put upon it: the King replied, *they should, with the arms of Silesia added to his paternal coat for ever.* I will tell you Sir Robert's remark on this. "He is rewarded thus for having obtained Silesia for the King of Prussia, which he was sent to preserve to the Queen of Hungary!" Her affairs begin to take a little better turn again; Broglio is prevented from joining Maillebois, who, they affirm, can never bring his army off, as the King of Poland is guarding all the avenues of Saxony, to prevent his passing through that country.

I wrote to you in my last to desire that the Dominichin and my statue might come by a man-of-war. Now, Sir Robert, who is impatient for his picture, would have it sent in a Dutch ship, as he says he can easily get it from Holland. If you think this conveyance quite safe, I beg my statue may bear it company.

Tell me if you are tired of ballads on my Lord Bath; if you are not, here is another admirable one,* I believe by the same hand as the others;

* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's ode, beginning "What Statesman, what Hero, what King—." It is to be found in all editions of his poems.—D.

but by the conclusion certainly ought not to be Williams's. I only send you the good odes, for the newspapers are every day full of bad ones on this famous Earl.

My compliments to the Princess; I dreamed last night that she was come to Houghton, and not at all *épuisée* with her journey. Adieu!

P. S. I must add a postscript, to mention a thing I have often designed to ask you to do for me. Since I came to England, I have been buying drawings, (the time is well chosen, when I had neglected it in Italy!) I saw at Florence two books that I should now be very glad to have, if you could get them tolerably reasonable; one was at an English painter's; I think his name was Huckford, over against your house in via Bardi; they were of Holbein: the other was of Guercino, and brought to me to see by the Abbé Bonducci; my dear child, you will oblige me much if you can get them.

LETTER LV.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 1, 1742.

I HAVE not felt so pleasantly these three months as I do at present, though I have a great cold with coming into an unaired house, and have been forced to carry that cold to the King's levee and the drawing-room. There were so many new faces that I scarce knew where I was; I should have taken it for Carlton-House, or my Lady Mayoress's visiting-day, only the people did not seem enough at home, but rather as admitted to see the King

dine in public. 'Tis quite ridiculous to see the numbers of old ladies, who, from having been wives of patriots, have not been dressed these twenty years; out they come, in all the accoutrements that were in use in Queen Anne's days. Then the joy and awkward jollity of them is inexpressible! They titter, and wherever you meet them, are always going to court, and looking at their watches an hour before the time. I met several on the birth-day, (for I did not arrive time enough to make clothes,) and they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow: they seem to have said to themselves twenty years ago, "Well, if ever I do go to Court again, I will have a pink and silver, or a blue and silver," and they keep their resolutions. But here's a letter from you, sent to me back from Houghton; I must stop to read it.—— Well, I have read it, and am diverted with Madame Grifoni's being with child; I hope she was too. I don't wonder that she hates the country; I dare to say her child does not owe its existence to the Villeggiatura. When you wrote, it seems you had not heard what a speedy determination was put to Don Philip's reign in Savoy. I suppose he will retain the title: you know great Princes are fond of titles, which prove that they are not half so great as they once were.

I find a very different face of things from what we had conceived in the country. There are, indeed, thoughts of renewing attacks on Lord Orford, and of stopping the Supplies; but the new ministry laugh at these threats, having secured a vast majority in the House: the Opposition them-

selves own that the Court will have upwards of a hundred majority: I don't, indeed, conceive how; but they are confident of carrying every thing. They talk of Lord Gower's not keeping the Privy Seal; that he will either resign it, or have it taken away: Lord Bath, who is entering into all the Court measures, is most likely to succeed him. The late Lord Privy Seal* has had a most ridiculous accident at Bath: he used to play in a little inner room; but one night some ladies had got it, and he was reduced to the public room; but being extremely absent and deep in politics, he walked through the little room to a convenience behind the curtain, from whence (still absent) he produced himself in a situation extremely diverting to the women: imagine his delicacy, and the passion he was in at their laughing!

I laughed at myself prodigiously the other day for a piece of absence; I was writing on the King's birth-day, and being disturbed with the mob in the street, I rang for the porter, and, with an air of grandeur, as if I was still at Downing Street, cried, "Pray send away those marrowbones and cleavers!" the poor fellow, with the most mortified air in the world, replied, "Sir, they are not at *our* door, but over the way at my Lord Carteret's." "Oh," said I, "then let them alone; may be, he does not dislike the noise!" I pity the poor porter, who sees all his old customers going over the way too.

Our operas begin to-morrow with a pasticcio, full of most of my favourite songs: the Fumagalli

* Lord Hervey.

has disappointed us; she had received an hundred ducats, and then wrote word that she had spent them, and was afraid of coming through the Spanish quarters; but if they would send her a hundred more, she would come next year. Villettes has been written to in the strongest manner to have her forced hither, (for she is at Turin.) I tell you this by way of key, in case you should receive a mysterious letter in cipher from him about this important business.

I have not seen Duc d'Aremberg; but I hear that all the entertainments for him are suppers, for he will *dine* at his own hour, eleven in the morning. He proposed it to the Duchess of Richmond when she invited him, but she said she did not know where to find company to dine with him at that hour.

I must advise you to be cautious how you refuse humouring our Captains* in any of their foolish schemes, for they are popular, and I should be very sorry to have them out of humour with you when they come home, lest it should give any handle to your enemies. Think of it, my dear child! The officers in Flanders, that are members of parliament, have had intimations, that if they ask leave to come on their private affairs, and drop in, not altogether, they will be very well received; this is decorum. Little Brook's little wife is a little with child. Adieu!

* The Captains of ships in the English fleet at Leghorn.

LETTER LVI.

London, Nov. 15, 1742.

I HAVE not written to you lately, expecting letters from you; at last I have received two. I still send mine through France, as I am afraid they would get to you with still more difficulty through Holland.

Our army is just now ordered to march to Mayence, at the repeated instances of the Queen of Hungary; Lord Stair goes with them, but almost all the officers that are in parliament are come over, for the troops are only to be in garrison till March, when, it is said, the King will take the field with them. This step makes a great noise, for the old remains of the Opposition are determined to persist, and have termed this a *Hanoverian* measure. They begin to-morrow, with opposing the address on the King's Speech: Pitt is to be the leading man; there are none but he and Lyttelton of the Prince's Court, who do not join with the ministry: the Prince has told them that he will follow the advice they long ago gave him, *of turning out all his people who do not vote as he would have them.*

Lord Orford is come to town, and was at the King's levee to-day; the joy the latter showed to see him was very visible: all the new ministry came and spoke to him; and he had a long, laughing conversation with my Lord Chesterfield, who is still in Opposition.

You have heard, I suppose, of the revolution in the French Court; Madame de Mailly is disgraced, and her handsome sister de la Tournelle* succeeds: the latter insisted on three conditions; first, that the Mailly should quit the palace before she entered it; next, that she should be *declared* mistress, to which post, they pretend, there is a large salary annexed, (but that is not probable,) and lastly, that she may always have her own parties at supper: the last article would very well explain what she proposes to do with her *salary*.

There are admirable instructions come up from Worcester to Sandys and Winnington: they tell the latter how little hopes they always had of him. "But for you, Mr. Sandys, who have always, &c. *you* to snatch at the first place you could get, &c." In short, they charge him, who is in the Treasury and Exchequer, not to vote for any supplies.

I write to you in a vast hurry, for I am going to the meeting at the Cock-pit, to hear the King's Speech read to the members: Mr. Pelham presides

* Afterwards created Duchess of Chateauroux. (Mary Anne de Mailly, widow of the Marquis de la Tournelle. She succeeded her sister Madame de Mailly, as mistress of Louis XV., as the latter had succeeded the other sister, Madame de Vintimille, in the same situation. Madame de Chateauroux was sent away from the Court during the illness of Louis at Metz; but on his recovery he recalled her. Shortly after which she died, December 10, 1744, and on her death-bed accused Monsieur de Maurepas, the Minister, of having poisoned her. The intrigue, by means of which she supplanted her sister, was conducted principally by the Marshal de Richelieu.—D.)

there. They talk of a majority of fourscore—we shall see to-morrow.

The Pomfrets stay in the country most part of the winter: Lord Lincoln and Mr. (George) Pitt have declared off in form.* So much for the schemes of my lady! The Duke of Grafton used to say that they put him in mind of a troop of Italian comedians; Lord Lincoln was Valere; Lady Sophia, Columbine; and my lady, the old mother behind the scenes.

Our operas go on *au plus* miserable: all our hopes lie in a new dancer, Sodi, who has performed but once, but seems to please as much as the Fausan. Did I tell you how well they had chosen the plot of the first opera? *There was a Prince who rebels against his father, who had before rebelled against his.* The Duke of Montagu says, there is to be an opera of dancing, with singing between the acts.

My Lord Tyrawley† is come from Portugal, and has brought three wives and fourteen children; one of the former is a Portuguese, with long black hair, plaited down to the bottom of her back. He was asked the other night at supper, what he thought of England; whether he found much alteration from fifteen years ago? "No," he

* An admirer of Lady Sophia Fermor.—D.

† Lord Tyrawley was many years Ambassador at Lisbon. Pope has mentioned his and another Ambassador's seraglios in one of his imitations of Horace,

"Kinnoul's lewd cargo, or Tyrawley's crew."

(James O'Hara, second and last Lord Tyrawley of that family, —D.)

said, "not at all: why, there is my Lord Bath, I don't see the least alteration in him; he is *just what he was:* and then I found my Lord Grantham* walking on tiptoe, as if he was still afraid of waking the Queen."

Hanbury Williams is very ill at Bath, and his wife in the same way in private lodgings in the city. Mr. Doddington has at last owned his match with his old mistress.† I suppose he wants a new one.

I commend your prudence about Leghorn; but, my dear child, what pain I am in about you! is it possible to be easy, while the Spaniards are at your gates! write me word every minute as your apprehensions vanish or increase. I ask every moment what people think; but how can they tell here? You say nothing of Mr. Chute; sure he is with you still! When I am in such uneasiness about you, I want you every post to mention your friends being with you: I am sure you have none so good or sensible as he is. I am vastly obliged to you for the thought of the book of shells, and shall like it much; and thank you too about my Scagliola table; but I am distressed about your expenses! Is there any way one could get your allowance increased? You know how low my interest is now: but you know too what a push I would make to be of any service to you—tell me, and adieu!

* Henry of Nassau Auverquerque, second Earl of Grantham. He had been Chamberlain to Queen Caroline. He died in 1754, when his titles extinguished.—D.

† Mrs. Beghan.

LETTER LVII.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 2, 1742.

YOU will wonder that it is above a fortnight since I wrote to you; but I have had an inflammation in one of my eyes, and durst not meddle with a pen. I have had two letters from you of November 6th and 13th, but I am in the utmost impatience for another, to hear you are quite recovered of your Trinculos and Furibondos. You tell me you was in a fever; I cannot be easy till I hear from you again. I hope this will come much too late for a medicine, but it will always serve for *sal volatile* to give you spirits. Yesterday was appointed for considering the army; but Mr. Lyttelton stood up and moved for another Secret Committee, in the very words of last year; but the whole debate ran not upon Robert Earl of Orford, but Robert Earl of Sandys:* he is the constant butt of the party; indeed he bears it notably. After five hours' haranguing, we came to a division, and threw out the motion by a majority of sixty-seven, 253 against 186. The Prince had declared so openly for union and agreement in all measures, that except the Nepotism,† all his servants but one were with us. I don't know whether they will attempt anything else; but with these majorities we must have an

* Samuel Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the room of Sir R. Walpole.

† Lord Cobham's nephews and cousins.—D.

easy winter. The union of the Whigs has saved this parliament. It is expected that Pitt and Lyttelton will be dismissed by the Prince. That faction and Waller are the only Whigs of any note that do not join with the Court. I do not count Doddington, who must now be always with the minority, for no majority will accept him. It is believed that Lord Gower will retire or be desired to do so. I suppose you have heard from Rome* that Murray is made Solicitor-General, in the room of Sir John Strange, who has resigned for his health. This is the sum of politics; we can't expect any winter (I hope no winter will be) like the last. By the crowds that come hither, one should not know that Sir Robert is out of place, only that now he is scarce abused.

De reste, the town is wondrous dull; operas unfrequented, plays not in fashion, amours as old as marriages—in short, nothing but whist! I have not yet learned to play, but I find that I wait in vain for its being left off.

I agree with you about not sending home the Dominichin in an English vessel; but what I mentioned to you of its coming in a Dutch vessel, if you find an opportunity, I think will be very safe, if you approve it; but manage that as you like. I shall hope for my statue at the same time; but till the conveyance is absolutely safe, I know you will not venture them. Now I mention my statue, I must beg you will send me a full bill of all my debts to you, which I am sure by this

* This alludes to the supposed Jacobite principles of Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield.—D.

time must be infinite; I beg to know the particulars, that I may pay your brother. Adieu, my dear Sir, take care of yourself, and submit to popery and slavery, rather than get colds with sea-heroes.*

LETTER LVIII.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 9, 1742.

I SHALL have quite a partiality for the post of Holland; it brought me two letters last week, and two more yesterday, of November 20th and 27th; but I find you have your perpetual headaches—how can you say that you shall tire me with talking of them? you may make me suffer by your pains; but I will hear and insist upon your always telling me of your health. Do you think I only correspond with you to know the posture of the Spaniards, or the *épuisements* of the Princess! I am anxious too, to know how poor Mr. Whithed does, and Mr. Chute's gout. I shall look upon our sea-captains with as much horror as the King of Naples can, if they bring gouts, fits, and headaches.

You will have had a letter from me by this time, to give up sending the Dominichin by a

* Sir H. Mann had complained in one of his letters of the labours he had gone through, in doing the honours of Florence to some of Admiral Matthews's *(Il furibondo)* officers. The English fleet was now at Leghorn, upon the plea of defending the Tuscan territories, in case of their being attacked by the Spaniards.—D.

man-of-war, and to propose its coming in a Dutch ship. I believe that will be safe.

We have had another great day in the House on the army in Flanders, which the Opposition were for disbanding; but we carried it by an hundred and twenty. Murray spoke for the first time, with the greatest applause; Pitt answered him with all his force and art of language, but on an ill-founded argument. In all appearances, they will be great rivals. Shippen was in great rage at Murray's apostasy;* if anything can really change his principles, possibly this competition may. To-morrow we shall have a tougher battle on the sixteen thousand Hanoverians. *Hanover* is the word given out for this winter: there is a most bold pamphlet come out, said to be Lord Marchmont's,† which affirms that in every treaty made since the accession of this family, England has been sacrificed to the interests of Hanover, and consequently insinuates the incompatibility of the two. Lord Chesterfield says, "that if we have a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining this crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another King from thence."

Adieu! my dear child! I am sensible that I write you short letters, but I write you all I know. I don't know how it is, but *the Wonderful* seems worn out. In this our day, we have no rabbit-women; no elopements; no epic

* From Toryism.—D.

† Hugh Hume, third Earl of Marchmont.—D.

poems,* finer than Milton's; no contest about harlequins and Polly Peachems. Jansen† has won no more estates, and the Duchess of Queensberry is grown as tame as her neighbours. Whist has spread an universal opium over the whole nation; it makes courtiers and patriots sit down to the same pack of cards. The only thing extraordinary, and which yet did not seem to surprise anybody, was the Barberina's‡ being attacked by four men masked, the other night, as she came out of the opera-house, who would have forced her away; but she screamed, and the guard came. Nobody knows who set them on—and I believe nobody inquired.

The Austrians in Flanders have separated from our troops a little out of humour, because it was impracticable for them to march without any preparatory provision for their reception. They will probably march in two months, if no peace prevents it. Adieu!

LETTER LIX.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 23, 1742.

I HAVE had no letter from you this fortnight, and I have heard nothing this month: judge how

* This alludes to the extravagant encomiums bestowed on Glover's Leonidas, by the young patriots.

† H. Jansen, a celebrated gamester, who cheated the late Duke of Bedford of an immense sum: Pope hints at that affair, in this line,

"Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's."

‡ A famous dancer.

fit I am to write. I hope it is not another mark of growing old; but I do assure you, my writing begins to leave me. Don't be frightened! I don't mean this as an introduction towards having done with you—I will write to you to the very stump of my pen, and, as Pope says,

"Squeeze out the last dull droppings of my sense."

But I declare, it is hard to sit spinning out one's brains by the fire-side, without having heard the least thing to set one's hand a-going. I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a Viscountess-Dowager; as the old Duchess of Rutland* does, when she is told of some strange casualty, "Lucy, child, step into the next room, and set that down."—"Lord, Madam!" says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true!"—"Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post." But do you conceive that the kingdom of the Dull is come upon earth—not with the forerunners and prognostics of other to-come kingdoms? No, no; the sun and the moon go on just as they used to do, without giving us any hints: we see no knights come prancing upon pale horses, or red horses; no stars, called wormwood, fall into the Thames, and turn a third part into wormwood; no locusts, *like horses*, with their hair as the hair of women—in short, no thousand things, *each* of which destroy

* Lady Lucinda Sherard, widow of John Manners, second Duke of Rutland. Her daughter, Lady Lucy Manners, was married in this year to the Duke of Montrose.—D.

a *third* part of mankind: the only token of this new kingdom is a woman riding on a beast, which is the mother of abominations, and the name in the forehead is *whist:* and the four-and-twenty elders, and the woman, and the whole town do nothing but play with this beast. Scandal itself is dead, or confined to a pack of cards, for the only malicious whisper I have heard this fortnight, is of an intrigue between the Queen of hearts and the Knave of clubs.

Your friend Lady Sandwich* has got a son; if one may believe the belly she wore, it is a brave one.

Lord Holderness† has lately given a magnificent *repas* to fifteen persons; there were three courses of ten, fifteen, and fifteen, and a sumptuous dessert: a great saloon illuminated, odours, and violins—and, who do you think were the invited?—the Visconti, Guiletta, the Galli, Amorevoli, Monticelli, Vanneschi and his wife, Weedemans the hautboy, the prompter, &c. The bouquet was given to the Guiletta, who is barely handsome—how can one love magnificence and low company at the same instant! We are making great parties for the Barberina and the Auretti, a charming French girl; and our schemes succeed so well, that the opera begins to

* Dorothy, sister of Lord Viscount Fane, wife of John Montagu Earl of Sandwich.

† Robert D'Arcy fourth Earl of Holdernesse. Subsequently made Secretary of State. Upon his death his earldom extinguished, and what remained of his estate, as well as the Barony of Conyers, descended to his only daughter, who was married to Francis Osborne fifth Duke of Leeds.—D.

fill surprisingly, for all those who don't love music, love noise and party, and will any night give half-a-guinea for the liberty of hissing — such is English harmony!

I have been in a round of dinners with Lord Stafford and Bussy, the French Minister, who tells one stories of Capuchins, confessions, Henri Quatre, Louis XIV. Gascons, and the string which all Frenchmen go through, without any connection or relation to the discourse. These very stories, which I have already heard four times, are only interrupted by English puns, which old Churchill translates out of jest-books, into the mouth of my Lord Chesterfield, and into most execrable French.

Adieu! I have scribbled, and blotted, and made nothing out, and in short have nothing to say, so good night!

LETTER LX.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 6, 1743.

You will wonder that you have not heard from me, but I have been too ill to write. I have been confined these ten days with a most violent cough, and they suspected an inflammation on my lungs, but I am come off with the loss of my eyes and my voice, both which I am recovering, and would write to you to-day. I have received your long letter of Dec. 11th, and return you a thousand thanks for giving me up so much of your time; I wish I could make as long a letter for you, but we are in

a neutrality of news. The Elector Palatine* is dead; but I have not heard what alterations that will make. Lord Wilmington's death, which is reckoned hard upon, is likely to make more conversation here. He is going to the Bath, but that is only to pass away the time till he dies.

The great Vernon is landed; but we have not been alarmed with any bonfires or illuminations: he has outlived all his popularity. There is nothing new but the separation of a Mr. and Mrs. French, whom it is impossible you should know. She has been fashionable these two winters; her husband has commenced a suit in Doctors' Commons against her cat, and will, they say, recover considerable damages; but the lawyers are of opinion that the kittens must inherit Mr. French's estate, as they were born in lawful wedlock.

The parliament meets again on Monday, but I don't hear of any fatigue that we are likely to have; in a little time, I suppose, we shall hear what campaigning we are to make.

I must tell you an admirable reply of your acquaintance the Duchess of Queensberry: old Lady Granville, Lord Carteret's mother, whom they call *the Queen-Mother*, from taking upon her to do the honours of her son's power, was pressing the Duchess to ask her for some place for herself or friends, and assured her that she would procure it, be it what it would: could she have

* Charles Philip of Neubourg, Elector Palatine, died Dec. 31, 1742. Charles Theodore, Prince of Sulzbach, descended from a younger branch of the House of Neubourg, succeeded him; who, in his old age, became Elector of Bavaria.—D.

picked out a fitter person to be gracious to! the Duchess made her a most grave curtsey, and said, "Indeed, there was one thing she had set her heart on."—"Dear child, how you oblige me by asking anything! what is it? tell me."—"Only that you would speak to my Lord Carteret to get me made Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen of Hungary."

I come now to your letter, and am not at all pleased to find that the Princess absolutely intends to murder you with her cold rooms. I wish you could come on those nights and sit by my fireside; I have the prettiest warm little apartment, with all my baubles and Patapans, and cats! Patapan and I go to-morrow to New Park, to my Lord, for the air, and come back with him on Monday.

What an infamous story that affair of Nomis is! and how different the ideas of honour among officers in your world and ours! Your history of Cicisbeism is more entertaining: I figure the distress of a parcel of lovers who have so many things to dread—the Government in this world! purgatory in the next! inquisitions, villeggiaturas, convents, &c.

Lord Essex is extremely bad, and has not strength enough to go through the remedies that are necessary to his recovery. He now fancies that he does not exist, and will not be persuaded to walk or talk, because, as he sometimes says, "How should he do anything? he is not."

You say, "How came I not to see Duc d'Aremberg!" I did once at the opera; but he went

away soon after; and here it is not the way to visit foreigners, unless you are of the Court, or are particularly in a way of having them at your house: consequently Sir R. never saw him neither—we are *not* of the Court! Next as to Arlington-street: Sir R. is in a middling kind of house, which has long been his, and was let; he has taken a small one next to it for me, and they are laid together.

I come now to speak to you of the affair of the Duke of Newcastle; but absolutely on considering it much myself, and on talking of it with your brother, we both are against your attempting any such thing. In the first place, I never heard a suspicion of the Duke's taking presents, and should think he would rather be affronted: in the next place, my dear child, though you are fond of that coffee-pot, it would be thought nothing among such wardrobes as he has, of the finest wrought plate: why, he has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any sideboard in the Arabian Tales; and as to Benvenuto Cellini, if the Duke could take it for his, people in England understand all work too well to be deceived. Lastly, as there has been no talk of alterations in the foreign ministers, and as all changes seem at an end, why should you be apprehensive? As to Stone,* if anything was done, to be sure it should be to him: though I really can't advise even that. These are my sentiments sincerely: by no means, think of the Duke. Adieu!

* Andrew Stone, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle.

LETTER LXI.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 13, 1743.

YOUR brother brought me two letters together this morning, and at the same time showed me yours to your father. How should I be ashamed, were I he, to receive such a letter! so dutiful! so humble, and yet so expressive of the straits to which he has let you be reduced! My dear child, it looks too much like the son of a minister, when I am no longer so; but I can't help repeating to you offers of any kind of service, that you think I can do for you any way.

I am quite happy at your thinking Tuscany so secure from Spain, unless the wise head of Richcourt works against the season; but how can I ever be easy, while a provincial Frenchman, something half French, half German, instigated by a mad Englishwoman, is to govern an Italian dominion?

I laughed much at the magnificent presents made by one of the first families in Florence to their young *accouchée*. Do but think if a Duke and Duchess of Somerset were to give a Lady Hertford fifty pounds and twenty yards of velvet, for bringing an heir to the blood of Seymour!

It grieves me that my letters drop in so slowly to you: I have never missed writing, but when I have been absolutely too much out of order, or once or twice, when I had no earthly thing to tell you. This winter is so quiet, that one must inquire much to know anything. The parliament is met

again ; but we do not hear of any intended opposition to anything. The Tories have dropped the affair of the Hanoverians in the House of Lords, in compliment to my Lord Gower. There is a second pamphlet published on that subject, which makes great noise. The ministry are much distressed on the ways and means for raising the money for this year: there is to be a lottery, but that will not supply a quarter of what they want. They have talked of a new duty on tea, to be paid by every housekeeper for all the persons in their families; but it will scarce be proposed. Tea is so universal, that it would make a greater clamour than a duty on wine. Nothing is determined; the new folks do not shine at expedients. Sir Robert's health is now drunk at all the clubs in the city; there they are for having him made a Duke, and placed again at the head of the Treasury; but I believe nothing could prevail on him to return thither. He says he will keep the twelfth of February, (the day he resigned,) with his family as long as he lives. They talk of Sandys being raised to the peerage, by way of getting rid of him; he is so dull, they can scarce drag him on.

The English troops in Flanders march to-day, whither we don't know; but probably to Liege; from whence they imagine the Hanoverians are going into Juliers and Bergue. The ministry have been greatly alarmed with the King of Sardinia's retreat, and suspected that it was a total one from the Queen's interest; but it seems he sent for Villettes and the Hungarian Minister,

and had their previous approbations of his deserting Chamberry, &c.

Vernon is not yet got to town; we are impatient for what will follow the arrival of this mad hero. Wentworth will certainly challenge him, but Vernon does not profess *personal* valour; he was once knocked down by a merchant, who then offered him satisfaction—but he was satisfied.

Lord Essex* is dead; Lord Lincoln will have the bedchamber; Lord Berkeley of Stratton† (a disciple of Carteret's,) the Pensioners; and Lord Carteret himself probably the riband.

As to my Lady Walpole's dormant title,‡ it was in her family; but being in the King's power to give to which sister in equal claim he pleased, it was bestowed on Lord Clinton, who descended from the younger sister of Lady W.'s grandmother or great grand-something. My Lady Clifford,§ Coke's mother, got her barony so, in pre-

* William Capel, third Earl of Essex.

† John fifth and last Lord Berkeley of Stratton. Died in 1773.—D.

‡ The Barony of Clinton in fee descended to the daughters of Theophilus Earl of Huntingdon, who died without male issue. One of those ladies died without children, by which means the title lay between the families of Rolle and Fortescue. King George I. gave it to Hugh Fortescue, afterwards created an Earl; on whose death it descended to his only sister, a maiden lady, after whom, without issue, it devolved on Lady Orford.

§ Lady Margaret Tufton, third daughter of Thomas sixth Earl of Thanet. The barony of De Clifford had descended to Lord Thanet, from his mother, Lady Margaret Sackville, daughter of Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. Upon Lord Thanet's death, the barony of De Clifford fell into abeyance between his five daughters. These were Lady Catherine, married to Edward Watson Viscount Sondes: Lady Anne,

ference to Lady Salisbury and Lady Sondes, her elder sisters, who had already titles for their children. It is called a title in abeyance.

Sir Robert has just bid me tell you to send the Dominichin by the first safe conveyance to Matthews, who has had orders from Lord Winchilsea* to send it by the first man-of-war to England; or if you meet with a ship going to Portmahon, then you must send it thither to Anstruther, and write to him that Lord Orford desires he will take care of it, and send it by the first ship that comes directly home. He is so impatient for it, that he will have it thus; but I own, I should not like having my things jumbled out of one ship into another, and rather beg mine may stay till they can come at once. Adieu!

LETTER LXII.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 27, 1743.

I COULD not write to you last Thursday, I was so much out of order with a cold; your brother came and found me in bed. To-night that I can write, I have nothing to tell you; except that yesterday the welcome news (to the ministry) came of the accession of the Dutch to the King's measures. They are in great triumph; but till it is clear what part his Prussian Uprightness is acting,

married to James Cecil Earl of Salisbury: Lady Margaret, before-mentioned: Lady Mary, married first to Anthony Grey Earl of Harold, and secondly to John Earl Gower: and Lady Isabella, married to Lord Nassau Powlett.—D.

* First Lord of the Admiralty.—D.

other people take the liberty to be still in suspense. So they are about all our domestic matters too—It is a general stare! the alteration that must soon happen in the Treasury, will put some end to the uncertainties of this winter. Mr. Pelham is universally named to the head of it; but Messrs. Prince,* Carteret, Pultney, and Companies, must be a little considered how they will like it: the latter the least.

You will wonder, perhaps be peevish, when I protest I have not another paragraph by me in the world—I want even common conversation, for I cannot persist, like the royal family, in asking people the same questions, "*Do you love walking?*" "*Do you love music?*" "Was you at the opera?" "When do you go into the country?" I have nothing else to say: nothing happens; scarce the common episodes of a newspaper, of a man falling off a ladder and breaking his leg; or of a countryman cheated of his leather pouch, with fifty shillings in it. We are in such a state of sameness, that I shall begin to wonder at the change of seasons, and talk of the Spring, as a strange accident. Lord Tyrawley, who has been fifteen years in Portugal, is of my opinion; he says he finds nothing but a fog, whist, and the House of Commons.

In this lamentable state, when I know not what to write even to you, what can I do about my serene Princess Grifoni? Alas! I owe her two letters, and where to find a beau sentiment, I cannot tell! I believe I may have some by me in an

* Frederick Prince of Wales.—D.

old chest of draws, with some exploded red-heel shoes and full-bottom wigs; but they would come out so yellow and moth-eaten! Do, vow to her in every superlative degree in the language, that my eyes have been so bad, that as I wrote you word, over and over, I have not been able to write a line. That will move her, when she hears what melancholy descriptions I write, of my not being able to write—nay, indeed it will not be so ridiculous as you think, for it is ten times worse for the eyes to write in a language one don't much practise! I remember a tutor at Cambridge, who had been examining some lads in Latin, but in a little while excused himself, and said he must speak English, for his mouth was very sore.

I had a letter from you yesterday of January 7th, N. S. which has wonderfully excited my compassion for the necessities of the princely family,* and the shifts the old Lady† is put to for quadrille.

I triumph much on my penetration about the *honest* Rucellai‡—we little people, who have no honesty, virtue, nor shame, do so exult when a good neighbour, who was a pattern, turns out as bad as oneself! We are like the good woman in the Gospel, who chuckled so much on finding her lost bit; we have more joy on a saint's fall, than in ninety-nine devils, who were always *de nous*

* Prince and Princess Craon. † Madame Sarasin.

‡ Sir H. Mann says, in his letter of January 7, 1743, "I must be so just as to tell you my friend, the Senator Rucellai, is, as you always thought, a sad fellow. He has quite abandoned me for fear of offending."—D.

autres! I am a little pleased too, that Marquis Bagnesi,* whom you know I always liked much, has behaved so well; and am more pleased to hear what a Beffana† the Electress‡ is——Pho! here am I, sending you back your own paragraphs, cut and turned! it is so silly, to think that you won't know them again! I will not spin myself any longer; it is better to make a short letter. I am going to the masquerade, and will fancy myself in *via della Pergola*§—adieu! "*Do you know me?*"—"*That man there with you, in the black domino, is Mr. Chute.*"—Good night!

LETTER LXIII.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 2, 1743.

LAST night at the Duchess of Richmond's, I saw Madame Goldsworthy; what a pert, little unbred thing it is! The Duchess presented us to one another; but I cannot say that either of

* "Apropos of duels, two of our young nobles, Marquis Bagnesi and Strozzi, have fought about a debt of fifteen shillings; the latter, the creditor and occasion of the fight, behaved ill."—*Letter from Sir H. Mann, dated Jan.* 7, 1743.—D.

† A Beffana was a puppet, which was carried about the town on the evening of the Epiphany. The word is derived from *Epifania*. It also means an ugly woman. The Electress happened to go out for the first time after an illness on the Epiphany, and said in joke to Prince Craon, that "the Beffane all went abroad on that day."—D.

‡ The Electress Palatine Dowager, the last of the House of Medici.

§ A street at Florence, in which the Opera-house stands.

us stepped a foot beyond the first civilities. The good Duchess was for harbouring her and all her brood: how it happened to her I don't conceive, but the thing had decency enough to refuse it. She is going to live with her father at Plymouth—*tant mieux!*

The day before yesterday the Lords had a great day: Earl Stanhope moved for an address to his *Britannic* Majesty, in consideration of the heavy wars, taxes, &c. far exceeding all that ever were known, to exonerate his people of foreign troops, (Hanoverians,) which are so expensive, and can in no light answer the ends for which they were hired. Lord Sandwich seconded; extremely well, I hear, for I was not there. Lord Carteret answered, but was under great concern. Lord Bath spoke too, and would fain have persuaded that this measure was not solely of one minister, but that himself and all the council were equally concerned in it. The late Privy-Seal* spoke for an hour and half, with the greatest applause, *against* the Hanoverians; and my Lord Chancellor extremely well for them. The division was, 90 for the Court, 35 against it. The present Privy-Seal† voted with the Opposition: so there will soon be another. Lord Halifax, the Prince's new Lord, was with the minority too; the other, Lord Darnley,‡ with the Court. After the division, Lord Scarborough, his Royal Highness's Treasurer, moved an address of approbation of the measure,

* Lord Hervey. † Lord Gower.

‡ Edward Bligh, second Earl of Darnley, in Ireland, and Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederick Prince of Wales.—D.

which was carried by 78 to the former 35. Lord Orford was ill, and could not be there, but sent his proxy: he has got a great cold and slow fever, but does not keep his room. If Lord Gower loses the Privy-Seal, (as it is taken for granted he does not design to keep it,) and Lord Bath refuses it, Lord Cholmondeley stands the fairest for it.

I will conclude abruptly, for you will be tired of my telling you that I have nothing to tell you —but so it is literally—oh! yes, you will want to know what the Duke of Argyle did—he was not there; he is every thing but superannuated. Adieu!

LETTER LXIV.

Feb. 13, 1743.

CERETESI tells me that Madame Galli is dead: I have had two letters from you this week; but the last mentions only the death of old Strozzi. I am quite sorry for Madame Galli, because I proposed seeing her again, on my return to Florence, which I have firmly in my intention: I hope it will be a little before Ceretesi's, for he seems to be planted here. I don't conceive who waters him! Here are two noble Venetians that have carried him about lately to Oxford and Blenheim: I am literally waiting for him now, to introduce him to Lady Brown's Sunday night; it is the great mart for all travelling and travelled calves—pho! here he is.

Monday morning.—Here is your brother: he tells me you never hear from me; how can that

be? I receive yours, and you generally mention having got one of mine, though long after the time you should. I never miss above one post, and that but very seldom. I am longer receiving yours, though you have never missed; but then I frequently receive two at once. I am delighted with Goldsworthy's mystery about King Theodore! If you will promise me not to tell him, I will tell you a secret, which is, that if that person is not King Theodore, I assure you it is not Sir Robert Walpole.

I have nothing to tell you but that Lord Effingham Howard* is dead, and Lord Litchfield† at the point of death; he was struck with a palsy last Thursday. Adieu!

LETTER LXV.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 24, 1743.

I WRITE to you in the greatest hurry in the world, but write I will. Besides, I must wish you joy; you are warriors; nay, conquerors;‡ two things quite novel in this war, for hitherto it has been armies without fighting, and deaths without killing. We talk of this battle as of a comet;

* Francis first Earl of Effingham, and seventh Lord Howard of Effingham. Died February 12, 1743.—D.

† George Henry Lee second Earl of Lichfield. He died in Feb. 1743.—D.

‡ This alludes to an engagement, which took place on the 8th of February, near Bologna, between the Spaniards under M. de Gages, and the Austrians under General Traun, in which the latter were successful.—D.

"Have you heard of *the* battle?" it is so strange a thing, that numbers imagine you may go and see it at Charing Cross. Indeed, our officers who are going to Flanders don't quite like it; they are afraid it should grow the fashion to fight, and that a pair of colours should no longer be a sinecure. I am quite unhappy about poor Mr. Chute: besides, it is cruel to find that abstinence is not a drug. If mortification ever ceases to be a medicine, or virtue to be a passport to carnivals in the other world, who will be a self-tormentor any longer — not, my child, that I am one — but, tell me, is he quite recovered!

I thank you for King Theodore's declaration,* and wish him success with all my soul. I hate the Genoese; they make a commonwealth the most devilish of all tyrannies!

We have every now and then motions for disbanding Hessians and Hanoverians, alias mercenaries; but they come to nothing. To-day the party have declared that they have done for this session; so you will hear little more but of fine equipages for Flanders: our troops are actually marched, and the officers begin to follow them — I hope they know whither! You know in the last war in Spain, Lord Peterborough rode galloping about to inquire for his army.

But to come to more *real* contests; Handel has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces and the

* With regard to Corsica, of which he had declared himself King.—D.

singers of *Roast Beef** from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever an one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune. I was much diverted the other night at the opera; two gentlewomen sat before my sister, and not knowing her, discoursed at their ease. Says one, "Lord! how fine Mr. W. is!" "Yes," replied the other, with a tone of saying sentences, "some men love to be particularly so, your *petit-maitres*—but they are not always the brightest of their sex." —Do thank me for this period! I am sure you will enjoy it as much as we did.

I shall be very glad of my things, and approve entirely of your precautions; Sir R. will be quite happy, for there is no telling you how impatient he is for his Dominichin. Adieu!

LETTER LXVI.

March 3rd, 1743.

So, she is dead at last, the old Electress!†—well, I have nothing more to say about her and the Medici; they had outlived all their acquaintance:

* It was customary at this time for the galleries to call for a ballad called "The Roast Beef of Old England," between the acts, or before or after the play.

† Anna Maria of Medicis, daughter of Cosmo III. widow of John William Elector Palatine. After her husband's death she returned to Florence, where she died, Feb. 7, 1743, aged seventy-five, being the last of that family.

indeed, her death makes the battle very considerable — makes us call a victory what before we did not look upon as very decided laurels.

Lord Hervey has entertained the town with another piece of wisdom: on Sunday it was declared that he had married his eldest daughter the night before to a Mr. Phipps,* grandson of the Duchess of Buckingham. They sent for the boy but the day before from Oxford, and bedded them at a day's notice. But after all this mystery, it does not turn out that there is any thing great in this match, but the greatness of the secret. Poor Hervey,† the brother, is in fear and trembling, for he apprehends being ravished to bed to some fortune or other with as little ceremony. The Oratorios thrive abundantly—for my part, they give me an idea of heaven, where everybody is to sing whether they have voices or not.

The Board (the Jacobite Club) have chosen his Majesty's Lord Privy Seal‡ for their President, in the room of Lord Litchfield. Don't you like the harmony of parties? We expect the Parliament will rise this month: I shall be sorry, for if I am not hurried out of town, at least everybody else will — and who can look forward from April to November? Adieu! though I write in defiance of having nothing to say, yet you see I can't go a great way in this obstinacy; but you will bear a short letter rather than none.

* Afterwards created Lord Mulgrave, in Ireland.—D.

† George William Hervey, afterwards second Earl of Bristol. —D.

‡ Lord Gower.

LETTER LXVII.

Arlington-Street, March 14, 1743.

I DON'T at all know how to advise you about mourning; I always think that the custom of the country, and what other foreign ministers do, should be your rule. But I had a private scruple rose with me: that was, whether *you* should show so much respect to the late woman* as other ministers do, since she left that legacy to *Quello à Roma*.† I mentioned this to my Lord, but he thinks that the tender manner of her wording it, takes off that exception; however, he thinks it better that you should write for advice to your commanding officer. That will be very late, and you will probably have determined before. You see what a casuist I am in ceremony; I leave the question more perplexed than I found it.

Pray, Sir, congratulate me upon the new acquisition of glory to my family! We have long been eminent statesmen; now that we are out of employment we have betaken ourselves to war —and we have made great proficiency in a short season. We don't run, like my Lord Stair, into Berg and Juliers, to seek battles where we are sure of not finding them — we make shorter marches; a step across the Court of Requests brings us to engagement. But not to detain you any longer with flourishes, which will probably be inserted in my uncle Horace's patent when he

* The Electress Palatine Dowager.

† She left a legacy to the Pretender, describing him only by these words, *To Him at Rome*.

is made a field-marshal; you must know that he has fought a duel, and has scratched a scratch three inches long on the side of his enemy — *I Pæan!* The circumstances of this memorable engagement were, in short, that on some witness being to be examined the other day in the House upon remittances to the army, my uncle said, "He hoped they would *indemnify* him, if he told anything that affected himself." Soon after he was standing behind the Speaker's chair, and Will. Chetwynd,* an intimate of Bolinbroke, came up to him, and said, "What, Mr. Walpole, are you for rubbing up old sores?" He replied, "I think I said very little, considering that you and your friends would last year have hanged up me and my brother at the lobby door without a trial." Chetwynd answered, "I would still have you both have your deserts." The other said, "If you and I had, probably I should be here and you would be somewhere else." This drew more words, and Chetwynd took him by the arm and led him out. In the lobby, Horace said, "We shall be observed, we had better put it off till to-morrow." "No, no, now! now!" When they came to the bottom of the stairs, Horace said, "I am out of breath, let us draw here." They drew; Chetwynd hit him on the breast, but was not near enough to pierce his coat. Horace made a pass, which the other put by with his hand, but it glanced along his side — a clerk, who had observed them go out together so arm-in-arm-ly,

* William Chetwynd, brother of the Lord Viscount Chetwynd. On the coalition he was made Master of the Mint.

could not believe it amicable, but followed them, and came up just time enough to beat down their swords, as Horace had driven him against a post, and would probably have run him through at the next thrust. Chetwynd went away to a surgeon's, and kept his bed the next day; he has not reappeared yet, but is in no danger. My uncle returned to the House, and was so little moved as to speak immediately upon the *Cambrick bill*, which made Swinny say, "That it was a sign he was not *ruffled*." Don't you delight in this duel? I expect to see it daubed up by some circuit-painter on the ceiling of the saloon at Woolterton.

I have no news to tell you, but that we hear King Theodore has sent over proposals of his person and crown to Lady Lucy Stanhope,* with whom he fell in love the last time he was in England.

Princess Buckingham† is dead or dying: she

* Sister of Earl Stanhope.

† Catherine Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of King James II. by the Countess of Dorchester. She was so proud of her birth, that she would never go to Versailles, because they would not give her the rank of Princess of the Blood. At Rome, whither she went two or three times to see her brother, and to carry on negotiations with him for his interest, she had a box at the Opera distinguished like those of crowned heads. She not only regulated the ceremony of her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure of herself for Westminster Abbey, but had shown the same insensible pride on the death of her only son, dressing his figure, and sending messages to her friends, that if they had a mind to see him lie in state, she would carry them in conveniently by a back door. She sent to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the Duke's body. Old Sarah, as mad and proud as herself, sent her word, "that it had carried my Lord Marlborough, and should

has sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before all the pomp was come home: she said "Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished." But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all! She made her *ladies* vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead. She has a great mind to be buried by her father at Paris. Mrs. Selwyn says, "She need not be carried out of England, and yet be buried by her father." You know that Lady Dorchester always told her that old Graham* was her father.

I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about the statue; do draw upon me for it immediately, and for all my other debts to you: I am sure they must be numerous; pray don't fail.

A thousand loves to the Chutes: a thousand compliments to the Princess; and a thousand—

never be profaned by any other corpse." The Buckingham returned, that "she had spoken to the undertaker, and he had engaged to make a finer for twenty pounds."

* Colonel Graham. When the Duchess was young, and as insolent as afterwards, her mother used to say, "You need not be so proud, for you are not the King's but old Graham's daughter." It is certain, that his legitimate daughter, the Countess of Berkshire and Suffolk, was extremely like the Duchess, and that he often said with a sneer, "Well, well, Kings are great men, they make free with whom they please! All I can say is, that I am sure the same man begot those two women." The Duchess often went to weep over her father's body at Paris: one of the monks seeing her tenderness, thought it a proper opportunity to make her observe how ragged the pall is that lies over the body, (which is kept unburied, to be some time or other interred in England,)—but she would not buy a new one!

whats? to the Grifona. Alas! what can one do? I have forgot all my Italian. Adieu!

LETTER LXVIII.

Arlington-Street, March 25, 1743.

WELL! my dear Sir, the Genii, or whoever are to look after the seasons, seem to me to change turns, and to wait instead of one another, like Lords of the bedchamber. We have had loads of sunshine all the winter; and within these ten days nothing but snows, north-east winds, and blue plagues. The last ships have brought over all your epidemic distempers: not a family in London has escaped under five or six ill: many people have been forced to hire new labourers. Guernier, the apothecary, took two new apothecaries, and yet could not drug all his patients. It is a cold and fever. I had one of the worst, and was blooded on Saturday and Sunday, but it is quite gone: my father was blooded last night: his is but slight. The physicians say that there has been nothing like it since the year Thirty-three, and then not so bad—in short, our army abroad would shudder to see what streams of blood have been let out! Nobody has died of it but old Mr. Eyres of Chelsea, through obstinacy of not bleeding; and his ancient Grace of York:* Wilcox of Rochester† succeeds him, who is fit for nothing in the world, but to die of this cold too.

* Doctor Lancelot Blackburne. (Walpole says he had been in his youth a buccaneer; but the fact has been disputed.—D.)

† He was not succeeded by Dr. Wilcox, but by Dr. Herring, since promoted to the Archbishoprick of Canterbury.

They now talk of the King's *not* going abroad: I like to talk on that side, because though it may not be true, one may at least be able to give some sort of reason why he should not. We go into mourning for your Electress on Sunday; I suppose they will tack the Elector of Mentz to her, for he is just dead. I delight in Richcourt's calculation: I don't doubt but it is the method he often uses in accounting with the Great Duke.

I have had two letters from you of the 5th and 12th, with a note of things coming by sea; but, my dear child, you are either run Roman Catholicly devout, or take me to be so, for nothing but a religious fit of zeal could make you think of sending me so many presents—why, there are Madonnas enough in one case to furnish a more than common cathedral—I absolutely will drive to Demetrius, the silversmith's, and bespeak myself a pompous shrine! But indeed, seriously, how can I, who have a conscience, and am no saint, take all these things? You must either let me pay for them, or I will demand my unfortunate coffee-pot again, which has put you upon ruining yourself. By the way, do let me have it again, for I cannot trust it any longer in your hands at this rate; and since I have found out its virtue, I will present it to somebody, whom I shall have no scruple of letting send me bales and cargoes, and ship-loads of Madonnas, perfumes, prints, frankincense, &c. You have not even drawn upon me for my statue, my hermaphrodite, my gallery, and twenty other things, for which I am lawfully your debtor.

I must tell you one thing, that I will not say a word to my Lord of this *Argosie*, as Shakspeare calls his costly ships, till it is arrived, for he will tremble for his Dominichin, and think it will not come safe in all this company—by the way, will a Captain of a man-of-war care to take all? We were talking over Italy last night: my Lord protests, that if he thought he had strength, he would see Florence, Bologna, and Rome, by way of Marseilles, to Leghorn. You may imagine how I gave in to such a jaunt. I don't set my heart upon it, because I think he cannot do it; but if he does, I promise you, you shall be his Cicerone. I delight in the gallantry of my Princess's brother.* I will tell you what, if the Italians don't take care, they will grow as brave and as wrong-headed as their neighbours. Oh! how shall I do about writing to her? Well, if I can, I will be bold, and write to her to-night.

I have no idea what the two minerals are that you mention, but I will inquire, and if there are such, you shall have them; and gold and silver, if they grow in this land, for I am sure I am deep enough in your debt. Adieu!

P. S. It won't do! I have tried to write, but you would bless yourself to see what stuff I have been forging for half an hour, and have not waded through three lines of paper. I have totally forgot my Italian, and if she will but have prudence enough to support the loss of a correspondence, which was long since worn threadbare, we will come to as decent a silence as may be.

* Signor Capponi, brother of Madame Grifoni.

LETTER LXIX.

Monday, April 4, 1743.

I HAD my pen in my hand all last Thursday morning, to write to you, but my pen had nothing to say. I would make it do something to-day, though what will come of it, I don't conceive.

They say, the King does not go abroad: we know nothing about our army. I suppose it is gone to blockade Egra, and to *not* take Prague, as it has been the fashion for every body to send their army to do these three years. The officers in parliament are not gone yet. We have nothing to do, but I believe the ministry have something for us to do, for we are continually adjourned, but not prorogued. They talk of marrying Princess Caroline and Louisa, to the future Kings of Sweden and Denmark; but if the latter* is King of both, I don't apprehend that he is to marry both the Princesses in his double capacity.

Herring, of Bangor, the youngest bishop, is named to the See of York. It looks as if the bench thought the church going out of fashion, for two or three† of them have refused this mitre.

Next Thursday we are to be entertained with a pompous parade for the burial of old Princess Buckingham. They have invited ten Peeresses to

* There was a party at this time in Sweden, who tried to choose the Prince Royal of Denmark for successor to King Frederick of Sweden.

† Dr. Wilcox, bishop of Rochester, and Dr. Sherlock, bishop of Salisbury; the latter afterwards accepted the See of London.

walk; all somehow or other dashed with blood-royal, and rather than not have King James's daughter attended by Princesses, they have fished out two or three Countesses descended from his competitor Monmouth.

There, I am at the end of my tell! If I write on, it must be to ask questions. I would ask why Mr. Chute has left me off? but when he sees what a frippery correspondent I am, he will scarce be in haste to renew with me again. I really don't know why I am so dry; mine used to be the pen of a ready writer, but whist seems to have stretched its leaden wand over me too, who have nothing to do with it. I am trying to set up the noble game of bilboquet against it, and am composing a grammar in opposition to Mr. Hoyle's. You will some day or other see an advertisement in the papers, to tell you where it may be bought, and that ladies may be waited upon by the author at their houses, to receive any further directions. I am really ashamed to send this scantling of paper by the post, over so many seas and mountains: it seems as impertinent as the commission which Prior gave to the winds,

> "Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
> For jewels for her neck and breast."

Indeed, one would take you for my Chloe, when one looks on this modicum of gilt paper, which resembles a *billet-doux* more than a letter to a minister. But you must take it as the widow's mite, and since the death of my spouse, poor Mr. News, I cannot afford such large doles as formerly. Adieu! my dear child, I am yours ever, from a

quire of the largest foolscap to a vessel of the smallest gilt.

LETTER LXX.

Arlington-Street, April 14, 1743.

THIS has been a noble week; I have received three letters at once from you. I am ashamed when I reflect on the poverty of my own! but what can one do? I don't *sell* you my news, and therefore should not be excusable to *invent*. I wish we don't grow to have more news! Our politics, which have not always been the most in earnest, now begin to take a very serious turn. Our army is wading over the Rhine, up to their middles in snow. I hope they will be thawed before their return: but they have gone through excessive hardships. The King sends six thousand more of his Hanoverians at his own expense — this will be popular—and the six thousand Hessians march too. All this will compose an army considerable enough to be a great loss if they miscarry. The King certainly goes abroad in less than a fortnight. He takes the Duke with him to Hanover, who from thence goes directly to the army. The Court will not be great: the King takes only Lord Carteret, the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse, and Lord Holderness, and Lord Harcourt,* for

* Simon second Viscount Harcourt. Created an Earl in 1749. Subsequently Ambassador at Paris, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was drowned in a well in his park at Nuneham, in 1777.—D.

the bedchamber. The Duchesses of Richmond and Marlborough,* and plump Carteret,† go to the Hague.

His Royal Highness is not Regent: there are to be fourteen. The Earl of Bath and Mr. Pelham, neither of them in Regency-posts, are to be of the number.

I have read your letters about *Mystery* to Sir Robert. He denies absolutely having ever had transactions with King Theodore, and is amazed Lord Carteret can; which he can't help thinking but he must, by the intelligence about Lady W. Now I can conceive all that affected friendship for Richcourt! She must have meant to return to England by Richcourt's interest with Touissant‡ —and then where was her friendship? You are quite in the right not to have engaged with King Theodore: your character is not *Furibondo*. Sir R. entirely disapproves all *Mysterious* dealings; he thinks *Furibondo* most bad and most improper, and always did. You mistook me about Lady W.'s Lord—I meant Quarendon, who is now Earl of Litchfield, by his father's death, which I mentioned. I think her lucky in Sturges's death, and him lucky in dying. He had outlived resentment —I think had almost lived to be pitied.

I forgot to thank you about the model, which I should have been sorry to have missed. I long for

* Elizabeth Trevor, wife of Charles Spencer Duke of Marlborough.—D.

† Frances, only daughter of Sir Robert Worseley, first wife of Lord Carteret.

‡ First Minister of the Great Duke.

all the things, and my Lord more. Am I not to have a bill of lading, or how?

I never say anything of the Pomfrets, because in the great city of London the Countess's follies do not make the same figure as they did in little Florence. Besides, there are such numbers here who have such equal pretensions to be absurd, that one is scarce aware of particular ridicules.

I really don't know whether Vanneschi be dead; he married some low English woman, who is kept by Amorevoli — so the Abbate turned the opera every way to his profit. As to Bonducci,* I don't think I could serve him, for I have no interest with the Lords Middlesex and Holderness, the two sole managers. Nor if I had, would I employ it, to bring over more ruin to the operas. Gentlemen directors, with favourite Abbés and favourite mistresses, have almost overturned the thing in England. You will plead my want of interest to Mr. Smith† too — besides, we had Bufos here once, and from not understanding the language, people thought it a dull kind of dumb show. We are next Tuesday to have the Miserere of Rome. It must be curious! the finest piece of vocal music in the world, to be performed by three good voices, and forty bad ones, from Oxford, Canterbury, and the farces! There is a new subscription formed for an opera next year, to be carried on by the *Dilettanti*, a club, for which the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one,

* Bonducci was a Florentine Abbé, who translated some of Pope's works into Italian.

† The English Consul at Venice.

being drunk: the two chiefs are Lord Middlesex and Sir Francis Dashwood, who were seldom sober the whole time they were in Italy.

The parliament rises next week: every body is going out of town; my Lord goes the first week in May; but I shall reprieve myself till towards August. Dull as London is in summer, there is always more company in it than in any one place in the country. I hate the country—I am past the shepherdly age of groves and streams, and am not arrived at that of hating every thing but what I do myself, as building and planting. Adieu!

LETTER LXXI.

Arlington-Street, April 25, 1743.

NAY, but it is serious! the King is gone, and the Duke with him. The latter actually to the army. They must sow laurels, if they design to reap any, for there are no conquests forward enough for them to come just in time and finish. The French have relieved Egra and cut to pieces two of the best Austrian regiments, the Cuirassiers. This is ugly! We are sure, you know, of beating the French always in France and Flanders; but I don't hear that the Heralds have produced any precedents for our conquering them on the other side the Rhine.* We at home may be excused for trembling at the arrival of every post: I am sure I shall. If I were a woman, I should support my fears with more dignity, for if

* Walpole seems to have forgotten the battle of Blenheim.—D.

one did lose a husband or a lover, there are those becoming comforts, weeds and cypresses, jointures and weeping cupids; but I have only a friend or two to lose, and there are no ornamental substitutes settled, to be one's proxy for that sort of grief. One has not the satisfaction of fixing a day for receiving visits of consolation from a thousand people whom one don't love, because one has lost the only person one did love. This is a new situation, and I don't like it.

You will see the Regency in the newspapers—I think the Prince might have been of it when my Lord Gower is. I don't think the latter more Jacobite than his royal Highness.

The Prince is to come to town every Sunday fortnight to hold drawing-rooms; the Princesses stay all the summer at St. James's—would I did! but I go in three weeks to Norfolk; the only place that could make me wish to live at St. James's. My Lord has pressed me so much, that I could not with decency refuse: he is going to furnish and hang his picture-gallery, and wants me. I can't help wishing that I had never known a Guido from a Teniers: but who could ever suspect any connexion between painting and the wilds of Norfolk?

Princess Louisa's contract with the Prince of Denmark was signed the morning before the King went; but I don't hear when she goes. Poor Caroline misses her man of Lubeck,* by his missing the crown of Sweden.

* Adolphus Frederick of Holstein, Bishop of Lubeck, was elected successor, and did succeed to the Crown of Sweden. He married the Princess Louisa Ulrica, of Prussia.

I must tell you an odd thing that happened yesterday at Leicester-House. The Prince's children were in the circle: Lady Augusta* heard somebody call Sir Robert Rich by his name. She concluded there was but one Sir Robert in the world, and taking him for Lord Orford, the child went staring up to him, and said, "Pray, where is your blue string! and pray what is become of your fat belly!" Did one ever hear of a more royal education, than to have rung this mob-cant in the child's ears, till it had made this impression on her.

Lord Stafford is come over to marry Miss Cantillon, a vast fortune, of his own religion. She is daughter of the Cantillon, who was robbed and murdered, and had his house burned by his cook,† a few years ago. She is as ugly as he; but when she comes to Paris, and wears a good deal of rouge, and a separate apartment, who knows but she may be a beauty! There is no telling what a woman is, while she is as she is.

There is a great fracas in Ireland, in a noble family or two—heightened by a pretty strong circumstance of Iricism. A Lord Belfield‡ married

* Afterwards Duchess of Brunswick.—D.

† Cantillon was a Paris banker, who had been engaged with Law in the Mississipi scheme. He afterwards brought his riches to England, and settled in this country. Some of his servants, headed by his cook, conspired to murder him, knowing that he kept large sums of money in his house. They killed him, and then set fire to the house; but the fire was extinguished, and the body with the wounds upon it, found.—D.

‡ Robert Rochfort, created Lord Belfield in Ireland in 1737, Viscount Belfield in 1751, and Earl of Belvedere in 1756. His second wife, whom he married in 1736, was the Hon. Mary Molesworth.—D.

a very handsome daughter of a Lord Molesworth.* A certain Arthur Rochfort, who happened to be acquainted in the family by being Lord Belfield's own brother, looked on this woman, and saw she was fair. These ingenious people, that their history might not be discovered, corresponded under feigned names—And what names do you think they chose?—Silvia and Philander! Only the very same that Lord Grey† and his sister-in-law took upon a parallel occasion, and which are printed in their letters!

Patapan sits to Wootton to-morrow for his picture. He is to have a triumphal arch at a distance, to signify his Roman birth, and his having barked at thousands of Frenchmen in the very heart of Paris. If you can think of a good Italian motto, applicable to any part of his history, send it me. If not, he shall have this antique one, (for I reckon him a Senator of Rome, while Rome survived,)—*O et Præsidium et dulce decus meum!* He is writing an ode on the future campaign of this summer; it is dated from his villa, where he never was, and begins truly in the classic style, *While you, great Sir, &c.* Adieu!

* Richard third Viscount Molesworth, in Ireland. He had been aid-de-camp to the great Duke of Marlborough, and in that capacity distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Ramilies. He became afterwards Master-General of the Ordnance in Ireland, and Commander of the Forces in that kingdom, and a Field-Marshal. He died in 1758.—D.

† Ford, the infamous Lord Grey, of Wales, and his sister-in-law, Lady Henrietta Berkeley, whose "Love Letters," under these romantic names, were published in three small volumes. They are supposed to have been compiled by Mrs. Behn.—D.

LETTER LXXII.

May 4, 1743.

THE King was detained four or five days at Sheerness; but yesterday we heard that he was got to Helvoetsluys. They talk of an interview between him and his nephew of Prussia—I never knew any advantage result from such conferences. We expect to hear of the French attacking our army, though there are accounts of their retiring, which would necessarily produce a peace—I hope so! I don't like to be at the eve, even of an Agincourt; that you know every Englishman is bound in faith to expect; besides, they say my Lord Stair has in his pocket, from the records of the Tower, the original patent, empowering us always to conquer. I am told that Marshal Noailles is as mad as Marshal Stair—Heavens! twice fifty thousand men trusted to two mad Captains, without one Dr. Monroe* over them!

I am sorry I could give you so little information about King Theodore; but my Lord knew nothing of him, and as little of any connexion between Lord Carteret and him. I am sorry you have him on your hands. He quite mistakes his province: an adventurer should come hither;†

* Physician of Bedlam.

† He afterwards came to England, where he suffered much from poverty and destitution, and was finally arrested by his creditors, and confined in the King's Bench prison. He was released from thence under the Insolvent act, having registered the kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors. Shortly after this event he died, December 11, 1756, and was buried

this is the soil for mobs and patriots; it is the country of the world to make one's fortune: with parts never so scanty, one's dullness is not discovered, nor one's dishonesty, till one obtains the post one wanted — and then, if they do come to light—why, one slinks into one's green velvet bag,* and lies so snug! I don't approve of your hinting at the falsehoods† of Stosch's intelligence; nobody regards it but the King; it pleases him—*e basta.*

I was not in the House at Vernon's frantic speech; but I know he made it, and have heard him pronounce several such; but he has worn out even laughter, and did not make impression enough on me to remember till the next post that he had spoken.

I gave your brother the translated paper; he will take care of it. Ceretesi is gone to Flanders with Lord Holderness: poor creature! he was reduced, before he went, to borrow five guineas of Sir Francis Dashwood. How will he ever scramble back to Florence?

We are likely at last to have no opera next year: Handel has had a palsy and can't compose;

in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, where Horace Walpole erected a marble slab to his memory. He was an adventurer, whose name was Theodore Anthony Baron Newhoff, and was born at Metz, in 1696. Horace Walpole, who had seen him, describes him as "a comely, middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity."—D.

* The Secretaries of State and Lord Treasurer carry their papers in a green velvet bag.

† Stosch used to pretend to send over an exact Journal of the life of the Pretender and his sons, though he had been sent out of Rome at the Pretender's request, and must have had very bad or no intelligence of what passed in that family.

and the Duke of Dorset has set himself strenuously to oppose it, as Lord Middlesex is the Impresario, and must ruin the house of Sackville by a course of these follies. Besides what he will lose this year, he has not paid his share of the losses of the last, and yet is singly undertaking another for next season, with the almost certainty of losing between four or five thousand pounds, to which the deficiencies of the opera generally amount now. The Duke of Dorset has desired the King not to subscribe; but Lord Middlesex is so obstinate, that this will probably only make him lose a thousand pounds more.

The Free Masons are in so low repute now in England, that one has scarce heard the proceedings at Vienna against them mentioned. I believe nothing but a persecution could bring them into vogue again here. You know, as great as our follies are, we even grow tired of them, and are always changing.

LETTER LXXIII.

Arlington-Street, May 12, 1743.

It is a fortnight since I have got any of your letters, but I will expect two at once. I don't tell you by way of news, because you will have had expresses, but I must talk of the great Austrian victory!* We have not heard the exact

* There was no great victory this year, till the battle of Dettingen, which took place in June; but the Austrians obtained many advantages during the spring over the Bavarians and the French, and obliged the latter to re-cross the Rhine.—D.

particulars yet, nor whether it was Kevenhuller or Lobkowitz, who beat the Bavarians, but their General, Minucci, is prisoner: at first, they said Seckendorffe was too; I am glad he is not; poor man, he has suffered enough by the House of Austria! But my joy is beyond the common, for I flatter myself that this victory will save us one — we talk of nothing but its producing a peace, and then one's friends will return.

The Duchess of Kendal* is dead, eighty-five years old; she was a year older than her late King. Her riches were immense, but I believe my Lord Chesterfield will get nothing by her death—but his wife:† she lived in the house with the Duchess, where he had played away all his credit.

Hough,‡ the good old Bishop of Worcester, is dead too. I have been looking at the *Fathers in God*, that have been flocking over the way this morning, to Mr. Pelham, who is just come to his new house. This is absolutely the ministerial street: Carteret has a house here too; and

* Erangard Melusina Schulembergh, the mistress of George I. — George I. created the Duchess of Kendal, Duchess of Munster and Marchioness of Dungannon in Ireland, in 1719, and Duchess of Kendal, Countess of Feversham, and Baroness of Glastonbury in England, in 1723. All these honours were for life only. He also persuaded the Emperor to create her Princess of Eberstein in the Roman empire, in 1723.—D.

† Melusina Schulembergh, Countess of Walsingham, niece of the Duchess of Kendal, and her heiress.

‡ Hough was a man of piety, ability, and integrity, and had distinguished himself early in his life, by his resistance to the arbitrary proceedings of James II. against Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was the President. Pope, with much justice, speaks of "Hough's unsullied mitre."—D.

Lord Bath seems to have lost his chance by quitting this street. Old Marlborough has made a good story of the latter; she says that when he found he could not get the Privy-seal, he begged that at least they would offer it to him, and upon his honour he would not accept it, but would plead his vow of never taking a place; in which she says they humoured him. The truth is, Lord Carteret did hint an offer to him, upon which he went with a *nolo episcopari* to the King—he bounced, and said, "Why I never offered it to you:" upon which he recommended my Lord Carlisle*—with equal success.

Just before the King went, he asked my Lord Carteret, "Well, when am I to get rid of those fellows in the Treasury?" They are on so low a foot, that somebody said, Sandys had hired a stand of hackney-coaches to look like a levee.

Lord Conway has begged me to send you a commission, which you will oblige me much by executing. It is to send him three Pistoia barrels for guns; two of them, of two feet and a half in the barrel in length; the smallest of the inclosed buttons to be the size of the bore, hole, or calibre, of the two guns. The third barrel to be three feet and an inch in length; the largest of these buttons to be the bore of it: these feet are English measure. You will be so good to let me know the price of them.

There has happened a comical circumstance at Leicester-House: one of the Prince's coachmen

* Henry Howard fourth Earl of Carlisle, K.G.—D.

who used to drive the Maids of Honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds, upon condition that he never *marries* a Maid of Honour!

Our journey to Houghton is fixed to Saturday se'nnight; 'tis unpleasant, but I flatter myself that I shall get away in the beginning of August. Direct your letters as you have done all this winter; your brother will take care to send them to me. Adieu!

LETTER LXXIV.

May 19, 1743.

I AM just come tired from a family dinner at the Master of the Rolls;* but I have received two letters from you since my last, and will write to you, though my head aches with maiden sisters' healths, forms, and Devonshire and Norfolk. With yours I received one from Mr. Chute, for which I thank him a thousand times, and will answer as soon as I get to Houghton. Monday is fixed peremptorily, though we have had no rain this month; but we travel by the day of the week, not by the day of the sky.

We are in more confusion than we care to own. There lately came up a highland regiment from Scotland, to be sent abroad. One heard of nothing but their good discipline and quiet disposition. When the day came for their going to the water-

* William Fortescue, Master of the Rolls, a relation of Margaret Lady Walpole.

side, an hundred and nine of them mutinied, and marched away in a body. They did not care to go where it would not be equivocal for what King they fought. Three companies of dragoons are sent after them. If you happen to hear of any rising, don't be surprised—I shall not, I assure you. Sir Robert Monroe, their Lieutenant-Colonel, before their leaving Scotland, asked some of the Ministry, "But suppose there should be any rebellion in Scotland, what should we do for these eight hundred men?" it was answered, "Why, there would be eight hundred fewer rebels there."

> Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
> Paulatim vello, demo unum, demo etiam unum,
> Dum —

My dear child, I am surprised to find you enter so seriously into earnest ideas of my Lord's passing into Italy! could you think (however he, you, or I might wish it,) that there could be any probability of it? can you think his age could endure it, or him so indifferent, so totally disministered, as to leave all thoughts of what he has been, and ramble like a boy after pictures and statues? Don't expect it.

We had heard of the Duke of Modena's command before I had your letter. I am glad for the sake of the Duchess, as she is to return to France. I never saw any body wish anything more! and indeed, how can one figure any particle of pleasure happening to a daughter of the Regent,* and a

* Mademoiselle de Valois, who had made herself notorious during the Regency of her father, by her intrigue with the

favourite daughter too, full of wit and joy, buried in a dirty, dull Italian duchy, with an ugly, formal object for a husband, and two uncouth sister-Princesses for eternal companions? I am so near the eve of going into Norfolk, that I imagine myself something in her situation, and married to some Hammond or Hoste,* who is Duke of Wootton or Dasingham. I remember in the fairy tales where a yellow dwarf steals a Princess, and shows her his duchy, of which he is very proud: among the blessings of grandeur, of which he makes her mistress, there is a most beautiful ass for her palfrey, a blooming meadow of nettles and thistles to walk in, and a fine troubled ditch to slake her thirst, after either of the above-mentioned exercises.

Adieu! my next will be dated from some of the doleful castles in the principality of your forlorn friend, the Duchess of Ruffham.

LETTER LXXV.

Houghton, June 4, 1743.

I WROTE this week to Mr. Chute, addressed to you; I could not afford two letters in one post from the country, and in the dead of summer. I

Duke of Richelieu. She consented to marry the Duke of Modena, in order to obtain the liberty of her lover, who was confined in the Bastille, for conspiring against the Regent. The Duke of Richelieu, in return, followed her afterwards secretly to Modena.—D.

* The Hammonds and Hostes, are two Norfolk families, nearly allied to the Walpoles.

have received one from you of May 21st, since I came down. I must tell you a smart dialogue between your father and me the morning we left London; he came to wish my Lord a good journey: I found him in the parlour. "Sir," said he, "I may ask you how my son does; I think you hear from him frequently: I never do." I replied, "Sir, I write him kind answers; pray do you do so?" He coloured, and said with a half mutter, "Perhaps I have lived too long for him!" I answered shortly, "Perhaps you have." My dear child, I beg your pardon, but I could not help this. When one loves anybody, one can't help being warm for them at a fair opportunity. Dr. Bland and Mr. Legge were present — your father could have stabbed me. I told your brother Gal. who was glad.

We are as private here, as if we were in devotion: there is nobody with us now, but Lord Edgecumbe and his son. The Duke of Grafton and Mr. Pelham come next week, and I hope Lord Lincoln with them. Poor Lady Sophia is at the gasp of her hopes; all is concluded for his match with Miss Pelham. It is not to be till the winter. He is to have all Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle can give or settle; unless Lady Catherine should produce a son, or the Duchess should die, and the Duke marry again.

Earl Poulett* is dead, and makes vacant another riband. I imagine Lord Carteret will have one; Lord Bath will ask it. I think they should give

* John first Earl Poulett, Knight of the Garter. He died, aged upwards of eighty, on the 28th May 1743.—D.

Prince Charles* one of the two, for all the trouble he saves us. The papers talk of nothing but a suspension of arms: it seems toward, for at least we hear of no battle, though there are so many armies looking at one another.

Old Sir Charles Wager is dead at last, and has left the fairest character. I can't help having a little private comfort, to think that Goldsworthy —but there is no danger.

Madox of St. Asaph has wriggled himself into the See of Worcester. He makes haste; I remember him only domestic chaplain to the late Bishop of Chichester.† Durham is not dead, as I believe I told you from a false report.

You tell me of dining with Madame de Modene,‡ but you don't tell me of being charmed with her. I liked her excessively — I don't mean her person, for she is as plump as the late Queen; but sure her face is fine; her eyes vastly fine! and then she is as agreeable as one should expect the Regent's daughter to be.

The Princess and she must have been an admirable contrast: one has all the good breeding of a French Court, and the latter all the ease of it. I have almost a mind to go to Paris to see her. She was so excessively civil to me. You don't tell me if the Pucci goes into France with her.

I like the Genoese selling Corsica! I think we should follow their example and sell France; we

* Prince Charles of Lorraine, the Queen of Hungary's General against the French.—D.

† Dr. Waddington.

‡ It was not the Duchess of Modena, but the Duke's second sister, who went to Florence.

have about as good a title, and very near as much possession. At how much may they value Corsica? at the rate of islands, it can't go for much. Charles the Second sold Great Britain and Ireland to Louis XIV. for 300,000*l.* a-year, and that was reckoned extravagantly dear. Lord Bolingbroke took a single hundred thousand for them, when they were in much better repair.

We hear to-day that the King goes to the army on the 15th, N.S. that is, to-day; but I don't tell it you for certain. There has been much said against his commanding it, as it is only an army of succour, and not acting as principal in the cause. In my opinion, his commanding will depend upon the more or less probability of its acting at all. Adieu!

LETTER LXXVI.

Houghton, June 10, 1743.

YOU must not expect me to write you a very composed, careless letter; my spirits are all in agitation! I am at the eve of a post that may bring me the most dreadful news! we expect to-morrow the news of a decisive battle — Oh! if you have any friend there, think what apprehensions I* must have of such a post! By yesterday's letters our army was within eight miles of the French, who have had repeated orders to attack them. Lord Stair and Marshal Noailles both think themselves

* Mr. Conway, the most intimate friend of Horace Walpole, was now serving in Lord Stair's army.—D.

superior, and have pressed for leave to fight. The latter call themselves fourscore thousand; ours sixty. Mr. Pelham and Lord Lincoln come to Houghton to-day, so we are sure of hearing as soon as possible, if anything has happened. By this time the King must be with them. My fears for one or two friends have spoiled me for any English hopes—I cannot dwindle away the French army — every man in it appears to my imagination as big as the sons of Anak! I am conjuring up the ghosts of all who have perished by French ambition, and am dealing out commissions to these spectres,

"——— To sit heavy on their souls to-morrow!"

Alas! perhaps that glorious to-morrow was a dismal yesterday! at least, perhaps it was to me! The genius of England might be a mere mercenary man of this world, and employed all his attention to turn aside cannon-balls from my Lord Stair, to give new edge to his new Marlborough's sword; was plotting glory for my Lord Carteret, or was thinking of furnishing his own apartment in Westminster-Hall with a new set of trophies — who would then take care of Mr. Conway? You, who are a Minister, will see all this in still another light, will fear our defeat, and will foresee the train of consequences — Why, they may be wondrous ugly; but till I know what I have to think about my own friends, I cannot be wise in my generation.

I shall now only answer your letter, for till I have read to-morrow's post, I have no thoughts but of a battle.

I am angry at your thinking that I can dislike

to receive two or three of your letters at once. Do you take me for a child, and imagine, that though I like one plum-tart, two may make me sick? I now get them regularly; so I do but receive them, I am easy.

You are mistaken about the gallery; so far from unfurnishing any part of the house, there are several pictures undisposed of, besides numbers at Lord Walpole's, at the Exchequer, at Chelsea, and at New Park. Lord Walpole has taken a dozen to Stanno, a small house, about four miles from hence, where he lives with my Lady Walpole's Vicegerent.* You may imagine that her deputies are no fitter than she is to come where there is a modest, unmarried girl.†

I will write to London for the life of Theodore, though you may depend upon its being a Grub-street piece, without one true fact. Don't let it prevent your undertaking his Memoirs. Yet I should imagine Mrs. Heywood‡ or Mrs. Behn§ were fitter to write his history.

How slightly you talk of Prince Charles's vic-

* Miss Norsa; she was a Jewess, and had been a singer.

† Lady Maria Walpole.

‡ Eliza Heywood, a voluminous writer of indifferent novels; of which the best known is one called "Betsy Thoughtless." She was also authoress of a work entitled "The Female Spectator." Mrs. Heywood was born in 1693, and died in 1756.—D.

§ Mrs. Afra Behn, a woman whose character and writings were equally incorrect. Of her plays, which were seventeen in number, Pope says,

> "The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
> Who fairly puts all characters to bed."

Her novels and other productions were also marked with similar characteristics. She died in 1689.—D.

tory at Brunau! We thought it of vast consequence — so it was. He took three posts afterwards, and has since beaten the Prince of Conti, and killed two thousand men. Prince Charles civilly returned him his baggage. The French in Bavaria are quite dispirited — poor wretches! how one hates to wish so ill as one does to fourscore thousand men!

There is yet no news of the Pembroke. The Dominichin has a post of honour reserved in the gallery. My Lord says, as to that Dalton's Raphael, he can say nothing without some particular description of the picture and the size, and some hint at the price, which you have promised to get. I leave the residue of my paper for tomorrow: I tremble lest I be forced to finish it abruptly! I forgot to tell you that I left a particular commission with my brother Ned, who is at Chelsea, to get some tea-seed from the physic-garden; and he promised me too to go to Lord Islay, to know what cobalt and zingho* are, and where they are to be got.

Saturday morning.

The post is come: no battle! Just as they were marching against the French, they received orders from Hanover not to engage, for the Queen's Generals thought they were inferior, and were positive against fighting. Lord Stair, with only the English, proceeded, and drew out in order; but though the French were then so vastly superior, they did not attack him. The

* Cobalt and Zinck, two metallic substances, the former composed of silver, copper, and arsenic; the latter of tin and iron.—D.

King is now at the army, and they say, will endeavour to make the Austrians fight. It will make great confusion here if they do not. The French are evacuating Bavaria as fast as possible, and seem to intend to join all their force together. I shall still dread all the events of this campaign. Adieu!

LETTER LXXVII.

Houghton, June 20, 1743.

I HAVE painted the Raphael to my Lord almost as fine as Raphael himself could—but he will not think of it: he will not give a thousand guineas for what he never saw. I wish I could persuade him. For the other hands, he has already fine ones of every one of them. There are yet no news of the Pembroke—we grow impatient.

I have made a short tour to Euston this week with the Duke of Grafton, who came over from thence with Lord Lincoln and Mr. Pelham. Lord Lovel and Mr. Coke carried me and brought me back. It is one of the most admired seats in England—in my opinion, because Kent has a most absolute disposition of it. Kent is now so fashionable, that, like Addison's Liberty, he

"Can make bleak rocks and barren mountains smile."

I believe the Duke wishes he could make them green too. The house is large and bad; it was built by Lord Arlington, and stands, as all old houses do for convenience of water and shelter, in a hole; so it neither sees, nor is seen: he has no

money to build another. The park is fine, the old woods excessively so: they are much grander than Mr. Kent's passion, clumps — that is, sticking a dozen trees here and there, till a lawn looks like the ten of spades. Clumps have their beauty; but in a great extent of country, how trifling to scatter arbours, where you should spread forests! He is so unhappy in his heir apparent,* that he checks his hand in almost every thing he undertakes. Last week he heard a new exploit of his barbarity. A tenant of Lord Euston, in Northamptonshire, brought him his rent: the Lord said it wanted three and sixpence: the tenant begged he would examine the account, that it would prove exact — however, to content him, he would willingly pay him the three and sixpence. Lord E. flew into a rage, and vowed he would

* George Earl of Euston, who died in the lifetime of his father. He seems to have been a man of the most odious character. He has been already mentioned in the course of these letters, upon the occasion of his marriage with the ill-fated Lady Dorothy Boyle, who died from his ill-treatment of her. Upon a picture of Lady Dorothy, at the Duke of Devonshire's at Chiswick, is the following touching inscription, written by her mother, which commemorates her virtues and her fate.

"Lady Dorothy Boyle,
Born May the 14th, 1724.

She was the comfort and joy of her parents, the delight of all who knew her angelick temper, and the admiration of all who saw her beauty.

She was marry'd October the 10th, 1741, and delivered (by death) from misery,

May the 2nd, 1742.

This picture was drawn seven weeks after her death (from memory) by her most affectionate mother,

Dorothy Burlington."—D.

write to the Duke to have him turned out of a little place he has in the post-office of thirty pounds a-year. The poor man, who has six children, and knew nothing of my Lord's being upon no terms of power with his father, went home and shot himself!

I know no syllable of news, but that my Lady Carteret is dead at Hanover, and Lord Wilmington dying. So there will be to let, a first Minister's Ladyship, and a First Lordship of the Treasury. We have nothing from the army, though the King has now been there some time. As new a thing as it is, we don't talk much of it.

Adieu! the family are gone a-fishing: I thought I stayed at home to write to you, but I have so little to say that I don't believe you will think so.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Friday noon, June 29, 1743.

I DON'T know what I write, I am all a hurry of thoughts—a battle—a victory—I dare not yet be glad—I know no particulars of my friends—this instant my Lord has had a messenger from the Duke of Newcastle, who has sent him a copy of Lord Carteret's letter from the field of battle. The King was in all the heat of the fire, and safe—the Duke is wounded in the calf of the leg, but slightly; Duc d'Aremberg in the breast—General Clayton and Colonel Piers are the only officers of note said to be killed—here is all my trust! The French passed the Mayne that morning with

twenty-five thousand men, and are driven back. We have lost two thousand, and they four—several of their general officers and of the Maison du Roy are taken prisoners: the battle lasted from ten in the morning till four. The Hanoverians behaved admirably. The Imperialists* were the aggressors—in short, in all public views, it is all that could be wished—the King in the action and his son wounded; the Hanoverians behaving well; the French beaten: what obloquy will not all this wipe off? Triumph, and write it to Rome! I don't know what our numbers were, I believe about thirty thousand, for there were twelve thousand Hessians and Hanoverians who had not joined them. O! in my hurry, I had forgot the place—you must talk of the battle of Dettingen!

After dinner. My dear child, I am calling together all my thoughts, and rejoice in this victory as much as I dare; for in the raptures of conquest how dare I think that my Lord Carteret, or the rest of those who have written, thought just of whom I thought? The post comes in to-morrow morning, but it is not sure that we shall learn any particular certainties so soon as that. Well! how happy it is that the King has had such an opportunity of distinguishing himself![†] what a figure he

* The Bavarians.

† Frederick the Great, in his "Histoire de mon Temps," gives the following account of George the Second at the battle of Dettingen. "The King was on horseback, and rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy: his horse, frightened at the cannonading, ran away with his Majesty, and nearly carried him into the midst of the French lines: fortunately, one of his attendants succeeded in stopping him. George then abandoned his horse,

will make! They talked of its being below his dignity to command an auxiliary army: my Lord says, it will not be thought below his dignity to have sought danger. These were the flower of the French troops: I flatter myself they will tempt no more battles. Another such, and we might march from one end of France to the other. So! we are in a French war, at least well begun! My Lord has been drinking the healths of Lord Stair and Lord Carteret: he says, "since it is well done, he does not care by whom it was done." He thinks differently from the rest of the world: he thought from the first, that France never missed such an opportunity, as when they undertook the German war, instead of joining with Spain against us. If I hear any more to-morrow before the post goes out, I will let you know—tell me, if this is the first you hear of the victory: I would fain be the first to give you so much pleasure.

Saturday morning.

Well! my dear child, all is safe! I have not so much as an acquaintance hurt. The more we hear, the greater it turns out. Lord Cholmondeley writes my Lord from London, that we gained the victory with only fifteen regiments, not eleven thousand men, and so not half in number to the French. I fancy their soldiery behaved ill, by the gallantry of their officers; for Ranby, the

and fought on foot, at the head of his Hanoverian battalions. With his sword drawn, and his body placed in the attitude of a fencing-master, who is about to make a lunge in carte, he continued to expose himself without flinching to the enemy's fire."—D.

King's private surgeon, writes that he alone has 150 officers of distinction desperately wounded under his care. Marquis Fenelon's son is among the prisoners, and says Marshal Noailles is dangerously wounded: so is Duc d'Aremberg. Honeywood's regiment sustained the attack, and are almost all killed: his natural son has five wounds, and cannot live. The horse were pursuing when the letters came away, so there is no certain account of the slaughter. Lord Albemarle had his horse shot under him. In short, the victory is complete. There is no describing what one hears of the spirits and bravery of our men. One of them dressed himself up in the belts of three officers, and swore he would wear them as long as he lives. Another ran up to Lord Carteret, who was in a coach near the action the whole time, and said, "Here, my Lord, do hold this watch for me; I have just killed a French officer and taken it, and I will go take another."

Adieu! my dear Sir! may the rest of the war be as glorious as the beginning.

TO MR. CHUTE.

My dear Sir, I wish you joy, and you wish me joy, and Mr. Whithed, and Mr. Mann, and Mrs. Bosville, &c. &c. &c. Don't get drunk and get the gout. I expect to be drunk with hogsheads of the Mayne-water, and with odes to his Majesty and the Duke and Te Deums. Patapan begs you will get him a dispensation from Rome, to go and hear the thanksgiving at St. Paul's. We are all mad, drums, trumpets, bumpers, bonfires! the

mob are wild, and cry, "Long live King George, and the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Stair and Lord Carteret, and General Clayton that's dead!" My Lord Lovel says,

"Thanks to the Gods that *John** has done his duty."

Adieu! my dear Dukes of Marlborough!
I am ever your
JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

LETTER LXXIX.

Houghton, July 4, 1743.

I HEAR no particular news here; and I don't pretend to send you the common news, for as I must have it first from London, you will have it from thence sooner in the papers than in my letters. There have been great rejoicings for the victory, which I am convinced is very considerable, by the pains the Jacobites take to persuade it is not. My Lord Carteret's Hanoverian articles have much offended; his express has been burlesqued a thousand ways. By all the letters that arrive, the loss of the French turns out more considerable than by the first accounts: they have dressed up the battle into a victory for themselves —I hope they will always have such! By their not having declared war with us, one should think they intended a peace. It is allowed that our fine horse did us no honour: the victory was gained by the foot. Two of their Princes of the Blood, the

* John Bull.—D.

Prince de Dombes and the Count d'Eu* his brother, were wounded, and several of their first nobility. Our prisoners turn out but seventy-two officers, besides the private men; and by the printed catalogue, I don't think many of great family. Marshal Noailles's mortal wound is quite vanished; and Duc d'Aremberg's shrunk to a very slight one. The King's glory remains in its first bloom.

Lord Wilmington is dead. I believe the civil battle for his post will be tough. Now we shall see what service Lord Carteret's Hanoverians will do him. You don't think the crisis unlucky for him, do you? If you wanted a treasury, should you choose to have been in Arlington Street,† or driving by the battle of Dettingen? You may imagine our Court wishes for Mr. Pelham. I don't know any one who wishes for Lord Bath but himself—I believe that is a pretty substantial wish.

I have got the Life of King Theodore, but I don't know how to convey it—I will inquire for some way.

We are quite alone—you never saw anything so unlike as being here five months out of place, to the congresses of a fortnight in place—but you know the *Justum et tenacem propositi Virum* can amuse himself without the *Civium ardor!* As I have not so much dignity of character to fill up my time, I could like a little more company.

* The two sons of the Duke du Maine, a natural son, but legitimated, of Lewis the Fourteenth.—D.

† Where Mr. Pelham lived.

With all this leisure you may imagine that I might as well be writing an ode or so upon the victory; but as I cannot build upon the Laureat's place, till I know whether Lord Carteret or Mr. Pelham will carry the treasury, I have bounded my compliments to a slender collection of quotations, against I should have any occasion for them. Here are some fine lines from Lord Halifax's* poem on the battle of the Boyne—

"The King leads on, the King does all inflame,
The King!—and carries millions in the name."

Then follows a simile about a deluge, which you may imagine; but the next lines are very good:

"So on the foe the firm battalions prest,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the rest.
Fierce, gallant, young, he shot through ev'ry place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace,
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face."

The next are a magnificent compliment, and as far as verse goes, to be sure very applicable:

Stop, stop, brave Prince, allay that generous flame;
Enough is given to England and to Fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre stand;
Europe's divided interests you command,
All their designs uniting in your hand.
Down from your throne descends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world sustain:
That once dissolved by any fatal stroke,
The scheme of all our happiness is broke.

Adieu! my dear Sir; pray for peace!

* Charles Montagu Earl of Halifax—the "Bufo" of Pope.—D.

LETTER LXXX.

Houghton, July 11, 1743.

THE Pembroke is arrived! Your brother slipped a slice of paper into a letter which he sent me from you the other day, with those pleasant words, *The Pembroke is arrived.* I am going to receive it. I shall be in town the end of this week, only stay there about ten days, and wait on the Dominichin hither. Now I tremble! If it should not stand the trial among the number of capital pictures here!—But it must: it will.

O sweet Lady!* What shall I do about her letter? I must answer it—and where to find a penful of Italian in the world, I know not—Well! she must take what she can get: gold and silver I have not, but what I have I give unto her. Do you say a vast deal of my concern for her illness, and that I could not find decompounds and superlatives enough to express myself. You never tell me a syllable from my sovereign Lady the Princess: has she forgot me? What is become of Prince Beauvau?† is he warring against us? Shall I write to Mr. Conway, to be very civil to him for my sake, if he is taken prisoner? We expect another battle every day: Broglio has joined Noailles, and Prince Charles is on the Neckar. Noailles says, "*Qu'il a fait une folie, mais qu'il est prêt à la réparer.*" There is great blame thrown on Baron Ilton, the Hanoverian General, for having hindered the Guards from en-

* Madame Grifoni. † Son of Prince Craon.

gaging. If they had, and the horse, who behaved wretchedly, had done their duty, it is agreed that there would be no second engagement. The poor Duke is in a much worse way than was at first apprehended: his wound proves a bad one, he is gross, and has had a shivering fit, which is often the forerunner of a mortification. There has been much thought of making Knights-banneret, but I believe the scheme is laid aside; for in the first place, they are never made but on the field of battle; and now it was not thought on till some days after—and besides, the King intended to make some who were not actually in the battle.

Adieu! Possibly I may hear something in town worth telling you.

LETTER LXXXI.

Arlington-Street, July 19.

HERE am I come a-Dominichining! and the first thing I hear is, that the Pembroke must perform quarantine fourteen days for coming from the Mediterranean, and a week airing. It is forty days, if they bring the plague from Sicily. I will bear this misfortune as heroically as I can; and considering I have London to bear it in, may possibly support it well enough.

The private letters from the army all talk of the King's going to Hanover, second of August, N. S. If he should not, one shall be no longer in pain for him, for the French have repassed the Rhine, and think only of preparing against Prince Charles,

who is marching sixty-two thousand men; full of conquest and revenge, to regain his own country. I most cordially wish him success, and that his bravery may recover what his abject brother gave up so tamely, and which he takes as little personal pains to regain. It is not at all determined whether we are to carry the war into France. It is ridiculous enough! we have the name of war with Spain, without the thing; and war with France, without the name!

The maiden heroes of the Guards are in great wrath with General Ilton, who kept them out of harm's way. They call him *the Confectioner*, because he says he *preserved* them.

The week before I left Houghton, my father had a most dreadful accident; it had near been fatal; but he escaped miraculously. He dined abroad, and went up to sleep. As he was coming down again, not quite awakened, he was surprised at seeing the company through a glass-door which he had not observed; his foot slipped, and he, who is now entirely unwieldy and helpless, fell at once down the stairs against the door, which, had it not been there, he had dashed himself to pieces into a stone hall. He cut his forehead two inches long to the pericranium, and another gash upon his temple, but most luckily did himself no other hurt, and was quite well again before I came away.

I find Lord Stafford married to Miss Cantillon; they are to live half the year in London, half in Paris. Lord Lincoln is soon to marry his cousin Miss Pelham: it will be great joy to the whole house of Newcastle.

There is no determination yet come about the Treasury. Most people wish for Mr. Pelham; few for Lord Carteret; none for Lord Bath. My Lady Townshend said an admirable thing the other day to this last: he was complaining much of a pain in his side—"Oh!" said she, "that can't be; you have no *side*."

I have a new cabinet for my enamels and miniatures just come home, which I am sure you would like: it is of rosewood; the doors inlaid with carvings in ivory.* I wish you could see it! Are you to be for ever ministerial *sans relache?* Are you never to have leave to come and *settle your private affairs*, as the newspapers call it?

A thousand loves to the Chutes: does my sovereign Lady yet remember me, or has she lost with her eyes all thought of me? Adieu!

P. S. Princess Louisa goes soon to her young Denmark; and Princess Emily, it is now said, will have the man of Lubeck: if he had missed the crown of Sweden, he was to have taken Princess Caroline, because, in his private capacity, he was not a competent match for the now-first daughter of England. He is extremely handsome—it is fifteen years since Princess Emily was so.

LETTER LXXXII.

Arlington-Street, July 31, 1743.

If I went by my last week's reason for not writing to you, I should miss this post too, for I have

* It is now in the Tribune at Strawberry-Hill.—D.

no more to tell you than I had then; but at that rate, there would be great vacuums in our correspondence. I am still here, waiting for the Dominichin and the rest of the things. I have incredible trouble about them, for they arrived just as the quarantine was established. Then they found out that the Pembroke had left the fleet so long before the infection in Sicily began, and had not touched at any port there, that the Admiralty absolved it. Then the things were brought up; then they were sent back to be aired; and still I am not to have them in a week. I tremble for the pictures, for they are to be aired at the rough discretion of a master of a hoy, for nobody I could send would be suffered to go aboard. The city is outrageous, for you know, to merchants there is no plague so dreadful as a stoppage of their trade. The Regency are so temporizing and timid, especially in this Inter-ministerium, that I am in great apprehensions of our having the plague: an island, so many ports, no power absolute or active enough to establish the necessary precautions, and all are necessary! it is terrible! And now it is on the continent too! While confined to Sicily, there were hopes: but I scarce conceive that it will stop in two or three villages in Calabria. My dear child, Heaven preserve you from it! I am in the utmost pain on its being so near you. What will you do! whither will you go, if it reaches Tuscany? Never think of staying in Florence: shall I get you permission to retire out of that State, in case of danger? but sure you would not hesitate on such a crisis.

We have no news from the army: the Minister there communicates nothing to those here. No answer comes about the Treasury. All is suspense; and clouds of breaches ready to burst. How strange is all this jumble! France with an unsettled ministry; England with an unsettled one; a victory just gained over them, yet no war ensuing, or declared from either side: our Minister still at Paris, as if to settle an amicable intelligence of the losses on both sides! I think there was only wanting for Mr. Thompson* to notify to them in form our victory over them: and for Bussy* to have civil letters of congratulation — 'tis so well-bred an age!

I must tell you a *bon-mot* of Winnington; I was at dinner with him and Lord Lincoln, and Lord Stafford, last week, and it happened to be a maigre-day, of which Stafford was talking, though, you may believe, without any scruples: "Why," said Winnington, "what a religion is yours! they let you eat nothing, and yet make you swallow every thing!"

My dear child, you will think, when I am going to give you a new commission, that I ought to remember those you give me. Indeed I have not forgot one, though I know not how to execute them. The Life of King Theodore is too big to send but by a messenger; by the first that goes you shall have it. For cobolt and zingho, your brother and I have made all inquiries, but almost in vain, except that one person has told him that

** Mr. Thompson and the Abbé de Bussy, were the English and French Residents.

there is some such thing in Lancashire: I have written thither to inquire. For the tea-trees, it is my brother's fault, whom I desired, as he is at Chelsea, to get some from the Physic-garden: he forgot it; but now I am in town myself, if possible, you shall have some seed. After this, I still know not how to give you a commission, for you *over-execute*. But upon conditions uninfringeable, I will give you one. I have begun to collect drawings: now, if you will at any time buy me any that you meet with at reasonable rates, for I will not give great prices, I shall be much obliged to you. I would not have above one, to be sure, of any of the Florentine school, nor above one of any master after the immediate scholars of Carlo Maratti. For the Bolognese school, I care not how many, though I fear they will be too dear. But Mr. Chute understands them. One condition is, that if he collects drawings as well as prints, there is an end of the commission; for you shall not buy me any, when he perhaps would like to purchase them. The other condition is, that you regularly set down the prices you pay — otherwise, if you send me any without the price, I instantly return them unopened to your brother: this, upon my honour, I will most strictly perform.

Adieu! write me minutely the history of the plague: if it makes any progress towards you, I shall be a most unhappy man: I am far from easy on our own account here.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 14, 1743.

I SHOULD write to Mr. Chute to-day, but I won't till next post: I will tell you why presently. Last week I did not write at all, because I was every day waiting for the Dominichin, *&c.* which I at last got last night — But oh! that *&c.!* It makes me write to you, but I must leave it *&c.* for I can't undertake to develope it. I can find no words to thank you from my own fund, but must apply an expression of the Princess Craon's to myself, which the number of charming things you have sent me absolutely melts down from the bombast of which it consisted when she sent it to me. "*Monsieur, votre générosité*, (I am not sure it was not *votre magnificence*,) *ne me laisse rien à désirer de tout ce qui se trouve de précieux en Angleterre, dans la Chine, et aux Indes.*" But still this don't express *&c.* The charming Madame Sevigné, who was still handsomer than Madame de Craon, and had infinite wit, condescended to pun on sending her daughter an excessively fine pearl neck-lace: "*Voilà, ma fille, un présent passant tous les présents passés et présents!*" Do you know that these words reduced to serious meaning, are not sufficient for what you have sent me? If I were not afraid of giving you all the trouble of airing and quarantine which I have had with them, I would send them to you back again! It is well our virtue is out of the ministry! What reproach it would undergo! Why, my dear child, here would

be bribery in folio! How would mortals stare at such a present as this to the son of a fallen minister! I believe half of it would reinstate us again —though the vast box of essences would not half sweeten the Treasury after the dirty wretches that have fouled it since.

The Dominichin is safe; so is everything. I cannot think it of the same hand with the Sasso Ferrati you sent me. This last is not so *manieré* as the Dominichin; for the more I look at it, the more I am convinced it is of him. It goes down with me to-morrow to Houghton. The *Andrea del Sarto* is particularly fine! the Sasso Ferrati particularly graceful — oh! I should have kept that word for the Magdalen's head, which is beautiful beyond measure. Indeed, my dear Sir, I am glad, after my confusion is a little abated, that your part of the things is so delightful; for I am very little satisfied with my own purchases. Donato Creti's* copy is a wretched, raw daub; the beautiful Virgin of the original he has made horrible. Then for the statue, the face is not so broad as my nail, and has not the turn of the antique. Indeed, La Vallèe has done the drapery well, but I can't pardon him the head. My table I like, though he has stuck in among the ornaments two vile china jars, that look like the modern japanning by ladies. The Hermaphrodite, on my seeing it again, is too sharp and hard — in short, your present has put me out of humour with everything of my own. You shall hear next week how my Lord is satisfied with his

* A copy of a celebrated picture by Guido at Bologna, of the Patron Saints of that city.

Dominichin. I have received the letter and drawings by Crewe. By the way, my drawings of the gallery are as bad as anything of my own ordering. They gave Crewe the letter for you at the office I believe, for I knew nothing of his going, or had sent you the Life of King Theodore.

I was interrupted in my letter this morning by the Duke of Devonshire, who called to see the Dominichin. Nobody knows pictures better; he was charmed with it, and did not doubt its Dominichinality.

I find another letter from you to-night of August 6th, and thank you a thousand times for your goodness about Mr. Conway; but I believe I told you, that as he is in the Guards, he was not engaged. We hear nothing but that we are going to cross the Rhine. All we know is from private letters: the Ministry hear nothing. When the Hussars went to Kevenhuller for orders, he said, "*Messieurs, l'Alsace est à vous; je n'ai point d'autres ordres à vous donner.*" They have accordingly taken up their residence in a fine chateau belonging to the Cardinal de Rohan, as Bishop of Strasbourg. We expect nothing but war; and that war expects nothing but conquest.

Your account of our officers was very false, for instead of the soldiers going on without Commanders, some of them were ready to go without their soldiers. I am sorry you have such plague with your Neptune* and the Sardinian — we know not of them scarce.

I really forget anything of an Italian greyhound

* Admiral Matthews.—D.

for the Tesi: I promised her, I remember, a black spaniel — but how to send it! I did promise one of the former to Marquis Mari at Genoa, which I absolutely have not been able to get yet, though I have often tried: but since the last Lord Halifax died, there is no meeting with any of the breed. If I can, I will get her one. I am sorry you are engaged in the opera: I have found it a most dear undertaking! I was not in the management: Lord Middlesex was chief. We were thirty subscribers at two hundred pounds each, which was to last four years, and no other demands ever to be made. Instead of that, we have been made to pay fifty-six pounds over and above the subscription in one winter. I told the Secretary in a passion, that it was the last money I would ever pay for the follies of directors.

I tremble at hearing that the plague is not over as we thought, but still spreading.

You will see in the papers that Lord Hervey is dead — luckily I think for himself, for he had outlived his last inch of character. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXIV.

Houghton, Aug. 29, 1743.

You frighten me about the Spaniards entering Tuscany: it is so probable, that I have no hopes against it, but in their weakness. If all the accounts of their weakness and desertion are true, it must be easy to repel them. If their march to Florence is to keep pace with Prince Charles's entering Lorrain, it is not yet near: hitherto he has

not found the passage of the Rhine practicable. The French have assembled greater armies to oppose it than was expected. We are marching to assist him: the King goes on with the army. I am extremely sorry for the Chevalier de Beauvau's* accident — as sorry perhaps as the Prince or Princess, for you know he was no favourite. The release of the French prisoners prevents the civilities which I would have taken care to have had shown him. You may tell the Princess, that though it will be so much honour to us to have any of her family in our power, yet I shall always be extremely concerned to have such an opportunity of showing my attention to them. There 's a period in her own style—"*Comment! Monsieur, des attentions! qu'il est poli! qu'il sçait tourner une civilité!*"

"*Ha!*† *la brave Angloise! e viva!*" What would I have given to have overheard you breaking it to the gallant! But of all, commend me to the good man Nykin! Why, *Mamie*‡ himself

* Third son of Prince Craon, and Knight of Malta.

† This relates to an intrigue which was observed in a church between an English gentleman and a lady who was at Florence with her husband. Mr. Mann was desired to speak to the lover to choose properer places.

‡ Prince Craon's name for the Princess. She was Mistress of Leopold, the last Duke of Lorrain, who married her to Monsieur de Beauvau, and prevailed on the Emperor to make him a prince of the Empire. Leopold had twenty children by her, who all resembled him, and he got his death by a cold which he contracted in standing to see a new house, which he had built for her, furnished. The Duchess was extremely jealous, and once retired to Paris to complain to her brother the Regent; but he was not a man to quarrel with his brother-in-law for things of that nature, and sent his sister back. Madame de Craon gave into devotion after the Duke's death.

could not have cuddled up an affair for his Sovereign Lady better.

I have a commission from my Lord to send you ten thousand thanks for his bronze: he admires it beyond measure. It came down last Friday, on his birthday,* and was placed at the upper end of the gallery, which was illuminated on the occasion: indeed, it is incredible what a magnificent appearance it made! There were sixty-four candles, which showed all the pictures to great advantage. The Dominichin did itself and us honour. There is not the least question of its being original: one might as soon doubt the originality of King Patapan! His Patapanic Majesty is not one of the least curiosities of Houghton. The crowds that come to see the house, stare at him, and ask what creature it is. As he does not speak one word of Norfolk, there are strange conjectures made about him. Some think that he is a foreign prince come to marry Lady Mary. The disaffected say he is a Hanoverian: but the common people, who observe my Lord's vast fondness for him, take him for his good genius, which they call his familiar.

You will have seen in the papers that Mr. Pelham is at last First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Bath had sent over Sir John Rushout's valet de chambre to Hanau to ask it. It is a great question now what side he will take, or rather if any side will take him. It is not yet known what the good folks in the Treasury will do—I believe what they can. Nothing farther will be determined till the King's return.

* August 26.

LETTER LXXXV.

Houghton, Sept. 7, 1743.

My letters are now at their *ne plus ultra* of nothingness, so you may hope they will grow better again. I shall certainly go to town soon, for my patience is worn out. Yesterday, the weather grew cold; I put on *a new* waistcoat for its being winter's birthday; the season I am forced to love, for summer has no charms for me when I pass it in the country.

We are expecting another battle, and a congress at the same time: Ministers seem to be flocking to Aix la Chapelle — and what will much surprise you, unless you have lived long enough not to be surprised, is, that Lord Bolingbroke has hobbled the same way too — you will suppose as a Minister for France; I tell you, no. My uncle, who is here, was yesterday stumping along the gallery with a very political march: my Lord asked him whither he was going? Oh! said I, to Aix la Chapelle.

You ask me about the marrying Princesses: I know not a tittle. Princess Louisa seems to be going, her clothes are bought; but marrying our daughters makes no conversation. For either of the other two, all thoughts seem to be dropped of it. The Senate of Sweden design themselves to choose a wife for their man of Lubeck.

The city, and our supreme governors, the mob, are very angry that there is a troop of French players at Cliefden. One of them was lately impertinent to a countryman, who thrashed him. His

Royal Highness sent angrily to know the cause. The fellow replied, "He thought to have pleased his Highness in beating one of them, who had tried to kill his father, and had wounded his brother." This was not easy to answer!

I delight in Prince Craon's exact intelligence! For his satisfaction I can tell him, that numbers even here would believe any story full as absurd as that of the King and my Lord Stair; or that very one, if anybody will write it over. Our faith in politics will match any Neapolitan's in religion. A political missionary will make more converts in a county progress, than a Jesuit in the whole empire of China, and will produce more preposterous miracles. Sir Watkyn Williams, at the last Welsh races, convinced the whole Principality (by reading a letter that affirmed it) that the King was not within two miles of the battle of Dettingen. We are not good at hitting off anti-miracles, the only way of defending one's own religion. I have read an admirable story of the Duke of Buckingham, who, when James II. sent a priest to him to persuade him to turn Papist, and was plied by him with miracles, told the Doctor, that if miracles were proofs of a religion, the Protestant cause was as well supplied as theirs. We have lately had a very extraordinary one near my estate in the country. A very holy man, as you might be, Doctor, was travelling on foot and was benighted. He came to the cottage of a poor dowager, who had nothing in the house for herself and daughter, but a couple of eggs and a slice of bacon. However, as she was a pious widow, she made the good man

welcome. In the morning at taking leave, the saint made her over to God for payment, and prayed that whatever she should do as soon as he was gone, she might continue to do all day. This was a very unlimited request, and unless the saint was a prophet too, might not have been very pleasant retribution. The good woman, who minded her affairs, and was not to be put out of her way, went about her business. She had a piece of coarse cloth to make a couple of shifts for herself and child. She no sooner began to measure it, but the yard fell a-measuring, and there was no stopping it. It was sun-set before the good woman had time to take breath. She was almost stifled, for she was up to her ears in ten thousand yards of cloth. She could have afforded to have sold Lady Mary Wortley a clean shift, of the usual coarseness she wears, for a groat halfpenny.

I wish you would tell the Princess this story.—Madame Riccardi, or the little Countess d'Elbenino, will doat on it. I don't think it will be out of Pandolfini's way, if you tell it to the little Albizzi. You see I have not forgot the tone of my Florentine acquaintance. I know I should have translated it to them: you remember what admirable work I used to make of such stories in broken Italian. I have heard old Churchill tell Bussy, English puns out of jest-books: particularly a reply about eating hare, which he translated, *j'ay mon ventre plein de poil.* Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVI.

Houghton, Sept. 17, 1743.

As much as we laughed at Prince Craon's history of the King and Lord Stair, you see it was not absolutely without foundation. I don't just believe that he threatened his master with the parliament. They say he gives for reason of his quitting, their not having accepted one plan of operation that he has offered. There is a long memorial that he presented to the King, with which I don't doubt but his Lordship will oblige the public. He has ordered all his equipages to be sold by public auction in the camp This is all I can tell you of this event, and this is more than has been written to the ministry here They talk of great uneasinesses among the English officers, all of which I don't believe. The army is put into commission. Prince Charles has not passed the Rhine, nor we anything but our time. The papers of to-day tell us of a definitive treaty signed by us and the Queen of Hungary with the King of Sardinia, which I will flatter myself will tend to your defence. I am not in much less trepidation about Tuscany than Richcourt is, though I scarce think my fears reasonable; but while you are concerned, I fear every thing.

My Lord does not admire the account of the Lanfranc; thanks you, and will let it alone.

I am going to town in ten days, not a little tired of the country, and in the utmost impatience for the winter, which I am sure, from all political pro-

spects, must be entertaining to one who only intends to see them at the length of a telescope.

I was lately diverted with an article in the Abecedario Pittorico, in the article of William Dobson; it says, "*Nacque nel quartiere d'Holbrons in Inghilterra.*" Did the author take Holborn for a city, or Inghilterra for the capital of the island of London? Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Newmarket, Oct. 3, 1743.

I AM writing to you in an inn, on the road to London. What a paradise should I have thought this, when I was in the Italian inns! in a wide barn with four ample windows, which had nothing more like glass than shutters and iron bars! no tester to the bed, and the saddles and portmanteaus heaped on me to keep off the cold. What a paradise did I think the inn at Dover when I came back, and what magnificence were twopenny prints, salt-sellers, and boxes to hold the knives: but the *summum bonum* was small-beer and the newspaper.

"I bless'd my stars, and called it luxury!"

Who was the Neapolitan Ambassadress,* that could not live at Paris, because there was no maccaroni? Now am I relapsed into all the dissatisfied repinement of a true English grumbling voluptuary. I could find in my heart to write a Craftsman against the Government, because I am not quite so much at my ease as on my own sofa.

* The Princess of Campoflorido.

I could persuade myself that it is my Lord Carteret's fault, that I am only sitting in a common arm-chair, when I would be lolling in a *pechè-mortel.* How dismal, how solitary, how scrub does this town look; and yet it has actually a street of houses better than Parma or Modena. Nay, the houses of the people of fashion, who come hither for the races, are palaces to what houses in London itself were fifteen years ago. People do begin to live again now, and I suppose in a term we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, &c. But from that grandeur, all the nobility had contracted themselves to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back-room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet. Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity-plums in a vast pudding of country. Well! it is a tolerable place as it is! Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but recipe CCCLXV drachm. Londin. Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis: the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country: questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours. Oh! they are all good Samaritans, and do so pour balms and nostrums upon one, if one has but the toothache, or a journey to take, that they break one's head—a journey to take—ay! they talk over

the miles to you, and tell you, you will be late in. My Lord Lovel says, *John* always goes two hours in the dark in the morning, to avoid being one hour in the dark in the evening. I was pressed to set out to-day before seven : I did before nine ; and here am I arrived at a quarter past five, for the rest of the night ! I am more convinced every day that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no decency, no practicable society — I had almost said, not a virtue. I will only instance in modesty, which all *old Englishmen* are persuaded cannot exist within the atmosphere of Middlesex. Lady Mary has a remarkable taste and knowledge of music, and can sing — I don't say, like your sister, but I am sure she would be ready to die if obliged to sing before three people, or before one with whom she is not intimate. The other day there came to see her a Norfolk heiress : the young gentlewoman had not been three hours in the house, and that for the first time of her life, before she notified her talent for singing, and invited herself up-stairs, to Lady Mary's harpsichord ; where, with a voice like thunder, and with as little harmony, she sang to nine or ten people for an hour. " Was ever nymph like Rossymonde ?"— no, *d'honneur*. We told her, she had a very strong voice. " Lord, Sir ! my master says it is nothing to what it was." My dear child, she brags abominably : if it had been a thousandth degree louder, you must have heard it at Florence.

I did not write to you last post, being overwhelmed with this sort of people : I will be more

punctual in London. Patapan is in my lap: I had him wormed lately, which he took heinously: I made it up with him by tying a collar of rainbow-riband about his neck, for a token that he is never to be wormed any more.

I had your long letter of two sheets of Sept. 17th, and wonder at your perseverance in telling me so much as you always do, when I, dull creature, find so little for you. I can only tell you that the more you write, the happier you make me: and I assure you, the more details the better: I so often lay schemes for returning to you, that I am persuaded I shall, and would keep up my stock of Florentine ideas.

I honour Matthews's punctilious observance of his *Holiness's* dignity. How incomprehensible Englishmen are! I should have sworn that he would have piqued himself on calling the Pope the w——e of Babylon, and have begun his remonstrance, with "you *old d—d* ——" What extremes of absurdities! to flounder from Pope Joan to his Holiness! I like your reflection, "that every body can bully the Pope." There was a humourist called Sir James of the Peak, who had been beat by a fellow, who afterwards underwent the same operation from a third hand. "Zounds," said Sir James, "that I did not know this fellow would take a beating!" Nay, my dear child, I don't know that Matthews would!

You know I always thought the Tesi *comique, pendant que ça devroit être tragique.* I am happy that my sovereign Lady expressed my opinion so well—by the way, is De Sade still with you? Is

he still in pawn by the proxy of his clothes? Has the Princess as constant retirements to her bedchamber with the *colique* and Antenori? Oh! I was struck the other day with a resemblance of mine hostess at Brandon to old Sarazin. You must know, the ladies of Norfolk universally wear perriwigs, and affirm that it is the fashion at London. "Lord, Mrs. White, have you been ill, that you have shaved your head?" Mrs. White, in all the days of my acquaintance with her, had a professed head of red hair: to-day she had no hair at all before, and at a distance above her ears, I descried a smart brown bob, from beneath which had escaped some long strings of original scarlet—so like old Sarazin at two in the morning, when she has been losing at Pharaoh, and clawed her wig aside, and her old trunk is shaded with the venerable white ivy of her own locks.

I agree with you that it would be too troublesome to send me the things now the quarantine exists, except the gun-barrels for Lord Conway, the length of which I know nothing about, being, as you conceive, no sportsman. I must send you, with the Life of Theodore, a vast pamphlet* in defence of the new administration, which makes the greatest noise. It is written, as supposed, by Dr. Pearse,† of St. Martin's, whom Lord Bath lately made a Dean: the matter furnished by him. There is a good deal of useful knowledge of the famous change to be found in it, and much more

* "Faction detected."

† Mr. Pearse, afterwards Bishop of Bangor. He was not the author, but Lord Perceval, afterwards Earl of Egmont.

impudence. Some parts are extremely fine; in particular, the answer to the Hanoverian pamphlets, where he has collected the flower of all that was said in defence of that measure. Had you those pamphlets? I will make up a parcel: tell me what other books you would have: I will send you nothing else, for if I give you the least bauble, it puts you to infinite expense, which I can't forgive, and indeed will never bear again: you would ruin yourself, and there is nothing I wish so much as the contrary.

Here is a good ode, written on the supposition of that new book being Lord Bath's: I believe by the same hand as those charming ones which I sent you last year: the author is not yet known.*

The Duke of Argyle is dead — a death of how little moment, and of how much it would have been a year or two ago! It is provoking, if one must die, that one can't even die *apropos!*

How does your friend Dr. Cocchi? You never mention him: do only knaves and fools deserve to be spoken of? Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 12, 1743.

THEY had sent your letter of Sept. 24th to Houghton the very night I came to town; I did not receive it back till yesterday, and soon after another with Mr. Chute's inclosed, for which I

* The ode by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, beginning,

"Your sheets I 've perus'd."

It has been frequently published.—D.

will thank him presently. But, my dear child, I can, like you, think of nothing but your bitter father's letter. ——! and that I should have contributed to it! how I detest myself!* My dearest Sir, you know all I ever said to him:† indeed, I never do see him, and I assure you that now I would worship him as the Indians do the Devil, for fear — he should hurt you: tempt you I find he will not. He is so avaricious, that I believe, if you asked him for a fish, he would think it even extravagance to give you a stone: in these bad times, stones may come to be dear, and if he loses his place and his lawsuit, who knows but he may be reduced to turn pavior? Oh! the brute! and how shocking, that, for your sake, one can't literally wish to see him want bread! But how can you feel the least tenderness, when the wretch talks of his bad health, and of not denying himself comforts! It is weakness in you: whose health is worse, yours or his? or when did he ever deny himself a comfort to please any mortal? My dear child, what is it possible to do for you? is there any thing in my power? What would I not do for you? and, indeed, what ought I not, if I have done you any disservice? I don't think there is any danger of your father's losing his place,‡ for

* Sir Horace Mann, in a letter to Walpole, dated Sept. 24th, 1743, gives an account of his father's refusal to give him any money; and then quotes the following passage from his father's letter — "He tells me *he has been baited by you and your uncle on my account, which was very disagreeable, and believes he may charge it to me.*"—D.

† Vide Letter LXXV.

‡ Mr. Robert Mann, father of Mr. Horace Mann, had a place in Chelsea College, under the Paymaster of the Forces.

whoever succeeds Mr. Pelham, is likely to be a friend to this house, and would not turn out one so connected with it.

I should be very glad to show my Lord an account of those statues you mention: they are much wanted in his hall, where, except the Laocoon, he has nothing but busts. For Gaburri's drawings, I am extremely pleased with what you propose to me. I should be well content with two of each master. I can't well fix on any price; but would not the rate of a sequin a-piece be sufficient? to be sure he never gave anything like that: when one buys the quantity you mention to me, I can't but think that full enough for one with another. At least, if I bought so many as two hundred, I would not venture to go beyond that.

I am not at all easy from what you tell me of the Spaniards: I have now no hopes but in the winter, and what it may produce. I fear our's will be most ugly: the disgusts about Hanover swarm and increase every day. The King and Duke have left the army, which is marching to winter quarters in Flanders. He will not be here by his birthday, but it will be kept when he comes. The parliament meets the 22nd of November. All is distraction! no union in the Court: no certainty about the House of Commons: Lord Carteret making no friends, the King making enemies: Mr. Pelham in vain courting Pitt, &c. Pultney unresolved. How will it end? No joy but in the Jacobites. I know nothing more, so turn to Mr. Chute.

My dear Sir, how I am obliged to you for your

poem! Patapan is so vain with it, that he will read nothing else; I only offered him a Martial to compare it with the original, and the little coxcomb threw it into the fire, and told me "He never heard of a lapdog's reading Latin; that it was very well for house-dogs and pointers that live in the country, and have several hours upon their hands: for my part," said he,

"I am so nice, who ever saw
A Latin book on my sofa?
You 'll find as soon a primer there,
Or recipes for pastry-ware.
Why do ye think I ever read
But Crebillon or Calprenede?
This very thing of Mr. Chute's
Scarce with my taste and fancy suits.
Oh! had it but in French been writ,
'Twere the genteelest, sweetest bit!
One hates a vulgar English poet:
I vow t' ye, I should blush to show it
To women *de ma connoissance*,
Did not that *agráable stance*,
Cher double entendre! furnish means
Of making sweet Patapanins!"*

* Mr. Chute had sent Mr. Walpole the following imitation of an epigram of Martial:

"Issa est passere nequior Catulli,
Issa est purior osculo columbæ."
Martial, Lib. 1. *Ep.* 110.

"Pata is frolicksome and smart,
As Geoffry once was—(Oh my heart!)
He 's purer than a turtle's kiss,
And gentler than a little miss;
A jewel for a lady's ear,
And Mr. Walpole's pretty dear.
He laughs and cries with mirth or spleen;
He does not speak, but thinks, 'tis plain.
One knows his little *Guai's* as well
As if he 'd little words to tell.

My dear Sir, your translation shall stand foremost in the Patapaniana: I hope in time to have poems upon him, and sayings of his own, enough to make a notable book. *En attendant*, I have sent you some pamphlets to amuse your solitude, for, do you see, as *tramontane* as I am, and as much as I love Florence, and hate the country, while we make such a figure in the world, or at least such a noise in it, one must consider you other Florentines as country gentlemen. Tell our dear *Miny*, that when he unfolds the enchanted carpet, which his brother the wise Galfridus sends him, he will find all the kingdoms of the earth pourtrayed in it. In short, as much history as was described on the ever-memorable and wonderful piece of silk, which the puissant White Cat*

Coil'd in a heap, a plumy wreathe,
He sleeps, you hardly hear him breathe.
Then he 's so nice, who ever saw
A drop that sullied his sofa ?
His bended leg ! — what 's this but sense ?—
Points out his little exigence.
He looks and points, and whisks about,
And says, pray dear Sir, let me out.
Where shall we find a little wife,
To be the comfort of his life,
To frisk and skip, and furnish means
Of making sweet Patapanins ?
England, alas ! can boast no she,
Fit only for his cicisbee.
Must greedy Fate then have him all ?—
No ; Wootton to our aid we 'll call—
The immortality 's the same,
Built on a shadow, or a name.
He shall have one by Wootton's means,
The other Wootton for his pains.

* See the story of the White Cat in the fairy tales.

inclosed in a nut-shell, and presented to her paramour Prince. In short, in this carpet, which (filberts being out of season) I was reduced to pack up in a walnut, he will find the following immense library of political lore: Magazines for October, November, December; with an Appendix for the year 1741; all the Magazines for 1742, bound in one volume; and nine Magazines for 1743. The Life of King Theodore, a certain fairy monarch; with the Adventures of this Prince and the fair Republic of Genoa. The miscellaneous thoughts of the fairy Hervey. The Question Stated. Case of the Hanover Troops; and the Vindication of the Case. Faction Detected. Congratulatory Letter to Lord Bath. The Mysterious Congress: and four Old England Journals. Tell Mr. Mann, or Mr. Mann tell himself, that I would send him nothing but this enchanted carpet, which he can't pretend to return. I will accept nothing under enchantment. Adieu all! Continue to love the two Patapans.

LETTER LXXXIX.

London, Nov. 17, 1743.

I WOULD not write on Monday till I could tell you the King was come. He arrived at St. James's between five and six on Tuesday. We were in great fears of his coming through the city, after the treason that has been publishing for these two months: but it is incredible how well his reception was, beyond what it had ever been before: in

short, you would have thought that it had not been a week after the victory at Dettingen. They almost carried him into the palace on their shoulders; and at night the whole town was illuminated and bonfired. He looks much better than he has for these five years, and is in great spirits. The Duke limps a little. The King's reception of the Prince, who was come to St. James's to wait for him, and who met him on the stairs with his two sisters, and the Privy Counsellors, was not so gracious — *pas un mot* — though the Princess was brought to bed the day before, and Prince George is ill of the small-pox. It is very unpopular! You will possibly by next week hear great things: hitherto, all is silence, expectation, struggle, and ignorance. The birth-day is kept on Tuesday, when the Parliament was to have met; but that can't be yet.

Lord Holderness has brought home a Dutch bride:* I have not seen her. The Duke of Richmond had a letter yesterday from Lady Albemarle,† at Altona: she says, the Prince of Denmark is not so tall as his bride, but far from a bad figure: he is thin, and not ugly, except having too wide a mouth. When she returns, as I know her particularly, I will tell you more—for the present

* Her name was Mademoiselle Doublette; and she is called in the Peerages "the niece of M. Van Haaren, of the province of Holland."—D.

† Lady Anne Lenox, sister of the ke of Richmond, and wife of William Anne van Keppel Ear. Albemarle: she had been Lady of the Bedchamber to the Que : and this year conducted Princess Louisa to Altona, to be . rried to the Prince Royal of Denmark.

I think I have very handsomely despatched the chapter of Royalties. My Lord comes to town the day after to-morrow.

The opera is begun, but is not so well as last year. The Rosa Mancini, who is second woman, and whom I suppose you have heard, is now old. In the room of Amorevoli, they have got a dreadful bass, who, the Duke of Montagu says he believes, was organist at Aschaffenburgh.

Do you remember a tall Mr. Vernon,* who travelled with Mr. Cotton? He is going to be married to a sister of Lord Strafford.

I have exhausted my news, and you shall excuse my being short to-day. For the future I shall overflow with preferments, alterations, and Parliaments.

Your brother brought me yesterday two of yours together, of Oct. 22 and 27, and I find you still overwhelmed with Richcourt's folly and the Admiral's explanatory ignorance. It is unpleasant to have old Pucci† added to your *embarras*.

Chevalier Ossorio‡ was with me the other morning, and we were talking over the Hanoverians, as everybody does. I complimented him very sincerely on his master's great bravery and success: he answered very modestly and sensibly, that he

* Henry Vernon, Esq. a nephew of Admiral Vernon, married to Lady Henrietta Wentworth, daughter of Thomas first Earl of Strafford, of the second creation.—D.

† Signor Pucci was resident from Tuscany at the Court of England.

‡ Chevalier Ossorio was several years Minister in England from the King of Sardinia, to whom he afterwards became first Minister.

was glad amidst all the clamours that there had been no cavil to be found with the subsidy paid to his King. Prince Lobkowitz makes a great figure, and has all my wishes and blessings for having put Tuscany out of the question.

There is no end of my giving you trouble with packing me up cases: I shall pay the money to your brother. Adieu! Embrace the Chutes, who are heavenly good to you, and must have been of great use in all your illness and disputes.

LETTER XC.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 30, 1743.

I HAVE had two letters from you since I wrote myself. This I begin against to-morrow, for I should have little time to write. The Parliament opens, and we are threatened with a tight Opposition, though it must be vain, if the numbers turn out as they are calculated; three hundred for the Court, two hundred and five opponents; that is, in town; for you know the whole amounts to five hundred and fifty-eight. The division in the Ministry has been more violent than between parties; though now, they tell you, it is all adjusted. The Secretary,* since his return, has carried all with a high hand, and treated the rest as ciphers: but he has been so beaten in the Cabinet Council, that in appearance he submits, though the favour is most evidently with him. All the old Ministers have flown hither as zealously

* Lord Carteret.

as in former days; and of the three levées* in this street, the greatest is in this house; as my Lord Carteret told them the other day; "I know you all go to Lord Orford: he has more company than any of us — do you think I can't go to him too?" He is never sober; his rants are amazing; so are his parts and spirits. He has now made up with the Pelhams, though after naming to two vacancies in the Admiralty without their knowledge; Sir Charles Hardy and Mr. Philipson. The other alterations are at last fixed. Winnington is to be Paymaster; Sandys, Cofferer, on resigning the Exchequer to Mr. Pelham; Sir John Rushout, Treasurer of the Navy, and Harry Fox, Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Compton† and Gybbons remain at that board. Wat. Plumber, a known man, said the other day, "Zounds! Mr. Pultney took those old dishclouts to wipe out the Treasury, and now they are going to lace them and lay them up!" It is a most just idea: to be sure, Sandys and Rushout and their fellows are dishclouts, if dishclouts there are in the world: and now to lace them!

The Duke of Marlborough has resigned everything, to reinstate himself in the old Duchess's will. She said the other day, "It is very natural: he listed as soldiers do when they are drunk, and repented when he was sober."

* Lord Carteret's, Mr. Pelham's, and Lord Orford's.

† The Hon. George Compton, second son of George fourth Earl of Northampton. He succeeded his elder brother James the fifth Earl in the family titles and estates, in 1754, and died himself in 1758.—D.

So much for news: now for your letters.

All joy to Mr. Whithed on the increase of his family! and joy to you, for now he is established in so comfortable a way, I trust you will not lose him soon—And *la Dame s'appelle?*

If my Lady Walpole has a mind once in her life to speak truth, or to foretell, the latter of which has as seldom anything to do with truth as her Ladyship has, why she may now about the Tesi's dog, for I shall certainly forget what it would be in vain to remember. My dear Sir, how should one convey a dog to Florence! There are no travelling Princes of Saxe Gotha or Modena here at present, who would carry a little dog in a nutshell. The poor Maltese cats, to the tune of how many! never arrived here; and how should one little dog ever find its way to Florence! But tell me, and if it is possible I will send it. Was it to be a greyhound, or of King Charles's breed? It was to have been the latter; but I think you told me that she rather had a mind to the other sort, which, by the way, I don't think I could get for her.

Thursday, 8 o'clock at night.

I am just come from the House and dined. Mr. Coke* moved the address, seconded by Mr. Yorke,† the Lord Chancellor's son. The Opposition divided 149 against 278, which gives a better prospect of carrying on the winter easily. In the Lords House there was no division. Mr.

* The only son of Lord Lovel.—D.

† Philip Yorke, eldest son of Lord Hardwicke; and afterwards the second Earl of that title.—D.

Pitt called Lord Carteret the execrable author of our measures and sole minister. Mr. Winnington replied, that he did not know of any sole minister, but if my Lord Carteret was so, the gentlemen of the other side had contributed more to make him so than he had.

I am much pleased with the prospect you show me of the Correggio. My Lord is so satisfied with the Dominichin, that he will go as far as a thousand pounds for the Correggio. Do you really think we shall get it, and for that price?

You talk of the new couple, and of giving the sposa a mantilla: what new couple? you don't say. I suppose some Suares, by the raffle. Adieu!

LETTER XCI.

Dec. 15, 1743.

I WRITE in a great fright, lest this letter should come too late. My Lord has been told by a Dr. Bragge, a virtuoso, that some years ago the Monks asked ten thousand pounds for our Correggio,* and that there were two copies then made of it: that afterwards, he is persuaded, the King of Portugal bought the original; he does not know at what price. Now I think it very possible that this doctor, hearing the picture was to be come at, may have invented this Portuguese history: but as there is a possibility too that it may be true, you must take all imaginable precautions

* One of the most celebrated pictures of Correggio, with the Madonna and child, saints and angels, in a convent at Parma.

to be sure it is the very original — a copy would do neither you nor me great honour.

We have entered upon the Hanoverian campaign. Last Wednesday, Waller moved in our House an address to the King to continue them no longer in our pay than to Christmas-day, the term for which they were granted. The debate lasted till half an hour after eight at night. Two young officers told some very trifling stories against the Hanoverians, which did not at all add any weight to the arguments of the Opposition, but we divided 231 to 181. On Friday Lord Sandwich and Lord Halifax, in good speeches, brought the same motion into the Lords. I was there, and heard Lord Chesterfield make the finest oration I ever did hear. My father did not speak, nor Lord Bath. They threw out the motion by 71 to 36. These motions will determine the bringing on the demand for the Hanoverians for another year in form, which was a doubtful point, the old part of the Ministry being against it, though very contrary to my Lord's advice.

Lord Gower finding no more Tories were to be admitted, resigned on Thursday; and Lord Cobham in the afternoon. The Privy Seal was the next day given to Lord Cholmondeley. Lord Gower's resignation is one of the few points in which I am content the prophecy in the old Jacobite ballad should be fulfilled — "The King shall have his own again."

The changes are begun, but will not be completed till the recess, as the preferments will occasion more re-elections than they can spare just

now in the House of Commons. Sandys has resigned the Exchequer to Mr. Pelham; Sir John Rushout is to be Treasurer of the Navy; Winnington, Paymaster; Harry Fox, Lord of the Treasury; Lord Edgcumbe, I believe, Lord of the Treasury,* and Sandys, Cofferer and a Peer. I am so scandalized at this, that I will fill up my letter (having told you all the news) with the first fruits of my indignation.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, ON ITS RECEIVING A NEW PEER.

THOU senseless Hall, whose injudicious space,
Like Death, confounds a various mismatch'd race,
Where kings and clowns, th' ambitious and the mean,
Compose th' inactive soporific scene,
Unfold thy doors!—and a promotion see,
That must amaze ev'n prostituted thee!
Shall not thy Sons, incurious as they are,
Raise their dull lids, and meditate a stare!
Thy Sons! who sleep in monumental state,
To show the spot where their great Fathers sate.
Ambition first, and specious warlike worth
Call'd our old Peers and brave Patricians forth;
And subject Provinces produced to fame
Their Lords with scarce a less than regal name.
Then, blinded Monarchs, flattery's fondled race,
Their fav'rite minions stamp'd with titled grace,
And bade the tools of pow'r succeed to Virtue's place.
Hence Spensers, Gavestons, by crimes grown great,
Vaulted into degraded Honour's seat:
Hence dainty Villiers sits in high debate,
Where manly Beauchamps, Talbots, Cecils sate:
Hence Wentworth,† perjured patriot, burst each tie,
Profaned each oath, and gave his life the lie;
Renounced whate'er he sacred held and dear,
Renounced his country's cause, and sank into a Peer.

* This did not happen.

† Earl of Strafford; but it alludes to Lord Bath.

Some have bought ermine, venal Honour's veil,
When set by bankrupt Majesty to sale;
Or drew Nobility's coarse ductile thread
From some distinguish'd harlot's titled bed.
Not thus ennobled Samuel! — no worth
Call'd from his mud the sluggish reptile forth;
No parts to flatter, and no grace to please,
With scarce an insect's impotence to tease,
He struts a Peer—though proved too dull to stay,
Whence* ev'n poor Gybbons is not brush'd away.

Adieu! I am just going to Leicester-House, where the Princess sees company to-day and to-morrow, from seven to nine, on her lying-in. I mention this *per amor del* Signor Marchese Cosimo Riccardi. †

LETTER XCII.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 26, 1743.

I SHALL complain of inflammations in my eyes, till you think it is an excuse for not writing; but your brother is my witness that I have been shut up in a dark room for this week. I get frequent colds, which fall upon my eyes; and then I have bottles of sovereign eye-waters from all my acquaintance; but as they are only accidental colds, I never use anything but sage, which braces my eye-fibres again in a few days. I have had two letters since my last to you; one complaining of my silence, and the other acknowledging one from me after a month's intermission: indeed, I never

* The Treasury.

† A gossiping old Florentine nobleman, whose whole employment was to inform himself of the state of marriages, pregnancies, lyings-in, and such like histories.

have been so long without writing to you: I do sometimes miss two weeks on any great dearth of news, which is all I have to fill a letter; for living as I do among people, whom, from your long absence, you cannot know, I should talk Hebrew to mention them to you. Those, that from eminent birth, folly, or parts, are to be found in the chronicles of the times, I tell you of, whenever necessity or the King puts them into new lights. The latter, for I cannot think the former had any hand in it, has made Sandys, as I told you, a Lord and Cofferer! Lord Middlesex is one of the new Treasury, not Ambassador, as you heard. So the Opera-house and White's have contributed a Commissioner and a Secretary to the Treasury,* as their quota to the government. It is a period to make a figure in history.

There is a recess of both Houses for a fortnight — and we are to meet again, with all the quotations and flowers that the young orators can collect and forcibly apply to the Hanoverians; with all the malice which the disappointed Old have hoarded against Carteret, and with all the impudence his defenders can sell him: and when all that is vented — what then? — why then, things will be just where they were?

General Wade† is made Field-marshal, and is to have the command of the army, as it is supposed, on the King's not going abroad; but that is not declared. The French preparations go on

* John Jeffries.

† General George Wade, afterwards Commander of the forces in Scotland.—D.

with much more vigour than our's: they not having a House of Commons to combat all the winter; a campaign that necessarily engages all the attention of ministers, who have no great variety of apartments in their understandings.

I have paid your brother the bill I received from you, and give you a thousand thanks for all the trouble you have had; most particularly from the plague of hams,* from which you have saved me. Heavens! how blank I should have looked at unpacking a great case of bacon and wine! My dear child, be my friend, and preserve me from heroic presents. I cannot possibly at this distance begin a new courtship of regali; for I suppose all those hams were to be converted into watches and toys. Now it would suit Sir Paul Methuen very well, who is a Knight-errant at seventy-three, to carry on an amour between Mrs. Chenevix's† shop and a noble cellar in Florence; but alas! I am neither old enough nor young enough to be gallant, and should ill become the writing of heroic epistles to a fair mistress in Italy—No, no: *ne sono uscito con onore, mi pare, et non voglio riprendere quel impegno più.* You see how rustic I am grown again!

I knew your new brother-in-law‡ at school, but have not seen him since. But your sister was in love, and must consequently be happy to have him. Yet I own, I cannot much felicitate

* Madame Grifoni was going to send Mr. W. a present of hams and Florence wine.

† The proprietress of a celebrated toy-shop.—D.

‡ Mr. Foote.

anybody that marries for love. It is bad enough to marry; but to marry where one loves, ten times worse. It is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterwards. Your sister has a thousand merits; but they don't count: but then she has good sense enough to make her happy, if her merit cannot make him so.

Adieu! I rejoice for your sake that Madame Royale * is recovered, as I saw in the papers.

LETTER XCIII.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been much desired by a very particular friend, to recommend to you Sir William Maynard,† who is going to Florence. You will oblige me extremely by any civilities you show him while he stays there; in particular, by introducing him to the Prince and Princess de Craon, Madame Suares, and the rest of my acquaintance there, who, I dare say, will continue their goodness to me, by receiving him with the same politeness that they received me. I am, &c.

* The Duchess of Lorrain, mother of the Great Duke: her death would have occasioned a long mourning at Florence. (Elizabeth of Orleans, only daughter of Philip Duke of Orleans, (Monsieur,) by his second wife, the Princess Palatine.—D.)

† Sir William Maynard the fourth Baronet of the family, and a younger branch of the Lords Maynard. His son, Sir Charles Maynard, became Viscount Maynard in 1775, upon the death of his cousin Charles, the first Viscount, who had been so created, with special remainder to him.—D.

LETTER XCIV.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 24, 1744.

Don't think me guilty of forgetting you a moment, though I have missed two or three posts. If you knew the incessant hurry and fatigue in which I live, and how few moments I have to myself, you would not suspect me. You know, I am naturally indolent, and without application to any kind of business; yet it is impossible, in this country, to live in the world and be in parliament, and not find oneself every day more hooked into politics and company, especially inhabiting a house that is again become the centre of affairs. My Lord becomes the last resource, to which they are all forced to apply. One part of the ministry, you may be sure, do; and for the other, they affect to give themselves the honour of it too.

Last Thursday I would certainly have written to give you a full answer to your letter of grief,* but I was shut up in the House till past ten at night; and the night before till twelve. But I must speak to you in private first. I don't in the least doubt but my Lady Walpole and Richcourt would willingly be as mischievous as they are malicious, if they could: but, my dear child, it is impossible. Don't fear from Lord Carteret's

* Sir Horace Mann had written in great uneasiness in consequence of his having heard that Count Richcourt, the Great Duke's minister, was using all his influence with the English Government, in conjunction with Lady Walpole, to have Sir Horace removed from his situation at Florence.—D.

silence to you; he never writes: if that were a symptom of disgrace, the Duke of Newcastle would have been out long ere this: and when the Regency were not thought worthy of his notice, you could not expect it. As to your being attached to Lord Orford, that is your safety. Carteret told him the other day, "My Lord, I appeal to the Duke of Newcastle, if I did not tell the King, that it was you who had carried the Hanover troops." That, too, disproves the accusation of Sir Robert's being no friend to the Queen of Hungary. That is now too stale and old. However, I will speak to my Lord and Mr. Pelham — would I had no more cause to tremble for you, than from little cabals! — but, my dear child, when we hear every day of the Toulon fleet sailing, can I be easy for you? or can I not foresee where that must break, unless Matthews and the wonderful fortune of England can interpose effectually? We are not without our own fears; the Brest fleet of twenty-two sail is out at sea; they talk, for Barbadoes — I believe we wish it may be thither destined? Judge what I think; I cannot, nor may write; but I am in the utmost anxiety for your situation.

The whole world, nay the Prince himself allows, that if Lord Orford had not come to town, the Hanover troops had been lost. They were in effect given up by all but Carteret. We carried our own army in Flanders by a majority of 112. Last Wednesday was the great day of expectation: we sat in the Committee on the Hanover troops till twelve at night; the numbers were

271 to 226. The next day on the report we sat again till past ten, the Opposition having moved to adjourn till Monday, on which we divided, 265 to 177. Then the Tories all went away in a body, and the troops were voted.

We have still tough work to do: there are the estimates on the extraordinaries of the campaign, and the treaty of Worms* to come—I know who† thinks this last more difficult to fight than the Hanover troops. It is likely to turn out as laborious a session as ever was. All the comfort is, all the abuse don't lie at your door nor mine —Lord Carteret has the full perquisites of the ministry. The other day, after Pitt had called him *the Hanover-troop-Minister*, *a flagitious task-master*, and said, *that the sixteen thousand Hanoverians were all the party he had, and were his placemen*, in short, after he had exhausted invectives, he added, "But I have done: if he were present, I would say ten times more." Murray shines as bright as ever he did at the bar, which he seems to decline, to push his fortune in the House of Commons under Mr. Pelham.

This is the present state of our politics, which is our present state, for nothing else is thought of. We fear the King will again go abroad.

Lord Hartington has desired me to write to you for some melon-seeds, which you will be so good to get the best and send to me for him.

* Between the King of England, the Queen of Hungary, and the King of Sardinia, to whom were afterwards added Holland and Saxony. It is sometimes called the "triple alliance."—D.

† Lord Orford.

I can't conclude without mentioning again the Toulon squadron: we vapour, and say, by this time Matthews has beaten them—while *I* see them in the port of Leghorn!

My dear Mr. Chute, I trust to your friendship to comfort our poor Miny: for my part, I am all apprehension! My dearest child, if it turns out so, trust to my friendship for working every engine to restore you to as good a situation as you will lose if my fears prove prophetic! The first peace would reinstate you in your favourite Florence, whoever were Sovereign of it. I wish you may be able to smile at the vanity of my fears, as I did at yours about Richcourt. Adieu! adieu!

LETTER XCV.

Feb. 9, 1744.

I HAVE scarce time to write, or to know what I write—I live in the House of Commons. We sat on Tuesday till ten at night, on a Welsh election; and shall probably stay as long to-day on the same.

I have received all your letters by the couriers and the post: I am persuaded the Duke of Newcastle is much pleased with your dispatch; but I dare not enquire, for fear he should dislike your having written the same to me.

I believe we should have heard more of the Brest squadron, if their appearance off the Land's-end on Friday was se'nnight, steering towards Ireland, had occasioned greater consternation. It is

incredible how little impression it made; the Stocks hardly fell; though it was then generally believed that the Pretender's son was on board. We expected some invasion, but as they were probably disappointed on finding no rising in their favour, it is now believed that they are gone to the Mediterranean. They narrowly missed taking the Jamaica fleet, which was gone out convoyed by two men-of-war. The French pursued them, outsailed them, and missed them by their own inexpertness. Sir John Norris is at Portsmouth, ready to sail with nineteen men-of-war, and is to be joined by two more from Plymouth. We hope to hear that Matthews has beat the Toulon squadron before they can be joined by the Brest. This is the state of our situation. They have stopped the embarkation of the six thousand men for Flanders; and I hope the King's journey thither. The Opposition fight every measure of supply, but very unsuccessfully. When this Welsh election is over, they will probably go out of town, and leave the rest of the Session at ease.

I think you have nothing to apprehend from the new mine that is preparing against you. My Lord is convinced it is an idle attempt; and it will always be in his power to prevent any such thing from taking effect. I am very unhappy for Mr. Chute's gout, or for anything that disturbs the peace of people I love so much, and that I have such vast reason to love. You know my fears for you; pray Heaven they end well!

It is universally believed that the Pretender's

son, who is at Paris, will make the campaign in one of their armies. I suppose this will soon produce a declaration of war: and then France, perhaps, will not find her account in having brought him as near to England as ever he is like to be. Adieu! My Lord is hurrying me down to the House—I must go.

LETTER XCVI.

House of Commons, Feb. 16, 1744.

We are come nearer to a crisis than indeed I expected! After the various reports about the Brest squadron, it has proved that they are sixteen ships of the line off Torbay; in all probability to draw our fleet from Dunkirk, where they have two men-of-war and sixteen large India-men to transport eight thousand foot and two thousand horse which are there in the town. There has been some difficulty to persuade people of the imminence of our danger: but yesterday the King sent a message to both Houses to acquaint us that he has certain information of the young Pretender being in France, and of the designed invasion from thence, in concert with the disaffected here. Immediately the Duke of Marlborough, who most handsomely and seasonably was come to town on purpose, moved for an Address to assure the King of standing by him with lives and fortunes. Lord Hartington, seconded by Sir Charles Windham,* the convert son of Sir William, moved the same in our House.

* Afterwards Earl of Egremont.

To our amazement, and little sure to their own honour, Waller and Doddington, supported in the most indecent manner by Pitt, moved to add, that we would immediately inquire into the state of the navy, the causes of our danger by negligence, and the sailing of the Brest fleet. They insisted on this amendment, and debated it till seven at night, not one (professed) Jacobite speaking. The division was 287 against 123. In the Lords, Chesterfield moved the same amendment, seconded by old dull Westmoreland; but they did not divide.

All the troops have been sent for in the greatest haste to London; but we shall not have above eight thousand men together at most. An express is gone to Holland, and General Wentworth followed it last night, to demand six thousand men, who will probably be here by the end of next week. Lord Stair* has offered the King his service, and is to-day named Commander-in-Chief. This is very generous, and will be of great use. He is extremely beloved in the army, and most firm to this family.

I cannot say our situation is the most agreeable; we know not whether Norris is gone after the Brest fleet or not. We have three ships in the Downs, but they cannot prevent a landing, which will probably be in Essex or Suffolk. Don't be surprised if you hear that this crown is fought for on land. As yet there is no rising; but we must expect it on the first descent.

* The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Stair had quitted the army in disgust, after last campaign, on the King's showing such unmeasurable preference to the Hanoverians.

Don't be uneasy for me, when the whole is at stake. I don't feel as if my friends would have any reason to be concerned for me: my warmth will carry me as far as any man; and I think I can bear as I should the worst that can happen: though the delays of the French, I don't know from what cause, have not made that likely to happen.

The King keeps his bed with the rheumatism: he is not less obliged to Lord Orford for the defence of his crown, now he is out of place, than when he was in the Administration. His zeal, his courage, his attention are indefatigable and inconceivable. He regards his own life no more, than when it was most his duty to expose it, and fears for everything but that.

I flatter myself that next post I shall write you a more comfortable letter. I would not have written this, if it were a time to admit deceit. Hope the best, and fear as little as you would do if you were here in the danger. My best love to the Chutes; tell them I never knew how little I was a Jacobite, till it was almost my interest to be one. Adieu!

LETTER XCVII.

Thursday, Feb. 23, 1744.

I WRITE to you in the greatest hurry at eight o'clock at night, while they are all at dinner round me. I am this moment come from the House, where we have carried a great Welsh election

against Sir Watkyn Williams by 26. I fear you have not had my last, for the packet-boat has been stopped on the French stopping our messenger at Calais. There is no doubt of the invasion: the young Pretender is at Calais, and the Count de Saxe is to command the embarkation. Hitherto the spirit of the nation is with us. Sir John Norris was to sail yesterday to Dunkirk to try to burn their transports—we are in the utmost expectation of the news. The Brest squadron was yesterday on the coast of Sussex. We have got two thousand men from Ireland, and have sent for two more: the Dutch are coming: Lord Stair is General. Nobody is yet taken up—God knows why not! We have repeated news of Matthews having beaten and sunk eight of the Toulon ships; but the French have so stopped all communication, that we don't yet know it certainly: I hope you do. Three hundred arms have been seized in a French merchant's house at Plymouth. Attempts have been made to raise the clans in Scotland, but unsuccessfully.

My dear child, I write short, but it is much: and I could not say more in ten thousand words. All is at stake; we have great hopes, but they are but hopes! I have no more time; I wait with patience for the event, though to me it must and shall be decisive.

LETTER XCVIII.

March 1st, 1744.

I WISH I could put you out of the pain my last letters must have given you: I don't know whether your situation to be at such a distance on so great a crisis, is not more disagreeable than ours, who are expecting every moment to hear the French are landed. We had great ill-luck last week; Sir John Norris, with four-and-twenty sail, came within a league of the Brest squadron, which had but fourteen: the coasts were covered with people to see the engagement; but at seven in the evening the wind changed, and they escaped. There have been terrible winds these four or five days: our fleet has not suffered materially, but theirs less. Ours lies in the Downs; five of theirs at Torbay, the rest at la Hogue. We hope to hear that these storms, which blew directly on Dunkirk, have done great damage to their transports. By the fortune of the winds which have detained them in port, we have had time to make preparations; if they had been ready three weeks ago, when the Brest squadron sailed, it had all been decided. We expect the Dutch in four or five days. Ten battalions, which make seven thousand men, are sent for from our army in Flanders, and four thousand from Ireland, two of which are arrived. If they still attempt the invasion, it must be a bloody war!

The spirit of the nation has appeared extraordinarily in our favour. I wish I could say as much

for that of the Ministry. Addresses are come from all parts; but you know how little they are to be depended on — King James had them. The merchants of London are most zealous: the French name will do more harm to their cause, than the Pretender's service. One remarkable circumstance happened to Colonel Cholmondeley's regiment on their march to London: the public-houses on all the road would not let them pay anything, but treated them, and said, "You are going to defend us against the French." There are no signs of any rising: Lord Barrimore,* the Pretender's general, and Colonel Cecil, his secretary of state, are *at last* taken up; the latter, who having removed his papers, had sent for them back, thinking the danger over, is committed to the Tower, on discoveries from them—but alas! these discoveries go on but lamely! One may perceive who is *not* minister, rather than who is. The Opposition tried to put off the suspension of the Habeas Corpus—feebly. Vernon† and the Grenvilles are the warmest: Pitt and Lyttelton went away without voting. My father has exerted himself most amazingly: the other day, on the King's laying some information before the House, when the Ministry had determined to make no Address on it, he rose up in the greatest agitation, and made a long and fine speech on the present situation. The Prince was so pleased with it, that he has given him leave to go to his court, which he never would before. He went yesterday, and was most graciously received.

* James Barry, fourth Earl of Barrymore: died in 1747.—D.

† Admiral Vernon.

Lord Stair is *at last appointed* general. General Oglethorpe* *is to have* a commission for raising a regiment of Hussars to defend the coasts. The Swiss servants in London have offered to form themselves into a regiment; six hundred are already clothed and armed, but no colonel or officers appointed. We flatter ourselves that the divisions in the French Ministry will repair what the divisions in our own undo.

The answer from the Court of France to Mr. Thomson on the subject of the boy,† is most arrogant: "That when we have given them satisfaction for the many complaints which they have made on our infraction of treaties, then they will think of giving us *des éclaircissements*."

We have no authentic account yet from Matthews: the most credited is a letter from Marseilles to a Jew, which says it was the most bloody battle ever fought: that it lasted three days; that the two first we had the worst, and the third, by a lucky gale, totally defeated them. Sir Charles Wager always said, "that if a sea-fight lasted three days, he was sure the English suffered the most for the two first, for no other nation would stand beating for two days together."

Adieu! my dear child! I have told you every circumstance I know: I hope you receive my let-

* General James Oglethorpe, the friend of Pope and of Johnson. The former says, in speaking of him,

"A mind, whose vast benevolence of soul
Can fly like Oglethorpe's from Pole to Pole."

He lived to extreme old age.—D.

† Charles Edward, the young Pretender.—D.

ters; I hope their accounts will grow more favourable! I never found my spirits so high, for they never were so provoked. Hope the best, and believe that as long as I am I shall always be,

Yours sincerely.

P.S. My dear Chutes, I hope you will still return to your own England!

LETTER XCIX.

March 5th, 1744, 8 o'clock at night.

I HAVE but time to write you a minute-line, but it will be a comfortable one. There is just come advice, that the great storm on the 25th of last month, the very day the embarkation was to have sailed from Dunkirk, destroyed twelve of their transports; and obliged the whole number of troops, which were fifteen thousand, to debark. You may look upon the invasion as at an end, at least for the present; though, as everything is to come to a crisis, one shall not be surprised to hear of the attempt renewed.

We know nothing yet certain from Matthews: his victory grows a great doubt.

As this must go away this instant, I cannot write more—But what could be more? Adieu; I wish you all joy!

LETTER C.

March 15th, 1744.

I HAVE nothing new to tell you: that great storm certainly saved us from the invasion—then. Whether it has put an end to the design is uncertain. They say the embargo at Dunkirk and Calais is taken off, but not a vessel of ours is come in from thence. They have, indeed, opened again the communication with Ypres and Nieuport, &c. but we don't yet hear whether they have renewed their embarkation. However, we take for granted it is all over—from which, I suppose, it will not be over. We expect the Dutch troops every hour. That reinforcement, and four thousand men from Ireland, will be all the advantage we shall have made of gaining time.

At last we have got some light into our Mediterranean affair, for there is no calling it a victory. Villettes has sent a courier, by which it seems we sunk one great Spanish ship; the rest escaped, and the French fled shamefully; that was, I suppose, designedly and artfully. We can't account for Lestock's not coming-up with his seventeen ships, and we have no mind to like it, which will not amaze you. We flatter ourselves, that as this was only the first day, we shall get some more creditable history of some succeeding day.

The French are going to besiege Mons; I wish all the war may take that turn; I don't desire to see England the theatre of it. We talk no more

of its becoming so, nor of the plot, than of the gunpowder treason. Party is very silent: I believe, because the Jacobites have better hopes than from parliamentary divisions. Those in the ministry run very high, and I think near some crisis.

I have enclosed a proposal from my bookseller to the undertaker of the Museum Florentinum, or the concerners of it, as the paper called them: but it was expressed in such wonderfully-battered English, that it was impossible for Dodsley or me to be sure of the meaning of it. He is a fashionable author, and though that is no sign of perspicuity, I hope more intelligible. Adieu!

LETTER CI.

London, March 22, 1744.

I AM sorry this letter must date the era of a new correspondence; the topic of which must be blood! Yesterday came advice from Mr. Thompson* that Monsieur Amelot had sent for him, and given him notice to be gone, for a declaration of war with England was to be published in two days. Politically, I don't think it so bad, for the very name of war, though in effect on foot before, must make our governors take more precautions; and the French declaring it will range the people more on our side than on the Jacobite; besides, the

* Chaplain to the late Lord Waldegrave, after whose death he acted as Minister at Paris, till the war, when he returned, and was made a Dean in Ireland.

latter will have their communication with France cut off. But, my dear child, what lives, what misfortunes must, and may follow all this! As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit. I feel myself more an universal man, than an Englishman! We have already lost seven millions of money and thirty thousand men in the Spanish war — and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! for my part I would not purchase another Duke of Marlborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked, were I a hero, when I looked on my own laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans. How many such will our patriots have made!

The embarkation at Dunkirk does not seem to go on, though, to be sure, not laid aside. We received yesterday the particulars of the Mediterranean engagement from Matthews. We conclude the French squadron retired designedly, to come up to Brest, where we every day expect to hear of them. If Matthews does not follow them, adieu our triumphs in the Channel! — and then! Sir John Norris has desired leave to come back, as little satisfied with the world, as the world is with him. He is certainly very unfortunate;* but I can't say I think he has tried to correct his fortune. If England is ever more to be England, this sure is the crisis to exert all her vigour. We have all the disadvantage of Queen Elizabeth's prospect without one of her ministers. Four

* He was called by the seamen *foulweather Jack*.

thousand Dutch are landed, and we hope to get eight or twelve ships from them. Can we now say, "*Quatuor maria vindico?*"*

I will not talk any more politically, but turn to hymeneals, with as much indifference, as if I were a first minister. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor?† — only my Lord Carteret. This very week! a drawing-room conquest. Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that family! her own ambition, vanity, and resentment — love she never had any. The politics, management, and pedantry of the mother, who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart.‡ Figure the instructions she will give her daughter! Lincoln is quite indifferent, and laughs. My Lord Chesterfield says, "it is only another of Carteret's vigorous measures." I am really glad of it, for her beauty and cleverness did deserve a better fate than she was on the point of having determined for her for ever. How graceful, how charming, and how haughtily condescending she will be! how, if Lincoln should ever hint past history, she will

> Stare upon the strange man's face,
> As one she ne'er had known!§

I wonder I forgot to tell you that Doddington had owned a match of seventeen years' standing with Mrs. Behan, to whom the one you mention is sister.

* Motto of a medal of Charles the Second.
† Eldest daughter of Thomas Earl of Pomfret.
‡ Lady Pomfret had translated Froissart.
§ Verses in Congreve's Doris.

I have this moment received your's of March 10th, and thank you much for the silver medal, which has already taken its place in my museum.

I feel almost out of pain for your situation, as by the motion of the fleets this way, I should think the expedition to Italy abandoned. We and you have had great escapes; but we have still occasion for all Providence!

I am very sorry for the young Sposa Panciatici; and wish all the other parents joy of the increase of their families. Mr. Whithed is *en bon train;* but the recruits he is raising will scarce thrive fast enough to be of service this war. My best loves to him and Mr. Chute. I except you three out of my want of public spirit. The other day, when the Jacobites and patriots were carrying every thing to ruin, and had made me warmer than I love to be, one of them said to me, "Why don't you love your country?" I replied, "I should love my country exceedingly, if it were not for my countrymen." Adieu!

LETTER CII.

April 2, 1744.

I AM afraid our correspondence will be extremely disjointed, and the length of time before you get my letters, will make you very impatient, when all the world will be full of events; but I flatter myself that you will hear everything sooner than by my letters; I mean, that whatever happens will be on the Continent; for the danger from Dunkirk

seems blown over. We declared war on Saturday: that is all I know, for everybody has been out of town for the Easter holidays. To-morrow the Houses meet again: the King goes and is to make a speech. The Dutch seem extremely in earnest, and I think we seem to put all our strength in their preparations.

The town is persuaded that Lord Clinton* is gone to Paris to make peace: he is certainly gone thither, nobody knows why. He has gone thither every year all his life, when he was in the Opposition; but to be sure this is a very strange time to take that journey. Lord Stafford, who came hither just before the intended invasion, (no doubt for the defence of the Protestant religion, especially as his father-in-law, Bulkeley,† was Colonel of one of the embarked regiments,) is going to carry his sister to be married to a Count de Rohan,‡ and then returns, having a sign manual for leaving his wife there.

We shall not be surprised to hear that the Electorate§ has got a new master; shall you? Our dear nephew of Prussia will probably take it, to keep it safe for us.

* Hugh Fortescue, afterwards Earl of Clinton and Knight of the Bath. Not long after he received that Order he went into Opposition, and left off his riband and star for one day, but thought better of it, and put them on the next.

† Mr. Bulkeley, an Irish Roman Catholic, married the widow Cantillon, mother of the Countess of Stafford. He rose high in the French army, and had the Cordon *bleu*: his sister was second wife of the first Duke of Berwick.

‡ Afterwards Duke of Rohan Chabot.—D.

§ Of Hanover.—D.

I had written thus far on Monday, and then my Lord came from New-park: and I had not time the rest of the day to finish it. We have made very loyal addresses to the King on his speech, which I suppose they send you. There is not the least news, but that my Lord Carteret's wedding has been deferred on Lady Sophia's falling dangerously ill of a scarlet fever; but they say it is to be next Saturday. She is to have sixteen hundred pounds a-year jointure, four hundred pounds pin-money, and two thousand of jewels. Carteret says he does not intend to marry the mother and the whole family. — What do you think my Lady intends? Adieu! my dear Sir! Pray for peace.

LETTER CIII.

London, April 15, 1744.

I COULD tell you a great deal of news, but it would not be what you would expect! It is not of battles, sieges, and declarations of war; nor of invasions, insurrections, and addresses. It is the god of love, not he of war, who reigns in the newspapers. The town has made up a list of six-and-thirty weddings, which I shall not catalogue to you; for you would know them no more than you do

Antilochum, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

But the chief entertainment has been the nuptials of our great Quixote and the fair Sophia. On the point of matrimony, she fell ill of a scarlet fever, and was given over, while he had the gout, but heroically sent her word, that if she was well, he

would be so. They corresponded every day, and he used to plague the Cabinet Council with reading her letters to them. Last night they were married; and as all he does must have a particular air in it, they supped at Lord Pomfret's: at twelve Lady Granville, his mother, and all his family went to bed, but the porter: then my Lord went home, and waited for her in the lodge: she came alone in a hackney-chair, met him in the hall, and was led up the back-stairs to bed. What is ridiculously lucky, is, that Lord Lincoln goes into waiting to-day, and will be to present her! On Tuesday she stands godmother with the King to Lady Dysart's* child, her new grand-daughter. I am impatient to see the whole menage; it will be admirable. There is a wild young Venetian Ambassadress† come, who is reckoned very pretty. I don't think so; she is foolish and childish to a degree. She said, "Lord! the old Secretary is going to be married!" They told her he was but fifty-four. "But fifty-four! why," said she, "my husband is but two-and-forty, and I think him the oldest man in the world." Did I tell you that Lord Holderness‡ goes to Venice, with the compliments of accommodation? and leaves Sir James Gray resident there.

The invasion from Dunkirk seems laid aside. We talk little of our fleets: Sir John Norris has

* Grace Carteret, eldest daughter of Lord Carteret; married to Lionel Tollemache third Earl of Dysart.—D.

† Wife of Signor Capello.

‡ Robert Darcy Earl of Holderness, Ambassador at Venice and the Hague, and afterwards Secretary of State.

resigned: Lestock is coming home, and has sent before him great complaints of Matthews; so that affair must be cleared up. The King talks much of going abroad, which will not be very prudent. The campaign is not opened yet, but I suppose will disclose at once with great *éclat* in several quarters.

I this instant receive your letter of March 31st, with the simple Demetrius, for which, however, I thank you. I hope by this time you have received all my letters, and are at peace about the invasion, which we think so much over, that the Opposition are now breaking out about the Dutch troops, and call it the worst measure ever taken. Those terms so generally dealt to every measure successively, will at least soften the Hanoverian history.

Adieu! I have nothing more to tell you: I flatter myself you content yourself with news; I cannot write sentences nor sentiments. My best love to the Chutes, and now and then let my friends the Prince and Princess and the Florentines know that I shall never forget their goodness to me. What is become of Prince Beauvau?

LETTER CIV.

London, May 8, 1744.

I BEGIN to breathe a little at ease; we have done with the Parliament for this year; it rises on Saturday. We have had but one material day lately, last Thursday. The Opposition had brought in a bill to make it treason to correspond

with the young Pretenders:* the Lords added a clause, after a long debate, to make it forfeiture of estates, as it is for dealing with the father. We sat till one in the morning, and then carried it by 285 to 106. It was the best debate I ever heard. The King goes to Kensington to-morrow, and not abroad. We hear of great quarrels between Marshal Wade and Duc d'Aremberg. The French King is at Valenciennes with Monsieur de Noailles, who is now looked upon as First Minister. He is the least dangerous for us of all. It is affirmed that Cardinal Tencin is disgraced, who was the very worst for us. If he is, we shall at least have no invasion this summer. Successors of Ministers seldom take up the schemes of their predecessors, especially such as by failing caused their ruin, which, I believe, was Tencin's case at Dunkirk.

For a week we heard of the affair at Villafranca in a worse light than was true: it certainly turns out ill for both sides. Though the French have had such bloody loss, I cannot but think they will carry their point, and force their passage into Italy.

We have no domestic news, but Lord Lovel's being created Earl of Leicester, on an old promise which my father had obtained for him. Earl Berkeley† is married to Miss Drax, a very pretty maid of honour to the Princess; and the Viscount

* Charles Edward, and Henry his brother, afterwards the Cardinal of York.—D.

† Augustus fourth Earl Berkeley, Knight of the Thistle. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, Esq. of Charborough, in Dorsetshire; and died in 1755.—D.

Fitzwilliam * to Sir Matthew Decker's eldest daughter; but these are people I am sure you don't know.

There is to be a great ball to-morrow at the Duchess of Richmond's for my Lady Carteret: the Prince is to be there. Carteret's court pay her the highest honours, which she receives with the highest state. I have seen her but once, and found her just what I expected, *très grande dame;* full of herself, and yet not with an air of happiness. She looks ill and is grown lean, but is still the finest figure in the world. The mother is not so exalted as I expected; I fancy Carteret has kept his resolution, and does not marry her too.

My Lord does not talk of going out of town yet; I don't propose to be at Houghton till August. Adieu!

LETTER CV.

London, May 29, 1744.

SINCE I wrote I have received two from you of May 6th and 19th. I am extremely sorry you get mine so late. I have desired your brother to complain to Mr. Preverau: I get yours pretty regularly.

I have this morning had a letter from Mr. Conway at the army; he says he hears just then that the French have declared war against the Dutch:

* Richard sixth Viscount Fitzwilliam in Ireland, married Catherine, daughter and heiress of Sir Matthew Decker, Bart. —D.

they had in effect before by besieging Menin, which siege our army is in full march to raise. They have laid bridges over the Scheldt, and intend to force the French to a battle. The latter are almost double our number, but their desertion is prodigious, and their troops extremely bad. Fourteen thousand more Dutch are ordered, and their six thousand are going from hence with four more of ours—so we seem to have no more apprehensions of an invasion. All thoughts of it are over! no inquiry made into it! the present Ministry fear the detection of conspiracies more than the thing itself: that is, they fear everything that they are to do themselves.

My father has been extremely ill from a cold he caught last week at Newpark. Princess Emily came thither to fish, and he, who is grown quite indolent, and has not been out of a hot room this twelvemonth, sat an hour and half by the water side. He was in great danger one day, and more low-spirited than ever I knew him, though I think that grows upon him with his infirmities. My sister was at his bedside; I came into the room, he burst into tears and could not speak to me: but he is quite well now; though I cannot say I think he will preserve his life long, as he has laid aside all exercise, which has been of such vast service to him. He talked the other day of shutting himself up in the farthest wing at Houghton; I said, "Dear, my Lord, you will be at a distance from all the family there!" He replied, "So much the better!"

Pope is given over with a dropsy, which is

mounted into his head; in an evening he is not in his senses; the other day at Chiswick, he said to my Lady Burlington, "Look at our Saviour there! how ill they have crucified him!"

There is a Prince of Ost-Frize dead, which is likely to occasion most unlucky broils: Holland, Prussia, and Denmark have all pretensions to his succession; but Prussia is determined to make his good. If the Dutch don't dispute it, he will be too near a neighbour; if they do, we lose his neutrality, which is now so material.

The town has been in a great bustle about a private match, but which, by the ingenuity of the Ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox;* asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father† was a footman; her great grandfather a king: *hinc illæ lacrymæ!* all the blood royal have been up in arms. The Duke of Marlborough, who was a friend of the Richmonds, gave her away. If his Majesty's Princess Caroline had been stolen, there could not have been more noise made. The Pelhams, who are much attached to the Richmonds, but who have tried to make Fox and all that set theirs, wisely entered into the quarrel, and now don't know how to get out of it. They were for hindering Williams,‡ who is Fox's great friend, and at whose house they were married, from having the red riband; but he has got it,

* Eldest daughter of Charles Duke of Richmond, grandson of King Charles II.

† Sir Stephen Fox.

‡ Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

with four others, the Viscount Fitzwilliam, Calthorpe, Whitmore, and Harbord. Dashwood, Lady Carteret's quondam lover, has stolen a great fortune, a Miss Bateman; the marriage had been proposed, but the fathers could not agree on the terms.

I am much obliged to you for all your Sardinian and Neapolitan journals. I am impatient for the conquest of Naples, and have no notion of neglecting sure things, which may serve by way of *dédommagement*.

I am very sorry I recommended such a troublesome booby to you. Indeed, dear Mr. Chute, I never saw him, but was pressed by Mr. Selwyn, whose brother's friend he is, to give him that letter to you. I now hear that he is a warm Jacobite; I suppose you somehow disobliged him politically.

We are now mad about tar-water, on the publication of a book that I will send you, written by Dr. Berkeley Bishop of Cloyne. The book contains every subject from tar-water to the Trinity; however, all the women read, and understand it no more than they would if it were intelligible. A man came into an apothecary's shop the other day, "Do you sell tar-water?" "Tar-water!" replied the apothecary, "why I sell nothing else!" Adieu!

LETTER CVI.

June 11, 1744.

PERHAPS you expect to hear of great triumphs and victories; of General Wade grown into a Duke of Marlborough; or of the King being in Flanders, with the second part of the battle of Dettingen—why, ay; you are bound in conscience as a good Englishman to expect all this—but what if all these *Io Pæans* should be played to the Dunkirk tune? I must prepare you for some such thing; for unless the French are as much their own foes as we are our own, I don't see what should hinder the festival of to-day* being kept next year a day sooner. But I will draw no consequences; only sketch you out our present situation—and if Cardinal Tencin can miss making his use of it, we may burn our books and live hereafter upon good fortune.

The French King's army is at least ninety thousand strong; has taken Menin already, and Yprés almost. Remains then only Ostend; which you will look in the map and see does not lie in the high road to the conquest of the Austrian Netherlands. Ostend may be laid under water, and the taking it an affair of time. But there lies all our train of artillery, which cost two hundred thousand pounds—and what becomes of our communication with our army?—why, they may go round by Williamstadt, and be in Eng-

* The 10th of June was the Pretender's birthday, and the 11th the accession of George II.

land just time enough to be some other body's army! It turns out that the whole combined army, English, Dutch, Austrians, and Hanoverians, does not amount to above thirty-six thousand fighting men! and yet forty thousand more French, under the Duc d'Harcourt are coming into Flanders. When their army is already so superior to ours, for what can that reinforcement be intended, but to let them spare a triumph to Dunkirk? Now you will naturally ask me three questions: where is Prince Charles? where are the Dutch? what force have you to defend England? Prince Charles is hovering about the Rhine to take Lorrain, which they seem not to care whether he does or not, and leaves you to defend the Netherlands. The Dutch seem indifferent whether their barrier is in the hands of the Queen or the Emperor; and while you are so mad, think it prudent not to be so themselves. For our own force, it is too melancholy to mention: six regiments go away to-morrow to Ostend with the six thousand Dutch. Carteret, and Botzlaer, the Dutch envoy extraordinary, would have hurried them away without orders; but General Smitsart, their commander, said, he was too old to be hanged. This reply was told to my father yesterday: "Ay," said he, "so I thought I was, but I may live to be mistaken!" When these troops are gone, we shall not have in the whole island above six thousand men, even when the regiments are complete; and half of those pressed and new-listed men. For our sea-force, I wish it may be

greater in proportion! Sir Charles Hardy, whose name* at least is ill-favoured, is removed, and old Balchen, a firm Whig, put at the head of the fleet. Fifteen ships are sent for from Matthews; but they may come as opportunely as the army from Williamstadt—in short—but I won't enter into reasonings—the King is not gone. The Dutch have sent word, that they can let us have but six of the twenty ships we expected. My father is going into Norfolk, quite shocked at living to see how terribly his own conduct is justified. In the city the word is, "Old Sunderland's† game is acting over again." Tell me if you receive this letter: I believe you will scarce give it about in memorials.

Here are arrived two Florentines, not recommended to me, but I have been very civil to them, Marquis Salviati and Conte Delci; the latter remembers to have seen me at Madame Grifoni's. The Venetian Ambassador met my father yesterday at my Lady Brown's; you would have laughed to have seen how he stared and *eccellenza'd* him. At last they fell into a broken Latin chat, and there was no getting the Ambassador away from him.

If you have the least interest in any one Madonna in Florence, pay her well for all the service she can do us. If she can work miracles, now is her time. If she can't, I believe we shall all be forced to adore her. Adieu! Tell Mr. Chute,

* He was of a Jacobite family.

† Lord Sunderland, who betrayed James II.

I fear we shall not be quite so well received at the *conversazioni*, at Madame de Craon's and the Casino,* when we are but refugee heretics. Well! we must hope! Your's I am, and we will bear our wayward fate together!

LETTER CVII.

London, June 18, 1744.

I HAVE not any immediate bad news to tell you in consequence of my last. The siege of Yprés does not advance so expeditiously as was expected; a little time gained in sieges, goes a great way in a campaign. The Brest squadron is making just as great a figure in our channel, as Matthews does before Toulon and Marseilles. I should be glad to be told by some nice computors of national glory, how much the balance is on our side.

Anson† is returned with vast fortune, substantial and lucky. He has brought the Acapulca ship into Portsmouth, and its treasure is at least computed at five hundred thousand pounds. He escaped the Brest squadron by a mist. You will have all the particulars in a gazette.

I will not fail to make your compliments to the Pomfrets and Carterets: I see them seldom, but I am in favour: so I conclude, for my Lady Pomfret told me the other night, that I said better

* The Florentine coffee-house.

† The celebrated circumnavigator, afterwards a Peer, and First Lord of the Admiralty.—D.

things than anybody. I was with them all at a subscription-ball at Ranelagh last week, which my Lady Carteret thought proper to look upon as given to her, and thanked the gentlemen, who were not quite so well pleased at her condescending to take it to herself. My Lord stayed with her there till four in the morning. They are all fondness, walk together, and stop every five steps to kiss. Madame de Craon is a cipher to her for grandeur. The ball was an excessively hot night, yet she was dressed in a magnificent brocade, because it was new that morning for the inauguration-day. I did the honours of all her dress; "How charming your Ladyship's cross is! I am sure the design was your own."—"No, indeed, my Lord sent it me just as it is."—"How fine your ear-rings are!"—"Oh! but they are very heavy."—Then as much to the mother. Do you wonder I say better things than anybody!

I send you, by a ship going to Leghorn, the only new books at all worth reading. The abuse* of Parliaments is by Doddington and Waller; circumstantially scurrilous. The Dedication of the Essay† to my father is fine; pray mind the quotation from Milton. There is Dr. Berkeley's mad book on tar-water, which has made everybody as mad as himself.

I have lately made a great antique purchase of all Dr. Middleton's collection which he brought from Italy, and which he is now publishing. I will

* Detection of the Use and Abuse of Parliaments, by Ralph, under the direction of Doddington and Waller.

† Essay on Wit, Humour, and Ridicule, by Corbyn Morris.

send you the book as soon as it comes out. I would not buy the things till the book was half printed, for fear of an *è Museo Walpoliano.* Those honours are mighty well for such known and learned men as Mr. Smith,* the merchant of Venice. My dear Mr. Chute, how we used to enjoy the title-page† of his understanding! Do you remember how angry he was, when showing us a Guido, after pompous rooms-full of Sebastian Ricci's, which he had a mind to establish for capital pictures, you told him he had now made amends for all the rubbish he had showed us before?

My father has asked, and with some difficulty got his pension of four thousand pounds a-year, which the King gave him on his resignation, and which he dropped by the wise fears of my uncle and the Selwyns. He has no reason to be satisfied with the manner of the man‡ whom he employed to ask it; yet it was not a point that required capacity — merely gratitude. Adieu!

LETTER CVIII.

London, June 29, 1744.

WELL! at last this is not to be the year of our captivity. There is a cluster of good packets come at once. The Dutch have marched twelve thou-

* Mr. Smith, Consul at Venice, had a fine library, of which he knew nothing at all but the title-pages.

† Expression of Mr. Chute.

‡ Mr. Pelham.

sand men to join our army. The King of Sardinia (but this is only a report) has beaten the Spaniards back over the Varo—and I this moment hear from the Secretary's office, that Prince Charles has undoubtedly passed the Rhine at the head of fourscore thousand men — where, and with what circumstances, I don't know a word; *ma basta cosi.* It is said too, that the Marquis de la Chetardie is sent away from Russia; but this one has no occasion to believe. False good news are always produced by true good, like the water-gall by the rainbow. But why do I take upon me to tell you all this? You, who are the centre of ministers and business! the actuating genius in the conquest of Naples! You cannot imagine how formidable you appear to me. My poor little, quiet Miny, with his headache and *épuisements*, and Cocchio, and coverlid of cygnet's down, that had no dealings but with a little spy-Abbé at Rome, a civil whisper with Count Lorenzi,* or an explanation on some of Goldsworthy's absurdities, or with Richcourt about some sbirri,† that had insolently passed through the street in which the King of Great Britain's arms condescended to hang — bless me! how he is changed! become a trafficking Plenipotentiary with Prince Lobkowitz, Cardinal Albani,‡ and Admiral Matthews; — why, my dear child, I

* A Florentine, but employed as Minister by France.

† The officers of Justice, who are reckoned so infamous in Italy, that the Foreign Ministers have always pretended to hinder them from passing through the streets where they reside.

‡ Cardinal Alexander Albani, nephew of Clement XI. was minister of the Queen of Hungary at Rome.

should not know you again! I should not dare to roll you up between a finger and thumb like wet brown paper. Well! heaven prosper your arms! — but I hate you, for I now look upon you as ten times fatter than I am.

I don't think it would be quite unadvisable for Bistino* to take a jaunt hither. My Lady Carteret would take violently to anything that came so far to adore her grandeur. I believe even my Lady Pomfret would be persuaded he had seen the star of their glory travelling westward to direct him. For my part, I expect soon to make a figure too in the political Magazine, for all our Florence set is coming to grandeur; but you and my Lady Carteret have outstripped me. I remain with the Duke of Courland in Siberia; my father has actually gone thither for a long season. I met my Lady Carteret the other day at Knapton's,† and desired leave to stay while she sat for her picture. She is drawn crowned with corn, like the Goddess of Plenty, and a mild dove in her arms like Mrs. Venus. We had much of *my Lord* and *my Lord*. The Countess-mother was glad *my Lord* was not there; he was never satisfied with the eyes; she was afraid he would have had them drawn bigger than the cheeks. I made your compliments abundantly, and cried down the charms of the picture as politically, as if you yourself had been there in ministerial person.

* Giovanne Battista Uguccioni, a Florentine nobleman, and great friend of the Pomfrets.

† George Knapton, an indifferent portrait painter. He died at Kensington, in 1778, at the age of 80.—D.

To fill up this sheet, I shall transcribe some very good lines published to-day in one of the papers, by I don't know whom, on Pope's death.*

Here lies, who died, as most folks die, in hope,
The mould'ring, more ignoble part of Pope;
The Bard, whose sprightly genius dared to wage
Poetic war with an immoral age;
Made every vice and private folly known
In friend and foe—a stranger to his own;
Set Virtue in its loveliest form to view,
And still profess'd to be the sketch he drew.
As humour or as interest serv'd, his verse
Could praise or flatter, libel or asperse:
Unharming Innocence with guilt could load,
Or lift the rebel patriot to a god:
Give the censorious Critic standing laws,
The first to violate them with applause;
The just Translator, and the solid Wit;
Like whom the passions few so truly hit.
The scourge of Dunces whom his malice made;
The impious plague of the defenceless dead.
To real Knaves and real Fools a sore;
Belov'd by many, but abhorr'd by more.
If here his merits are not full exprest;
His never-dying strains shall tell the rest.

Sure the greatest part was his true character. Here is another epitaph by Rolli,† which for the profound fall in some of the verses, especially in the last, will divert you.

Spento è il Pope: de' poeti Britanni
Uno de' lumi che sorge in mille anni:
Pur si vuol che la macchia d'Ingrato
N'abbia reso il fulgor men sereno:
Stato fora e più giusto e più grato,
Men lodando e biasmando ancor meno.

* Pope died on the 30th of May, 1744.—D.

† Paolo Rolli, composer of the operas, translated and published several things.

Ma chi è reo per nativo prurito?
Lode o Biasmo, quì tutto è partito.
Nasce, scorre, si legge, si sente;
Dopo un Di, tutto è per niente.

Adieu!

LETTER CIX.

Arlington-Street, July 22, 1744.

I HAVE not written to you, my dear child, a good while, I know; but indeed it was from having nothing to tell you. You know I love you too well, for it to be necessary to be punctually proving it to you: so, when I have nothing worth your knowing, I repose myself upon the persuasion that you must have of my friendship. But I will never let that grow into any negligence, I should say idleness, which is always mighty ready to argue me out of everything I ought to do; and letter-writing is one of the first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric. Indeed I pride myself extremely in having been so good a correspondent, for besides that every day grows to make one hate writing more, it is difficult, you must own, to keep up a correspondence of this sort with any spirit, when long absence makes one entirely out of all the little circumstances of each other's society, and which are the soul of letters. We are forced to deal only in great events, like historians; and instead of being Horace Mann and Horace Walpole, seem to correspond as Guicciardin and Clarendon would:

Discedo Alcæus puncto Illius; ille meo quis!
Quis nisi Callimachus?

Apropos to writing histories and Guicciardin; I wish to God, Boccalini was living! never was such an opportunity for Apollo's playing off a set of fools, as there is now! The good city of London, who, from long dictating to the Government, are now come to preside over taste and letters, have given one Carte,* a Jacobite parson, fifty pounds a-year for seven years, to write the history of England; and four Aldermen and six Common-councilmen are to inspect his materials and the progress of the work. Surveyors of common sewers turned supervisors of literature! To be sure, they think a history of England is no more than Stowe's Survey of the Parishes! Instead of having books published with the *imprimatur* of an University, they will be printed, as churches are whitewashed, John Smith and Thomas Johnson, churchwardens.

But, brother historian, you will wonder I should have nothing to *communicate*, when all Europe is bursting with events, and every day *big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.* But so it is; I know nothing; Prince Charles's great passage of the Rhine has hitherto produced nothing more: indeed the French armies are moving towards him from Flanders; and they tell us, ours is crossing the Scheldt to attack the Count de Saxe, now that we are equal to him, from our reinforcement and his diminutions. In the mean time, as I am at least one of the principal heroes of my own politics, being secure of any invasion, I am going to leave

* Thomas Carte, a laborious writer of history. His principal works are, his Life of the Duke of Ormonde in three volumes, folio, and his History of England, in four. He died in 1754.—D.

all my lares, that is, all my antiquities, household gods and pagods, and take a journey into Siberia for six weeks, where my father's grace of Courland has been for some time.

Lord Middlesex is going to be married to Miss Boyle,* Lady Shannon's daughter; she has thirty thousand pounds, and may have as much more, if her mother, who is a plump widow, don't happen to *Nugentize*. The girl is low and ugly, but a vast scholar.

Young Churchill has got a daughter by the Frasi; Mr. Winnington calls it the *opera-comique;* the mother is an opera-girl; the grandmother was Mrs. Oldfield.

I must tell you of a very extraordinary print, which my Lady Burlington gives away, of her daughter Euston, with this inscription:

Lady Dorothy Boyle,
Once the pride, the joy, the comfort of her parents,
The admiration of all that saw her,
The delight of all that knew her.
Born May 14, 1724, married alas! Oct. 10, 1741, and
delivered from extremest misery May 2, 1742.

This print was taken from a picture drawn by memory seven weeks after her death, by her most afflicted mother;

DOROTHY BURLINGTON.†

I am forced to begin a new sheet, lest you should think my letter came from my Lady Burlington, as it ends so patly with her name. But is it not a

* Grace Boyle, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Viscount Shannon. She became afterwards a favourite of Frederick Prince of Wales, and died in 1763.—D.

† This is an incorrect copy of the inscription on Lady Euston's picture, given in a note at page 276 of this volume.—D.

most melancholy way of venting oneself? She has drawn numbers of these pictures: I don't approve her having them engraved; but sure the inscription* is pretty.

I was accosted the other night by a little, pert *petit-maitre* figure, that claimed me for acquaintance. Do you remember to have seen at Florence an Abbé Durazzo, of Genoa? well this was he: it is mighty dapper and French: however I will be civil to it: I never lose opportunities of paving myself an agreeable passage back to Florence. My dear Chutes, stay for me: I think the first gale of peace will carry me to you. Are you as fond of Florence as ever? of me you are not, I am sure, for you never write me a line. You would be diverted with the grandeur of our old Florence beauty, Lady Carteret. She dresses more extravagantly, and grows more short-sighted every day: she can't walk a step without leaning on one of her ancient daughters-in-law. Lord Tweedale and Lord Bathurst are her constant gentlemen-ushers. She has not quite digested her resentment to Lincoln yet. He was walking with her at Ranelagh the other night, and a Spanish refugee Marquis,† who is of the Carteret court, but who, not being quite perfect in the *carte du pais*, told my Lady that Lord Lincoln had promised him to make a very good husband to Miss Pelham. Lady Carteret, with an accent of energy, replied, "*J'espère qu'il tiendra sa promesse!*" Here is a good epigram that has been made on her:

* It is said to be Pope's. † The Marquis Tabernego.

Her beauty, like the Scripture feast,
To which the invited never came,
Deprived of its intended guest,
Was given to the old and lame.

Adieu! here is company; I think I may be excused leaving off at the sixth side.

LETTER CX.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 6, 1744.

I DON'T tell you anything about Prince Charles, for you must hear all his history as soon as we do; at least much sooner than it can come to the very North, and be despatched back to Italy. There is nothing from Flanders: we advance and they retire—just as two months ago we retired and they advanced: but it is good to be leading up this part of the tune. Lord Stair is going into Scotland: the King is grown wonderfully fond of him, since he has taken the resolution of that journey. He said the other day, "I wish my Lord Stair was in Flanders! General Wade is a very able officer, but he is not alert." I, in my private litany, am beseeching the Lord, that he may contract none of my Lord Stair's alertness.

When I first wrote you word of la Chetardie's disgrace, I did not believe it; but you see it is now public. What I like is her Russian Majesty's* making her amour keep exact pace with her public indignation. She sent to demand her picture and other presents. *Other presents*, to be sure, were

* The Empress Elizabeth of Russia.—D.

billet-doux, bracelets woven of her own bristles—for I look upon the hair of a Muscovite Majesty in the light of the chairs which Gulliver made out of the combings of the Empress of Brobdignag's tresses: the stumps he made into very good large-tooth combs. You know the present is a very Amazon; she has grappled with all her own grenadiers. I should like to see their loves woven into a French opera: la Chetardie's character is quite adapted to the civil discord of their stage; and then a northern heroine to reproach him in their outrageous quavers, would make a most delightful crash of sentiment, impertinence, gallantry, contempt, and screaming. The first opera that I saw at Paris I could not believe was in earnest; but thought they had carried me to the *opera-comique*. The three acts of the piece* were three several interludes, of the Loves of Antony and Cleopatra, of Alcibiades and the Queen of Sparta, and of Tibullus with a niece of Mæcenas; besides something of Circe, who was screamed by a Mademoiselle Hermans, seven feet high. She was in black, with a nosegay of *black flowers*, (for on the French stage they pique themselves on propriety,) and without powder: whenever you are a widow, are in distress, or are a witch, you are to leave off powder.

I have no news for you, and am going to have less, for I am going into Norfolk. I have stayed till I have not one acquaintance left: the next billow washes me last off the plank. I have not

* I think it was the *ballet de la paix*.

cared to stir, for fear of news from Flanders; but I have convinced myself that there will be none. Our army is much superior to the Count de Saxe; besides, they have ten large towns to garrison, which will reduce their army to nothing; or they must leave us the towns to walk into coolly.

I have received yours of July 21. Did neither I nor your brother tell you that we had received the Neapolitan snuff-box?* it is above a month ago: how I could be so forgetful? but I have never heard one word of the cases, nor of Lord Conway's guns, nor Lord Hartington's melon-seeds, all which you mention to have sent. Lestock has long been arrived, so to be sure the cases never came with him: I hope Matthews will discover them. Pray thank Dr. Cocchi very particularly for his book.

I am very sorry too for your father's removal; it was not done in the most obliging manner by Mr. Winnington; there was something exactly like a breach of promise in it to my father, which was tried to be softened by a civil alternative, that was no alternative at all. He was forced to it by my Lady Townshend, who has an implacable aversion to all my father's people; and not having less to Mr. Pelham's, she has been as *brusque* with Winnington about them. He has no principles himself, and those no principles of his are governed absolutely by hers, which are no-*issimes*.

I don't know any of your English. I should

* It was for a present to Mr. Stone, the Duke of Newcastle's secretary.

delight in your Vaux-hall-ets: what a figure my Grifona must make in such a romantic scene! I have lately been reading the poems of the Earl of Surrey in Henry the Eighth's time; he was in love with the fair Geraldine of Florence; I have a mind to write under the Grifona's picture these two lines from one of his sonnets:

> From Tuscane came my Lady's worthy race,
> Fair Florence was some time her auncient seat.

And then these:

> Her beauty *of kinde*, her vertues from above;
> Happy is he that can obtaine her love!

I don't know what *of kinde* means, but to be sure it was something prodigiously expressive and gallant in those days, by its being unintelligible now.

Adieu! Do the Chutes *cicisbè* it?

LETTER CXI.

London, Aug. 16, 1744.

I AM writing to you two or three days beforehand, by way of settling my affairs: not that I am going to be married or to die; but something as bad as either if it were to last as long. You will guess that it can only be going to Houghton; but I make as much an affair of that, as other people would of going to Jamaica. Indeed I don't lay in store of cake and band-boxes, and citron-water, and cards, and cold meat, as country-gentlewomen do after the session. My packing up and travelling concerns lie in very small compass; nothing but myself and Patapan, my footman, a cloak-bag,

and a couple of books. My old Tom is even reduced upon the article of my journey; he is at the Bath, patching together some very bad remains of a worn-out constitution. I always travel without company, for then I take my own hours and my own humours, which I don't think the most tractable to shut up in a coach with anybody else. You know, St. Evremont's rule for conquering the passions was to indulge them; mine for keeping my temper in order is never to leave it too long with another person. I have found out that it will have its way, but I make it take its way by itself. It is such sort of reflection as this that makes me hate the country: it is impossible in one house with one set of company, to be always enough upon one's guard to make one's self agreeable, which one ought to do, as one always expects it from others. If I had a house of my own in the country, and could live there now and then alone, or frequently changing my company, I am persuaded I should like it; at least I fancy I should, for when one begins to reflect why one don't like the country, I believe one grows near liking to reflect in it. I feel very often that I grow to correct twenty things in myself, as thinking them ridiculous at my age; and then with my spirit of whim and folly, I make myself believe that this is all prudence, and that I wish I were young enough to be as thoughtless and extravagant as I used to be. But if I know anything of the matter, this is all flattering myself: I grow older, and love my follies less,—if I did not, alas! poor prudence and reflection!

I think I have pretty well exhausted the chapter of myself. I will now go talk to you of another fellow, who makes me look upon myself as a very perfect character; for as I have little merit naturally, and only pound a stray virtue now and then by chance, the other gentleman seems to have no vice, rather no villainy, but what he nurses in himself and methodizes with as much pains as a Stoic would patience. Indeed his pains are not thrown away. This pains-taking person's name is Frederic King of Prussia. Pray remember for the future never to speak of him and H. W. without giving the latter the preference. Last week we were all alarm! He was before Prague with fifty thousand men, and not a man in Bohemia to ask him, "What dost thou?" This week we have raised a hundred thousand Hungarians, besides vast militias and loyal nobilities. The King of Poland is to attack him on his march, and the Russians to fall on Prussia.* In the mean time his letter or address to the people of England has been published here: it is a poor performance! His Voltaires and his Litterati should correct his works before they are printed. A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch; but to pen manifestos worse than the lowest *commis* that is kept jointly by two or three Margraves, is insufferable!

We are very strong in Flanders, but still expect to do nothing this campaign. The French are so

* This alludes to the King of Prussia's retreat from Prague, on the approach of the Austrian army commanded by Prince Charles of Lorraine.—D.

intrenched that it is impossible to attack them. There is talk of besieging Maubeuge; I don't know how certainly.

Lord Middlesex's match is determined, and the writings signed. She proves an immense fortune; they pretend a hundred and thirty thousand pounds —what a fund for making operas!

My Lady Carteret is going to Tunbridge — there is a hurry for a son: his only one is gone mad: about a fortnight ago he was at the Duke of Bedford's, and as much in his few senses as ever. At five o'clock in the morning he waked the Duke and Duchess all bloody, and with the lappet of his coat held up full of ears: he had been in the stable and cropped all the horses! he is shut up. My Lady is in the honey-moon of her grandeur: she lives in public places, whither she is escorted by the old beaux of her husband's court; fair white-wigged old gallants, the Duke of Bolton,* Lord Tweedale, Lord Bathurst, and Charles Fielding;† and she all over knots and small hoods, and ribands. Her brother told me the other night, "Indeed I think my thister doesth countenanth Ranelagh too mutch." They call my Lord Pomfret, *King Stanislaus*, the Queen's father.

I heard of an admirable dialogue, which has been written at the army on the battle of Dettingen, but one can't get a copy; I must tell you two or

* Charles Poulett third Duke of Bolton.—D.

† The Hon. Charles Fielding, third son of William third Earl of Denbigh; a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards, and Gentleman-Usher to Queen Caroline.—D.

three strokes in it that I have heard. Pierot asks Harlequin, "*Que donne-t'on aux Généraux qui ne se sont pas trouvés à la bataille?*" Harl. "*On leur donne le cordon rouge.*" Pier. "*Et que donne-t'on au Général en chef,* qui a gagné la victoire!*" Harl. "*Son congé.*" Pier. "*Qui a soin des blessés?*" Harl. "*L'ennemi.*" Adieu!

LETTER CXII.

Houghton, Sept. 1, 1744.

I WISH you joy of *your* victory at Velletri! I call it your's, for you are the great spring of all that war. I intend to publish your life, with an Appendix, that shall contain all the letters to you from Princes, Cardinals, and great men of the time. In speaking of Prince Lobkowitz's attempt to seize the King of Naples at Velletri, I shall say, "for the share our hero had in this great action, vide the Appendix, Card. Albani's letter, p. 14." You shall no longer be the dear *Miny*, but *Manone*, the *Great Man;* you shall figure with the *Great Pan*, and the *Great Patapan*. I wish you and your laurels, and your operations were on the Rhine, in Piemont, or in Bohemia; and then Prince Charles would not have repassed the first, nor the Prince of Conti advanced within three days of Turin, and the King of Prussia would already have been terrified from entering the last —all this lumping bad news came to counter-

* Lord Stair.—D.

balance your Neapolitan triumphs. Here is all the war to begin again! and perhaps next winter a second edition of Dunkirk. We could not even have the King of France die, though he was so near it.* He was in a woeful fright, and promised the Bishop of Soissons, that if he lived, he would have done with his women. A man with all those crowns on his head, and attacking and disturbing all those on the heads of other Princes, who is the soul of all the havoc and ruin that has been and is to be spread through Europe in this war, haggling thus for his bloody life, and cheapening it at the price of a mistress or two! and this was the fellow that they fetched to the army to drive the brave Prince Charles beyond the Rhine again! It is just such another paltry mortal† that has fetched him back into Bohemia—I forget which of his battles‡ it was, that when his army had got the victory, they could not find the King: he had run away for a whole day without looking behind him.

I thank you for the particulars of the action, and the list of the prisoners: among them is one Don Theodore Diamato Amor, a cavalier of so romantic a name, that my sister and Miss Leneve quite interest themselves in his captivity; and make their addresses to you, who, they hear, have such power with Prince Lobkowitz, to obtain his liberty. If he has Spanish gallantry in any pro-

* On the 8th of August, Louis the Fifteenth was seized at Metz with a malignant putrid fever, of which he was near dying.—D.

† The King of Prussia.

‡ The battle of Molwitz.

portion to his name, he will immediately come to England, and vow himself their Knight.

Those verses I sent you on Mr. Pope, I assure you, were not mine; I transcribed them from the newspapers; from whence I must send you a very good epigram on Bishop Berkeley's tar-water:

> Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done?
> The Church shall rise and vindicate her son;
> She tells us, all her Bishops shepherds are—
> And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.

I am not at all surprised at my Lady Walpole's ill-humour to you about the messenger. If the resentments of women did not draw them into little dirty spite, their hatred would be very dangerous; but they vent the leisure they have to do mischief, in a thousand meannesses, which only serve to expose themselves.

Adieu! I know nothing here but public politics, of which I have already talked to you, and which you hear as soon as I do.

Thank dear Mr. Chute for his letter; I will answer it very soon; but in the country I am forced to let my pen lie fallow between letter and letter.

LETTER CXIII.

Houghton, Oct. 6, 1744.

DOES Decency insist upon one's writing within certain periods, when one has nothing to say? because if she does, she is the most formal, cere-

monious personage I know. I shall not enter into a dispute with her, as my Lady Hervey did with the goddess of Indolence, or with the goddess of letter-writing, I forget which, in a long letter that she sent to the Duke of Bourbon; because I had rather write than have a dispute about it. Besides, I am not at all used to converse with hieroglyphic ladies. But I do assure you, it is merely to avoid scolding, that I set about this letter—I don't mean your scolding, for you are all goodness to me; but my own scolding of myself; a correction I stand in great awe of, and which I am sure never to escape, as often as I am to blame. One can scold other people again, or smile and jog one's foot, and affect not to mind it; but those airs won't do with oneself: one always comes by the worst in a dispute with one's own conviction.

Admiral Matthews sent me down hither your great packet: I am charmed with your prudence and with the good sense of your orders for the Neapolitan expedition; I won't say your good-nature, which is excessive; for I think your tenderness of the little Queen* a little *outrée*, especially as their apprehensions might have added great weight to your menaces; I would threaten like a Corsair, though I would conquer with all the good-breeding of a Scipio. I most devoutly wish you success; you are sure of having me

* The Queen of Naples,—Maria of Saxony, wife of Charles the Third, King of Naples, and subsequently, on the death of his elder brother, King of Spain. This alludes to the Austrian campaign in the Neapolitan territories; the taking of the town of Velletri, &c.—D.

most happy with any honour you acquire. You have quite soared above all fear of Goldsworthy; and I think must appear of consequence to any ministry. I am much obliged to you for the medal, and like the design: I shall preserve it as part of your works.

I can't forgive what you say to me about the coffee-pot: one would really think that you looked upon me as an old woman that had left a legacy to be kept for her sake, and a curse to attend the parting with it. My dear child, is it treating me justly, to enter into the detail of your reasons? Was it even necessary to say, "I have changed your coffee-pot for some other plate?"

I have nothing to tell you, but that I go to town next week, and will then write you all I hear. Adieu!

LETTER CXIV.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 19, 1744.

I HAVE received two or three letters from you since I wrote to you last; and all contribute to give me fears for your situation at Florence. How absurdly all the Queen's haughtinesses are dictated to her by her ministers, or by her own Austriacity! She lost all Silesia, because she would not lose a small piece of it; and she is going to lose Tuscany, for want of a neutrality, because she would not accept one for Naples, even after all prospect of conquering it was va-

nished. Every thing goes ill! the King of Sardinia beaten; and to-day we hear of Coni lost! You will see in the papers too, that the Victory, our finest ship, is lost with Sir John Balchen and nine hundred men. The expense alone of the ship is computed at above two hundred thousand pounds. We have nothing good but a flying report of a victory of Prince Charles over the Prussian, who, it is said, has lost ten thousand men, and both his legs by a cannon-ball. I have no notion of his losing them, but by breaking them in over-hurry to run away. However, it comes from a Jew, who had the first news of the passage of the Rhine*—But, my dear child, how will this comfort me, if you are not to remain in peace at Florence!—I tremble as I write!

Yesterday morning carried off those two old beldams, Sarah of Marlborough and the Countess Granville;† so now Uguccioni's‡ Epithalamium must be new-tricked out in titles, for my Lady Carteret is Countess! poor Bistino! I wish my Lady Pomfret may leave off her translation of Froissart, to English the 840 heroics! When I know the particulars of old Marlborough's will, you shall.

My Lord Walpole has promised me a letter for

* This report proved to be without foundation.—D.

† Mother of John Lord Carteret, who succeeded her in the title.

‡ A Florentine, who had employed an Abbé of his acquaintance to write an epithalamium on Lord Carteret's marriage, consisting of 840 Latin lines. Sir H. Mann had given an account of the composition of this piece of literary flattery in one of his letters to Walpole.—D.

young Gardiner, who, by the way, has pushed his fortune *en vrai batard*, without being so, for it never was pretended that he was my brother's; he protests he is not—but the youth has profited of his mother's gallantries.

I have not seen Admiral Matthews yet, but I take him to be very mad: he walks in the Park with a cockade of three colours: the Duke desired a gentleman to ask him the meaning, and all the answer he would give, was, "The Treaty of Worms! the Treaty of Worms!" I design to see him, thank him for my packet, and enquire after the cases.

It is a most terrible loss for his parents, Lord Beauchamp's* death; if they were out of the question, one could not be sorry for such a mortification to the pride of old Somerset. He has written the most shocking letter imaginable to poor Lord Hertford, telling him that it is a judgment upon him for all his undutifulness, and that he must always look upon himself as the cause of his son's death. Lord Hertford is as good a man as lives, and has always been most unreasonably ill-used by that old tyrant. The title of Somerset will revert to Sir Edward Seymour, whose line has been most unjustly deprived of it from the first creation. The Protector, when only Earl of Hertford, married a great heiress, and had a Lord Beauchamp, who was about twenty when his mother died. His father then married an Anne

* Only son of Algernon Earl of Hertford, afterwards the last Duke of Somerset of that branch. Lord Beauchamp died of the small-pox at Bologna.

Stanhope, with whom he was in love, and not only procured an act of parliament to deprive Lord Beauchamp of his honours, and to settle the title of Somerset, which he was going to have, on the children of this second match, but took from him even *his* mother's fortune. From him descended Sir Edward Seymour the Speaker, who, on King William's landing, when he said to him, "Sir Edward, I think you are of the Duke of Somerset's family;" replied, "No, Sir, he is of mine."

Lord Lincoln was married last Tuesday, and Lord Middlesex will be very soon.

Have you heard the gentle manner of the French King's dismissing Madame de Chateauroux? In the very circle, the Bishop of Soissons* told her, that as the scandal the King had given with her was public, his Majesty thought his repentance ought to be so too, and that he therefore forbad her the court; and then turning to the Monarch, asked him if that was not his pleasure; who replied, yes. They have taken away her pension too, and turned out even laundresses, that she had recommended for the future Dauphiness. Apropos to the Chateauroux, there is a Hanoverian come over, who was so ingenuous as to tell Master Louis,† how like he is to Monsieur Wal-

* Son of Fitzjames Duke of Berwick. This Bishop of Soissons, on the King being given over at Metz, prevailed on him to part with his mistress the Duchess de Chateauroux; but the King soon recalled her, and confined the Bishop to his diocese.

† Son of King George II. by Madame Walmoden, created Countess of Yarmouth.

moden. You conceive that *nous autres Souvereins nous n'aimons pas qu'on se méprenne aux gens :* we don't love that our Fitzroys should be scandalized with any mortal resemblance.

I must tell you a good piece of discretion of a Scotch soldier, whom Mr. Selwyn met on Bexley heath walking back to the army. He had met with a single glove at Hingham, which had been left there last year in an inn by an officer now in Flanders: this the fellow was carrying in hopes of a little money; but for fear he should lose the glove, wore it all the way.

Thank you for General Braitwitz's *deux potences.** I hope that one of them at least will rid us of the Prussian! Adieu! my dear child; all my wishes are employed about Florence!

* General Braitwitz, Commander of the Queen of Hungary's troops in Tuscany, speaking of the two *powers*, his Mistress and the King of Sardinia, instead of saying *ces deux Pouvoirs*, said, *ces deux Potences*.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

H23 641 946 3

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